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THE

LIFE

OF

A TRAVELLING PHYSICIAN,

FROM HIS

FIRST INTRODUCTION TO PRACTICE;

INCLUDING

TWENTY YEARS' WANDERINGS

THROUGH

THE GREATER PART OF EUROPE.

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"Dichtung und Wahrheit." — GOETHE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

BOOK II.

THE SOJOURN (*continued*).

CHAPTER X.

Promenade of Ekaterinoff. Equipages, steeds, &c. Whit-Monday. Summer gardens. Modes of courtship. Singular nuptials of English merchant. Literal construction of orders. Three ways of obtaining wives. - - Page 1

CHAPTER XI.

Hermitage. Conflagration of palace. Plan for new gallery of paintings. Migration to country seats. Dachas. Summer season in St. Petersburg. Russian generals, definition of. Nightless days. Light without shadow. Splendid halo. Brandy farms. Otkup. Miserable effects of indulgence in ardent spirits. Fête des morts - - - 16

CHAPTER XII.

Masquerade at Peterhoff. Game laws. Shooting box of ——, Pilny. Double snipe. Fête of St. Alexander Neffsky. Navigation of river to its source in the Ladoga steam-boat. Colpina. Movements of Court. Railroad. Military manœuvres. - - - -

CHAPTER XIII.

British hunt. Letter to the Rev. C. ——. Return from hunt. Aurora Borealis. Departure of bridge of boats. Return of winter. - - - - - 48

CHAPTER XIV.

Preparations for leaving Russia. Reflections on sojourning at St. Petersburg; misstatements of authors, &c. &c. - 60

BOOK III.

THE RETURN HOME.

CHAPTER I.

Reflections on quitting St. Petersburg. Passage to Reval. Passengers. Scotch Duenna. Reval, its origin and present condition. Explanation of term "not ordered." Church of St. Nicholas. Count St. Croix. Ingratitude of Russian saint, Mitrophane. Attempt to make Reval a fashionable sea-bathing place. Dutch governor. - - - 81

CHAPTER II.

Salute to Swedish vessels upon leaving Reval. Helsingfors, seat of government in Finland. Splendid public building. Character of Fins. Smuggling. Poverty of soil. Russian estimation of Fins. Cathedral. Parallel between Reval and Helsingfors. Two islands in Baltic paralysing the magnetic needle. Swedish islands. Difficult navigation. Contrast between the habitations of the Swedish and Russian peasantry. Difference in moral condition of slave and freeman influencing external appearance. View of Stockholm. Baths. Contrast between the capitals of Sweden and Russia, as to durability of plans. Petersburg compared to Penelope's web. Probability of the removal of the Isaac cathedral from its present site. - - - - - 96.

CHAPTER III.

Stockholm seen from telegraph. Women ply the oar. Wacker Flickas. Character of Swedes. King and Queen. Succession of Oscar guaranteed by Russia. Religious toleration. Dissenters. Fine arts in Stockholm. The Ridderholm. Knights in armour. Banners. Trophies. Tombs of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. Their respective influence of character on different periods of our lives. Peter the Great conquers the conqueror. - - - 108

CHAPTER IV.

Environs of Stockholm. Park. Botanical students. Smatterings of science generally useless. Porphyry vase in park. Development of vegetation. Climate. Dr. Smith. Mortality of Stockholm. Military hospital. Journey to Upsala. Beauty of scenery. Cultivation of land. Town of Upsala. Port Havre. Linnæus. His favour among the English. Advantages of his system in study of botany. System of Tournefort recommended to females. Female education. Linnæus's house and garden. New botanic garden. Museum. Mr. Andrew Bagnel's conviction of my knowledge of botany. 119

CHAPTER V.

Suicide of student. University. Prisons. Frequency of assassination. Effects of intoxication. Cathedral. Dilapidation by hands of reformers not ascribed to Martin Luther. Fanatics. Monument to Linnæus. Library. University. Gymnastics. Theatre. Anecdote in memoirs of Coponaud of Spanish dancing lady. Observance of Sabbath. Temperance societies. Resuscitation of student. Reasons for not going to Torneo. Destruction of forests to supply steamboats. Inconvenience of gates on road. Arrival at Donnemora. Blasting of mines. Reasons for not going down. 132

CHAPTER VI.

Leave Upsala. Chateau of Count Brahe. Picturesque situation on lake. Interior of mansion. Painted galleries. Old

curiosity shop. Statue of Bernadotte, his battles painted on the walls. Picture gallery. Fieschi's infernal machine. Real cause of escape of Louis Philippe. Musical instruments. Manuscripts of letters written during the Thirty Years' War, &c. &c. Departure from Stockholm. Midsummer eve in Sweden. Religious veneration of Swedes for Gustavus Adolphus. Calmar. Ystad. Arrive at Warnemunde. Comforts of German inns compared with those of Russia. Sunday. Church service. Rostock. Monument to Blucher. Wallenstein besieged Rostock in Thirty Years' War. - 145

CHAPTER VII.

German Eilwagen. Prussian custom-house. Sandy soil. Berlin from a distance. First impressions agreeable, from peculiarity of distribution of buildings in the city. All brought into one focus. Theatre placed between two churches. Russian ambassador's hotel. Museum of natural history. Charlottenberg. Mausoleum of Louisa of Prussia. Her character. Immense carp in ponds. Goëthe's fisherman. Egyptian museum in Berlin. Kreuzberg. Cherished relics of the great Frederic. Kunst Kammer. Objects worthy of attention. - - - - - 162

CHAPTER VIII.

Potsdam. Its origin due to bravado. Grotto hall. Castellan library. Marble statue of Louisa of Prussia. Roman house, model of the one discovered in Pompeii. The windmill of Potsdam. Eccentricities of character in the great Frederic. Sans Souci. Bust of Charles XII. placed at foot of a Venus to do penance. Time-piece which stopped at death of Frederic. Voltaire's room. Frederic's sword supposed to have been purloined by Napoleon. Russian village and church. Wish of emperor Nicholas that his people should wear beards. Drama in Berlin. Mary Stuart. Huguenots. Taglioni in Petersburg. Adieu to Berlin. Railroad to Magdeburg. - - - - 178

CHAPTER IX.

Magdeburg. Cathedral. Tilly's siege. Fortifications. Baron de Trenck's bastion. Statue of king Otho. Goëthe. Criticism of Faust. Cathedral service. Quit Magdeburg. - 192

CHAPTER X.

Road to Halberstadt. View of Brocken. Halberstadt. Juvenile poetry. Church service. Images. Lutheranism. Origin of numbers of churches in proportion to inhabitants. Travelling in Prussia. Comfort of people consulted in all things. Civil liberty. Road to Ilsenberg. The Brocken. Faust and Mephistophiles. Ilsenstein. Goslar. Gottingen. Cassel. Hanoverians. Marburg. Frankfort. - - 206

CHAPTER XI.

Route from Frankfort to Heidelberg. Neckar dried up. Inundation in St. Petersburg in 1824. Heidelberg vat. Baden. Russian visitors. Explore country. Cemetery. Gambling halls. Arrival of distinguished guests. Dissipation of Baden. Wildbad. Contrast in aspect of Baden and Wildbad. Cripple invalids. Nature of springs. Cures effected. Artificial mineral waters. Dr. G——'s celebrity. Opinions of resident physician, Dr. Fallatti, on the efficacy of Wildbad waters. Unhealthy situation of Wildbad. Improvements in progress. Mountain scenery. Return down Rhine to Mainz. - - - - 222

CHAPTER XII.

Journey to Kissengen. Hanau. Wurzburg. Mineral waters of Kissingen. Dr. Granville. Saline springs of Bocklet. Interesting phenomena. Medical application of gas and waters. Pool of Bethesda. Faith. Morning promenades. Bruckenau. Beautiful scenery. Nature of springs. Phenomenon of pure spring surrounded by mineral waters. Kur Saal. Champagne bath. Schlichtern. Dispute with innkeeper. Gellnhausen. Frankfort. - - 24[illegible]

CHAPTER XIII.

Bieberich. Age of poetry on the wane. The Rhine from Mayence to Ehrenbreitstein. Murray's Handbook. Ems. German table d'hôte. Advantages of dining with host. Military manœuvres. Ceremony at completion of Alexandrian column in St. Petersburg. Cologne. Its cathedral, &c. - - - - - 266

CHAPTER XIV.

The Rhine from Cologne to Rotterdam. Nimeguen. Change in weather. Rotterdam. Stomachic drops. Dutch merchants. Itinerant victuallers. Table d'hôte. Two antagonists. The Hague. Paul Potter's Bull. Stagnant water. Steam-boat. Conclusion. - - - 283

BOOK II.

THE SOJOURN.

(continued.)

CHAP. X.

PROMENADE OF EKATERINOFF.* EQUIPAGES, STEEDS, ETC. WHIT-MONDAY. SUMMER GARDENS. MODES OF COURTSHIP. SINGULAR NUPTIALS OF ENGLISH MERCHANT. LITERAL CONSTRUCTION OF ORDERS. THREE WAYS OF OBTAINING WIVES.

THE next occurrence which I have to mention, following religiously the order of the calendar, is the fête of May-day, or the Long Champs of St. Petersburg. This furnishes also another opportunity to the amateurs of wagers.

Will there be any leaves on the trees in an expanded state, and which are not influenced by artificial heat, on the first of May?

There is no Jack-in-the-Green, — for often ther would be no green for Jack. Few are the occasions, when we may expect green foliage at this season: — the thirteenth of May, new style. There is a better chance for it towards the end of April, for the weather is often fine and warm. There are then some splendid days; the trees make an effort to become green; the leaves would fain uncurl themselves, but then a keen frost comes in May, and nips them in the bud.

The first of the month is generally a rainy day; but this prevents not the raree-show; all the best carriages, horses, and equipages, and the finest liveries are displayed upon the occasion. The scene of action is a promenade, about a mile out of the town. It is a planted shrubbery, encircled by walks, which permit carriages to run over them. These roll round and round, till they have been fully seen by the public, who have the privilege of enjoying this sight gratuitously. The Imperials make themselves very conspicuous. The Empress in her Sociable, with English jockeys, breaks the ring *ad libitum*, and drives down the centre. Her body guard is numerous, consisting of the *élite* of the staff, dressed in red coats, cocked hats with feathers, white doe-skins, and long cavalry boots. She is always greeted with enthusiasm, but there is no huzzaing on all these occasions. It is no rarity to see the imperial family in public. The Emperor and his staff generally follow his consort.

The ring is composed of the most heterogeneous assemblage of vehicles which can possibly be imagined; but not more so than the beings whom they convey. The cavalcade puts itself in motion generally about 4. P. M., and the promenade continues till after sunset. There is no night at this season. When the ring is once broken confusion immediately takes place, in spite of a regiment of *gens d'armes* posted at different points to prevent it. It is here, as on most occasions, that the presence of majesty works all in all. Hence, the proverb, "God is high above, and

the Emperor a long way off;" that is to say, "Now you may do as you please."

So soon as the imperial family has withdrawn from the promenade order ceases.

The line is broken, and the vehicles are all helter-skelter, pell-mell, one above the other. Few accidents occur: and the day passes off as all such regularly organised galas do — very ungaily.

Considered as a display of equipages and steeds, it is a very meagre exhibition; not inferior to Long-Champs, for that is very poor; but, when compared with the turn-out in Hyde Park in the season, it sinks into insignificance.

With the exception of the Empress's Sociable, there is nothing like *dash* in the style of the carriages. The court equipages are what they were a hundred years ago: four-inside heavy drags, drawn by six horses in old-fashioned caparisons; the coachman and postilion dressed in long-tail coats, seven-league boots, cocked hats, with long pliable whalebone whips in their hands.

Some of the nobility sport a better style of equipage and cattle; but they seem to degenerate in this respect. The iron-grey horses, driven by a sturdy coachman mounted on the box, his beard descending to his waist, the neat little postilion riding the off-horse, — a circumstance which distinguishes a Russian from a Polish carriage, the traces so long that the postilion on the leader hardly seems to belong to the same equipage; all this is less prevalent than it used to be. There is not that style of turn-out which

existed a few years ago. It is true, that the coachmen no longer sport sheepskins; nor are the traces made of ropes, as in Catherine's time; but the former are often shabbily dressed, the horses badly groomed, and the carriages rickety. Large sums are sometimes paid for carriage horses, as much as 120*l.* to 150*l.* per head. The Orloff stud was formerly much in vogue, and the horses which it furnished fetched a high price. Working horses for common use are not dear, nor are the equipages. A calêche, which will accommodate three persons, two strong black ponies, with complete set of harness, may be purchased for 150*l.* The expenses of a carriage and pair, including coachman's wages, average annually 120*l.*,—a third of the London price. The wretched state of the pavement compels constant repairs of the equipages, if they are in constant use. Still, upon an average of ten years, I found that with new purchases, wear and tear, and all casualties included, my stables did not exceed that sum annually.

From the first of May, which is a fixed, we shall pass to a moveable, fête, which is celebrated by a display of another kind, and fully as interesting in its character. I allude to the concourse of people who resort to the summer gardens on Whit-Monday. These gardens, as large as the Tuilleries, are situated upon the banks of the Neva, and are open, at all times, to the well-dressed public. The grille or railing, which runs the whole length along the river side, has been much admired. They are not very much frequented, except upon particular occasions.

The cause is evident. The people have not access to them; the nobility and gentry are not in town when it is the season to enjoy them, and the middle class, or bourgeoisie, have little time upon their hands: and then it is not the custom, which means all that can be said upon such matters.

"Now, there is," as Solomon observed, "a time for all things. A time for love and a time for hate," though it may be difficult at first sight to understand what the precise time or season for the latter may be.

It is very evident, that by the first he alluded to St. Valentine's day; for, if civilisation was so far advanced in his time, as to allow Job to exclaim, "O that mine enemy would write a book," it is fair to conclude that a Valentine dates from as remote a period. The custom has descended to our own times, and St. Valentine's day, which falls upon the 14th of February, at a season when the buds begin to unfold and the sun to peep out, and the sap to rise, is the period when the crows and magpies are seen to converse together and pair off, just as members of parliament do after a long debate. Now this season is in England a very appropriate one for such proceedings, because, as we observe, symptoms of spring manifest themselves, and the sap congealed by the frost begins to ascend in the vessels. How fares it with our friends the Russians, who on the 14th of February, experience cold sufficient to nip off their noses or any other prominent parts which may be exposed to its influence? In the month of February they are still in the hardest season of the year, so

they very wisely postpone the celebration of this feast to Whit-Monday, which is generally three months later. Still they have their Valentine's day, for in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the population does increase. It is true that it does so but slowly, it does not double itself in fourteen years as in the United States, but still, in spite of all the means employed to depopulate the country, it does increase. There are now said to be fifty-six millions of souls in the empire, including the Asiatic population, and there are 87,000 square miles of territory to furnish them with bread; and we know how much the province of Tamboff can furnish.

The mode of celebrating Valentine's day, alias Whit-Monday, is not the same as in most other countries. It is performed upon a more wholesale scale, upon a more comprehensive plan. Fond of the natural, I have paid some attention to these matters. I have observed in my walks through the meadows in England, that about the first week of February, there is to be seen an assemblage of magpies. I have seen some hundreds congregate.

They chatter a great deal together, hop about, run after each other, play at leap-frog, wag their tails, scream, and make love with much decorum. In a few days the number is seen to diminish, and by close watching from behind a hedge, they may be seen to make proposals, choose their mates, and pair off. So that after February has expired, you will see no more of them in the meadows, unless some few old maids and bachelors, who still hop about disconsolate; the

mass has broken up and the individuals of each sex are preparing to fulfil the law of nature,—viz., to increase and multiply.

It is managed differently in St. Petersburg. The pairing off is adjourned to Whit-Monday, and the scene of action is the summer garden before mentioned. It is here that the mercantile classes assemble for the purpose of forming matrimonial connections. The young come to choose, the old to look on and approve. All are dressed in their best. It is the season for the display of new fashions. New bonnets and ribands abound, although they are innovations in the Russian female dress. The national head-dress of the bearded merchant's wife is a silk handkerchief tying close upon the head, like a child's cawl. It allows of no variety of shape, but of much in colour. It may be of plain coloured silk, or be studded with gems and pearls. It is not so handsome as the Jewess's head-dress, as mentioned in the Polish provinces. The ears are *tit-bits* of attraction and seduction. Could Mark Antony have persuaded all the Romans to lend him their ears, and had those ears been as rich as the ears which are seen in the summer garden on Whit-Monday, he would have levied a handsome contribution on his friends. Pearls, diamonds, gems of all beauty grace these human appendages, and serve as loadstones of attraction. The necklace, which covers the only part of the neck in view, vies with the earrings, and is often of pearls or diamonds. The rest of the body, from the collar bones to the feet, is covered by a silk gown of the same colour as the cap.

A white pocket-handkerchief graces the hand, and so stands on one side of the gravel walk the future bride. The swain's dress is simple. A large double-breasted coat of various colours, reaches from the nape of the neck to near the ankles. A pair of Hessian boots without tassels, a new hat and white gloves, complete the beau.

It is a commodious, sensible, good dress, and worthy of imitation. So attired do the good folks repair to the summer gardens on this day. When there, they walk up and down the different alleys, loitering to listen to the bands of music always furnished on such occasions. Sometimes the females place themselves in rows on each side of the alleys, and the men walk down the centre and pass them in review. There is but little merriment, little noise, no seeming conversation, no cackling and screaming as with our magpies. All is order and decorum. The fact is, people may say what they please, but choosing a wife is no joke.

To take, for better or worse, a partner for life, a never-ceasing source of pleasure or torment, is not an affair of such little moment as those who have not tried the experiment may imagine. To awake in the morning and find yourself engaged, as a friend once said to me, is a thing which sticks to you for life. Other follies and absurdities either wear themselves out, or may by vigorous resolution be shaken off; but once married, there you are. You may wish afterwards as you please, repent as you like, but wishes are in vain, repentance too late. Instead of wearing off, the evil wears on, and it may wear you out too

in time. You may shake your head and gnash your teeth as you please. You have played and you have gained a loss; — therefore, make the best of it, and do not allow your friends to see your disappointment. The Russians know this by instinct, which is much better than learning it by experience, and they act in character. It is a serious thing, and they look seriously upon it. They are all fatalists, so that they have not the choice of leaving it alone if they would; there is no option in the business. If they are to marry, they are to marry, and not whom they please either. Marriages are made in heaven, and this is their only comfort.

It is not easy for a stranger to understand by any external sign or token how the pairing off is to take place. They do not come in contact, no hooking on of the little finger, nor more visible shaking of hands. It is not positive to the observer, that any interchange of glances has taken place. It is a kind of free-masonry, all is in secret. The gardens are thronged, and they are again deserted, and the stranger who has visited them for the first time on this occasion retires also, and says to himself, how full the summer gardens were this evening; for he can find nothing else to say, unless, it was very dull, very cold, very stupid, there was not one good-looking woman among the whole lot, and it is the last time I will ever attend this exhibition. This is all he can say.

Soon after this period, marriages increase. Many are celebrated the following day, more engagements are made. This is an old custom, and holds good

with the mercantile classes; the nobility sneer at it; civilisation has forced them into the *mariage de convenance.*

Though Whit-Monday may be considered as the great matrimonial fair, it is not to be supposed, that marriages are not celebrated at all times and seasons, except during the fasts.

Sometimes the mode of procedure has been very summary, as happened to one of our countrymen. He was a merchant of great respectability, and was attached to a Russian lady. No impediment offered itself, except the one which prevents the union of people of different religions, and, as a foreigner and protestant, he met with much difficulty in obtaining permission. As he had a friend at court who could gain the imperial ear, he was commissioned to apply to the fountain head. It was necessary to await a seasonable opportunity, a good-humoured moment, which grants every thing, and then to strike. This opportunity occurred, and it was in the afternoon. "Your Majesty," said the petitioner, "will permit me to inform you, that one of my countrymen is in great distress."

"How?" replied his Majesty, "an Englishman in distress. What is it? let me know if I can remedy it, depend upon it; what help does he require?"

"No, your Majesty, it is not that, but he wishes to marry a Russian, and the clergy will not celebrate his marriage."

"How so? let him be married immediately (*seechass*). I will give the order instantly," and in five minutes the

imperial signature permitted the nuptials to be celebrated. Now, it must be recollected, that in Russia a permission of the sovereign is a *bonâ fide* order; and there is this advantage in despotic governments, that when a thing is to be done, it is done sometimes. The imperial signature authorizes at 5 P. M. the marriage of Mr. A—— and Miss B——. At six P. M. this order gets into the hands of proper authorities. It arrives at the first office, where it is registered, at eight it gets to another, at ten it may have passed the synod, at eleven it is in the hands of the police, and at midnight the police officers are trotting through the streets to put it in execution, and summon the parties themselves.

Mr. —— was fast asleep. He had given the case up as hopeless; he must make the best of it; he must forget it; he was hugging his pillow, 'twas all he could hug; a thundering rap is at his door; and before he recovers from his fright an armed police is at his bed side with a roll of paper in their hands. "His liver turned to water." Those who have not lived in Russia, can hardly appreciate what the workings of a man's inside are under such circumstances. A cold sweat comes all over him; speak he cannot, but he mutters to himself, "It is all up with me. Oh, my wife and children!" an exclamation which signifies, myself. Mr. —— said no such thing, he had no wife and children, nor at that moment did it appear probable to him that he ever might have.

As he was about to force utterance he was stopped by the officers, who told him that they had a warrant,

which must be executed immediately (*seechass*). Mr. —— thought of putting on his clothes, and, as he was sacrificing to the Graces, the officer commenced reading. Fancy a man roused from his slumbers in the middle of the night, trembling all over from fear more than from cold, sitting upon the edge of his bed drawing on a stocking, spinning slowly out the time, and about to hear, as he supposeth, his exile warrant. "By the grace of God, Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., be it known." What was his surprise then to find that this sentence was a permit to be married. "What, now?" said Mr. ——; "at this time of night?"—"Immediately (*seechass*)," said the officer; "it is ordered." —"Oh if it be ordered, then I know the rest," said Mr. ——, and he hurried on his clothes and accompanied the officers to the dwelling of his betrothed. What were her feelings upon the occasion, how the matter was broken to her, whether she were asleep or awake, who explained the necessity of immediate compliance—all these matters have not been revealed. Mr. —— and Miss —— accompanied the police officers to the church, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the middle of the night. The officers had done their duty; Mr. —— did his, inasmuch as he had obeyed orders; and all the parties shook hands, went home, and went to bed again.

The system of advertising for wives does not exist in Russia, but they may be bought by private contract. The Russian consul at Elsinore bought a Kamschatka woman. A common mode of procedure is to employ a third person, a dealer in the trade.

She has a list of *demoiselles à marier*, of different ages and of different values. Admiral ——'s aid-de-camp employed a middle dealer, who found a wife for him who had 70,000 rubles. They were married and the money was paid by the lady's father, deducting the dealer's commission, and 500 rubles for a pianoforte, which was the young lady's property; but which had not been stipulated for.

So that there are three plans of procedure in the nuptial line: —

The summer garden, the *mariage de convenance*, and the pig in the poke.

CHAP. XI.

HERMITAGE. CONFLAGRATION OF PALACE. PLAN FOR NEW GALLERY OF PAINTINGS. MIGRATION TO COUNTRY SEATS. DACHAS. SUMMER SEASON IN ST. PETERSBURG. RUSSIAN GENERALS, DEFINITION OF. NIGHTLESS DAYS. LIGHT WITHOUT SHADOW. SPLENDID HALO. BRANDY FARMS. OTKUP. MISERABLE EFFECTS OF INDULGENCE IN ARDENT SPIRITS. FÊTE DES MORTS.

IGNORANT of the fine arts, unable to distinguish a Raphael from a Titian, I hardly dare mention my visit to the Hermitage. All amateurs will understand what is meant by this term; they are all acquainted more or less with the reputation of this gallery of paintings, one of the finest of its kind in Europe. The *profanum vulgus* may have another idea of this term; they may suppose that, by hermitage, is meant some sanctuary, where the Empress Catherine used to perform her devotions. It is no such thing. It is a palace, connected by a Rialto with the winter palace. It consists of a variety of small rooms, so distributed that each has its school of painting; attached to it is the imperial theatre, or that of the household and of the grandees of the court; to which a select few are admitted only. It is an affair of state. The performances, which are but seldom, are conducted by

the French company. They usurp the name of Hermitage. *Il y a Ermitage ce soir au palais,* signifies that there will be a play acted in the theatre of the Hermitage. It is the Versailles theatre of Louis XIV., but more exclusive in its audience. The rank necessary to admission is of the highest order.

Besides the paintings the palace contains some collections of antiquities. Some specimens of jewellery; a peacock which spreads out its tail; and other curiosities, to be found in the Guide to St. Petersburg. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The very foundations of the Hermitage are now rooted out. I was dining with a friend, and the evening was wearing on, when a servant came full gallop from the court, and demanded one of the guests, viz. the director of the picture-gallery; the same messenger announced that the winter-palace was in flames. It was piteous to see the face of the director; it was turned upside down at the intelligence. His situation was a very responsible one. It would have been as well for him to have been burnt alive as to have lost his pictures. He hurried to the spot, and passed the remainder of the night with his assistants in cutting the canvass out of the frames, and transporting it to a place of safety.

It was a thoughtful, but useless, precaution; for the fire which consumed the interior of the contiguous palace, did not burst through the stone walls, nor approach the neighbouring building. Whether from this false alarm, or from what cause I know not,

— for who can unravel cause and effect in Russia!— but soon afterwards the Hermitage of Catherine was condemned, speedily demolished, and is now reconstructing upon the model of the Munich Gallery. It is to be made fire-proof.

Although I profess to know nothing of the fine arts, I still know when a picture pleases me. Nothing can reconcile me to certain subjects, *n'importe* by whom they have been handled. Adam and Eve with their fig-leaves by the side of an apple-tree, round which is entwined a serpent projecting its head, in the act of hissing, will always be to me a disgusting picture, although Apelles might have painted it. I never did like Rubens's fat women, although they do represent the Medicean family. The joys of heaven and the torments of hell have nothing which can attract my attention, when attempted to be illustrated upon canvass; but I can look for a long time, with pleasure, on Paul Potter's Cow in the farm-yard. I can discover something extraordinary in his forest landscapes; and I can laugh when I look at the Flemish Boors of Teniers. Such is my taste in paintings; and the Hermitage afforded me most ample means of gratifying it; for it is rich in these productions. There was a little oval painting, one I believe of merit, which attracted the eye of an Englishman as he entered one of the principal rooms. It was the Monk of Sterne. The subject is itself attractive; but the peculiar costume of the picture, contrasted so much with togas and antiques, by which it was surrounded, that the eye was riveted to it.

The poor Monk of St.-Francis was not in the most unexceptionable society for his cloth. How indelible are some impressions! how are they magically recalled into being; how they do delight; how new they seem, because they are so old! The Monk had got hold of me; the mind's eye was riveted to that one spot: the physical orbs might roll mechanically round the room; but they were eyes which saw not.

It is said that the new Gallery is to cost twenty millions of rubles; and many doubt whether the pictures will gain any thing by it. As far as I can judge, I should say that these works of art distributed among small rooms, each devoted to a particular master, offer more advantages to the student and amateur, than when placed in one long gallery. The eye is fatigued with the variety, and incapable of selection; thus, a promenade down the Louvre always fatigued me; whereas in the Hermitage, where the pictures are distributed among small rooms, I could contemplate them in detail, without fatigue or distraction.

When I was in Edinburgh (for I am glad to return to the spot from whence I commenced my adventures), I used to see and hear of the flitting; a term expressing the change of domicile, at certain periods of the year. I was now reminded of these old times by the sight of carts laden with chairs, bedsteads, and all kinds of common furniture passing down my street. It announced the Dacha time, or the removal to the country-houses, situated in all directions,

from one to fifteen miles distant from the gates of St. Petersburg. Situated in a plain, surrounded on all sides by swamp and morass, the City of the Czar rises triumphant over nature. If the Roman Emperor boasted of having conquered the sea by his bridge, so might Peter the Great boast of having conquered sea and land, by the structure of a city in such a situation. Had Æolus been prevented from occasionally driving the sea into the town, the victory would have been complete, and were it not that a north-wester sometimes inundates a third of the city, it would be snug enough.

At that point, where the mother stream, divided into minor branches, pours its waters silently into the gulf, in the midst of swamp and morass, upon the banks of canals, creeks and stagnant pools, are situated the country-seats of the nobility and bourgeoisie. These allow of all degrees of splendour, from the imperial palace of Yelagin with its prettily distributed park, to the common log hut of the peasant on the banks of the stagnant Chorny retchka (black arm). All who have the means, and many who have not, migrate to these spots in the summer months. From the middle of May till the middle of September, St. Petersburg resembles a city of the plague. During the day-time some little life is visible; but in the evening hardly a soul is to be seen in its streets. There is no din, no hum of the multitude, no life in the carcass. The nobility have migrated to their estates in order to economise for the winter's campaign. The few, whose attendance upon public offices

compels them to remain near the seat of government, have also migrated to these Dachas.

The families of the merchants occupy residences within short distances of the town, where their lords visit them on Sundays and holidays; and even the small shopkeepers contrive to hire some little tenement, where they can send their wives and children during the summer season. This is sufficient ground for the assertion, that it is desolate within the walls of St. Petersburg at this epoch of the year.

There are many causes which justify this wholesale migration, and which render the town obnoxious in summer. If the latter be fine, the heat is very oppressive owing to the reflection of the white walls. The dust is most intolerable, for the streets are not watered, and high winds prevail from the south, which scatter about the warm dust like the sands in the desert. The continual demolition and construction of edifices necessitate such a transport of materials in carts and barrows, that the public thoroughfares are misnomers. It is tedious to thread your way through the obstructions which abound in the streets. The fine canals are encumbered with large barges, laden with bricks and sand, or with fire-wood for winter's consumption. Intersected as the city is by these, that upon the map it may seem a second Venice: still no gondola plies upon them. They are encumbered during the summer by all sorts of craft; and in winter they are a mass of ice. Those therefore, who have the means, prefer all the inconveniences of small accommodations in the country to the more

objectionable inconveniences of town during the summer season. Some may enquire what is to be understood by this term. The old Count of whom I have made such honourable mention in a former part of these memoirs, declared to me that he had never been in St. Petersburg during the summer months.

"How so?" I replied. "You were there last July." "True. It was cold wintry weather. The hay-makers were making hay in their fur pelisses. It was not summer."

A Russian General described a Petersburg summer to consist of six weeks of cold and rain, six weeks of wind and dust, and three hot days. There is truth and exaggeration in these statements, and there are summers which justify them, for the vicissitudes of the climate are inconceivable. During twelve years of probation, I have reckoned three very fine summers. As the cold at the commencement of the year increases with the lengthening day, so does not the fine warm weather commence till the summer solstice has passed.

About midsummer, or a little later, Petersburg offers to the eye of the stranger a unique spectacle. What Philip the Second said of his empire including his transatlantic possessions,

"Die sonne geht in meinem staat nicht unter,"

the Czar may say of his continental territory. It is curious, when it is new, to rest against the parapets of the quays at midnight and read the smallest print as distinctly as at noon day. To see the great

luminary dip, and watch him rise again where he sets.* A bright halo marks his proximity to the horizon during the whole time of his absence. It is a peculiar and indescribable kind of light.

More curious is it to see large masses of buildings cast no shadow on any side. How would St. Petersburg appear upon canvass when taken at midnight? The soft glassy stream reflects from its surface the buildings which are situated on its banks, but the masses themselves form no shadow. It is an absence of darkness, rather than the presence of light; for this implies accompanying shadows. The moon shines so faintly, her soft light is so blended with the crepuscle, that the shadow caused by the obstruction of her rays is scarcely visible.

It is a heavenly enjoyment to sit upon the parapets of the quay, and wonder at the possibility of a people slumbering; for habit associates sleep with darkness, and now all is light.

Tired nature, however, seeks repose; but the man who feels not the want of this absolute refreshment can hardly persuade himself of its necessity when nothing invites him to his pillow. He strolls along the river's banks, he watches the placid stream, he sees the cupolas of the churches glitter at a distance, the streets are empty, no noise salutes his ear save "a boat, a boat, unto the ferry," which occasionally breaks the silence around him. This is answered by the splashing oar, sounding louder as it approaches.

* The sun sets at 9·24, and rises again at 2·40 at midsummer.

Casting his eyes along the buildings, no taper shines in the windows. There is nothing within doors, nothing without to persuade him it is night. It is a dream, an illusion, and whilst lost in doubt and uncertainty whether he be under fairy enchantment, removed from the nether world, the sun again rises, shadows stalk forth, and he finds himself in day, without having passed through the darkness of night. It is then time to go to rest, for his mortal nature, no longer transported into illusive realms, his senses, awakened by the return of brighter light, seek repose.

Thus it is during the first summer of a stranger's sojourn in St. Petersburg. He is not exactly the prey to all this illusion, but he witnesses these phenomena with rapture, watches the sun dip and rise again, and great is the effort necessary to make him seek his chamber during this "Midsummer Night's Dream."

> "This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
> It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
> Such as the day is when the sun is hid."
>
> *Merchant of Venice.*

Old Elias is grumbling aloft, so say the Russians, that it always thunders on the fête day of Elias. It is about the warmest period of the year, and thunder showers are prevalent. One of the great good things due to the Reformation was the abolition of saints' days. Rest from labour, innocent amusements, cheerful recreation, attendance on places of worship may be reserved for the sabbath; but the fêtes which occur so continually in the Greek and Romish calendar on week days, are sad sources of mischief, undeniable forerunners of

penury and want. Two kinds of fêtes are observed in Russia, the church holidays and the court holidays: the first are observed rigidly; the second, from the interested motives of individuals, are all but enforced.

The great revenue of the empire is derived from the distillation of rye, which produces the Russian gin. This is a monopoly, and is sold by auction to the highest bidder, who then possesses absolute authority over the sale of spirits throughout the government in which he resides. The government of St. Petersburg, including the whole province, is therefore under the superintendence and control of this contractor. It is styled an Otkup. This, as far as the sale of all fermented liquors is concerned, is an *imperium in imperio.* No spirits nor fermented liquors can be sold wholesale or retail without the permission of this Otkup. It appoints its own officers for the prevention of smuggling; it has its own courts of justice for the punishment of offenders and for levying fines. It is the farming system of taxation of ancient France: at all the different town gates, in all the lanes and by-corners in the vicinity of the capital, are these excise officers stationed, bivouacking under a shed, armed with long iron borers to poke into every peasant's cart which approaches the town. While on the one hand it is the object of these brandy farmers to prevent all interference with their monopoly, so on the other is it more their interest to increase as much as possible the consumption of this infernal distillation. To accomplish this, they bribe the police in all possible ways to further their intentions. Thus they en-

deavour to close all the houses where tea is sold to the people, and of which they drink large quantities, because warm tea stands in place of gin. It is easy therefore, under some pretext or other, to take away the license from these harmless places of recreation.

Nothing contributes so much to the sale of spirits as these holidays, for when the boor has no work to do, he drinks. It is his sole resource, and then he sleeps. Cabarets are provided for him in every corner, and he can indulge in every gross sensuality; and as if the Sunday and church holidays were not sufficient for these orgies, the police under some pretence drive him from his labour upon the imperial fêtes and add these to his days of sin and transgression. As every church is dedicated to some saint, so his name's day is celebrated by the parishioners. Each regiment also has its own church, in which every soldier individually has sworn allegiance to his sovereign, and on each is the doctrine inculcated, that to die under arms makes straight the way to heaven.

There is a Russian proverb, which says, "It is not every day a holiday in our street," which implies, however, that the holiday does come in its turn. When riding some distance from town where the imperial powder mills are situated, I observed numbers of well-dressed men and women in different groups, all pacing along the road. I heard the thunder growl above, and then understood what all meant. It was the powder mill fête, its church under the protection of Elias, who, not satisfied with

the ringing and chiming of bells, had invoked as usual the artillery of the heavens. The forenoon of these holidays is dedicated to devotion, the evenings to drunkenness, and the number of roisters and staggerers, nay, of prostrate drunkards on some of these occasions is almost incredible. Hence, squalid-looking children, filthy hovels, and all the misery engendered by dissipation. Revenue, revenue at any price — palaces must be built — palaces pulled down — a million of men to play at soldiers, and a fleet which rots every ten years; and what can better supply the means for such purposes, where can it be less felt by the great than in the miseries of the poor?

"And *your* gin palaces," whispered the old Count to me; and I said no more, for fear of hearing something about opium.

We have an abundant population, but the reverse is the case in Russia. The people, miserable themselves, are not anxious to entail the same lot upon their progeny. Few peasants rear more than from three to four children. A peasant with a numerous family is a thing unknown. In their infancy the children are neglected: if they fall ill they are almost sure to die; few have the opportunity of medical assistance: those who may procure it will not avail themselves of it, for they have great antipathy to administering drugs to their children. This conduct cannot be understood by the terms resignation or even fatality. It must be ascribed to apathy. The child is ill — it is laid out to die — a priest gives it the last unction — starvation may ensue — the child is

no more of this world. Were the parents in a better condition themselves they would not be so indifferent to the welfare and being of their children. They would not look upon death as a blessing to the child if they enjoyed any of the sweets of life themselves. In this sense, therefore, the good of the slave-owner must consist in the well-being of his boors, whose increase in number must add to his wealth. The duration of a peasant's life must be equally to his advantage. A man in robust health is a hard-working man and a productive labourer at sixty years of age. The peasant's life in this country hardly averages forty. He has originally but little stamina: this little is undermined by the use of spirits, which generate dropsy and other diseases, which carry him off in what should be his prime.

Without advocating tee-totalism, yet an approach to this principle in Russia, together with a little attention to trifles in the condition of the boors, would render her the most powerful country in the world.

The common people possess great intellectual powers, and but little is requisite to constitute them a manly noble race.

These holidays, therefore, inasmuch as they offer temptations to drunkenness, serve but to perpetuate the misery of the poorer classes. The savings of weeks are dissipated in a day; and not only is all domestic comfort put out of the pale of possibility, but the very staff of life, the bread, black as it is, often fails, and the cravings of hunger are appeased

by a few drops of this intoxicating Votki. Let any one dwell for a week in a Russian village, and then ask himself, what the peasants can find in life to make them wish to prolong it. One of the most singular of these drunken exhibitions, is the Fête des Morts. This is of course an universal holiday; for all claim relationship with the dead, and all churches and all parishes are included in this category. Masses are said for the souls of the departed, and the people flock by thousands to the cemeteries, all armed with baskets of provisions. The great article of consumption is a long fish pie, which can be cut into slices, and which is composed of gritts, fish, and minced carrots.

Each party seeks the graves of their departed relations, and spreads a cloth over the horizontal tomb stone, which serves for a table. Upon this is the pie served, and around this is the full glass circulated. Libations to the dead soon render the difference between life and death equivocal; but for the bestial groan of the living, he might for this day be reckoned amongst the dead. The streets are encumbered towards the evening with the intoxicated multitude. This is a religious fête.

CHAP. XII.

MASQUERADE AT PETERHOFF. GAME LAWS. SHOOTING BOX OF ——, PILNY. DOUBLE SNIPE. FÊTE OF ST. ALEXANDER NEFFSKY. NAVIGATION OF RIVER TO ITS SOURCE IN THE LADOGA STEAM BOAT. COLPINA. MOVEMENTS OF COURT. RAILROAD. MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

THE great masquerade at Peterhoff, an imperial residence about twenty miles distant, takes place on the 1st of July, the empress's birthday. The term masquerade is quite a misnomer, for no artificial masks are worn, neither are there any fancy dresses. Its principal feature of novelty consists in the circumstance of the court and those about it promenading in full dress about the gardens, in vehicles consisting of two seats back to back, and quite exposed.

The gardens resemble Vauxhall on gala nights, but on a very grand scale. There is a splendid jet d'eau which throws its waters out of the mouth of the lion from which Samson has wrenched the tongue, and cascades are so contrived, that the water runs over lamps, which are protected from it by intervening plates of glass. This produces a very pretty effect. The alleys and avenues are filled with festoons of lamps, transparencies, different devices; and a star of immense magnitude with the empress's

initials is placed in a conspicuous situation before the palace. Within, is parade and music, the rooms crowded to suffocation. There is a supper for those who can get at it.

In the gardens there is a pond containing carp, which come to the surface upon the tinkling of a bell, and are fed with bread. The surface of the water is resplendent, from the lamps placed all round the edges of the pond.

Booths for refreshments abound every where in the gardens, and the champagne corks flying about serve in place of crackers.

When the sun puts out the lights, the fête is put out. The decampment is a ludicrous spectacle. The confusion of carriages becomes tremendous, for the drivers, half-asleep, and quite tipsy, have no control over their restless horses, which, anxious to get home to their oats, set off at full speed. Some overturned cart falls in the way, to arrest their progress and make the confusion more complete. The dresses of the ladies are none the smoother, from the pressure of the crowd in the gardens, particularly at the time of retiring. Many a shoulder is rendered scarfless, many a hat featherless, an odd shoe is found here, an unclasped garter there, and the gown is sometimes half-torn from its pad. The rosy cheek is faded, the lily neck is streaked with red. It is, upon the whole, an amusing spectacle. Good nature, mirth, and glee are its characteristics. It costs a million or two to government. *Et voilà tout.*

There formerly existed no game laws in Russia.

I do not mean this in the fullest sense of the construction. I should say that specific times were appointed by law for warfare upon the feathered race. Sportsmen shot formerly, as they do at present, all the year round; but in former times there were no laws to forbid it, now there are none which prevent it: still Russia has her game laws, and the period for sporting is comprised between the 1st of July and the 1st of March. The restriction is necessary; for the birds were destroyed before they could get on wing; and now that the population has so much increased, and the demand has become so much greater, some preservative measures are requisite. It has its inconveniences, for this limit to the use of the gun allows immense quantities of wild fowl to pass over the town without paying toll. The snow bunting abounds mostly during the embargo, but being imperial he has the privilege of being shot.

Some fifteen miles distant from Petersburg is situated the celebrated shooting box of —— Esq. on the Pilny estate. To this manor I paid a visit with the proprietor the day after the fête. The road, when passable, winds through hill and dale, and is not so uninteresting as most roads in this part of Russia. The mansion is seated upon an eminence about two miles from the water's edge, and commands a fine view of the Island of Cronstadt and of the gulph of Finland. It is from hence, that the manœuvring of the imperial fleet is seen to best advantage. This of course only takes place in very fine weather; the ships never venture to sea when it is rough. If there be

the least breeze they are sure to run foul of the merchantmen; and a petition was presented to the Admiralty for a claim of damages for injuries done to the merchant service by the manœuvres of the imperial fleet. Still it is a glorious thing to see twenty sail of the line in full manœuvres, and nowhere better than from this spot. We arrived at Pilny in the evening of the 2d of July long before sunset, and strolled about the grounds for some hours. Early the following morning we sallied out with our guns in good order. As no game was to be found in the immediate neighbourhood, we had to march through four miles of bog and brushwood before we came to the spot where we might hope for sport. There are several kinds of partridges and grouse in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Petersburg. There is the grey or horse-shoe partridge, as in England; the gelinotte, the white partridge, ptarmigan, the heath cock or polt, the great cock of the wood. Then we have the woodcock, the snipe, the jack-snipe, and last not least the exquisite double snipe, besides abundance of wild fowl. Of hares there are two kinds—the brown and white, for the latter is a different species, and the preservation of the animal is not attributable to his fur becoming white in the winter season, as has been generally believed to be the case. There are two distinct species: the white is much the larger of the two, and is so plentiful, that they may be purchased for sixpence a head. The peasantry will not eat them; they believe them to be a species of cat. My com-

panion, who was a good shot, often bagged a dozen head of game of all sorts upon these occasions. This time we were neither of us so fortunate, in fact we were tired with the preceding day's rambles at Peterhoff, and as the game did not come to us, we had not courage to go after the game; so we returned to an early dinner, and in the evening a poem in three cantos was composed upon Pilny. It was praised for the fidelity of its description. It comprised the whole range of the domains, from the celebrated Druid's point, including the lake and Egyptian gardens, to the famous observatory of Braunau; then stretched across the gulph and took in Toll Beacon, and finally wound up with a particular account and description of the picture gallery of Pilny. Few better things have come from the same author's pen.

When I stated in a very early part of these memoirs that nothing had ever made so indelible an impression upon my senses as an omelette aux confitures, I had not at that period eaten a double snipe—a more natural thing too. It is a bird of passage, rather smaller than the woodcock, but much more savoury. Flocks of these delicacies arrive about the latter end of August, and remain till the first severe frost. Whence he comes and whither he goes I know not, although I have inquired. Bewick ranks him under the name of solitary snipe among British birds. I feed upon him for about three weeks every autumn. "Lord, sir, they are as fat as butter, they can hardly rise upon wing, you may knock them down with a stick, the

dogs maul 'em in their mouths." Such is often the gamekeeper's account of them. "They must not be over done, no not raw neither; they are uncommon good dangled by a string before the fire with a bit of toast under them: when they begins to drop upon the toast pretty fast like, they be done and fit to eat; they then retains the real raw flavour." Such was poor William the huntsman's account of the way to dress them. Alas! poor fellow, he will eat no more! And is old Double dead? Yes, in a mad house.

They are considered a great delicacy, and fetch a high price. Cassanova mentions them in his memoirs as a *chose bien friande.* The woodcock is much inferior, for in this country it is not so juicy as in England. The snipes are delicate enough, but all yield to the solitary species, which may be said to melt in the mouth.

A truce to fêtes; but how am I to terminate my year without making mention of the grand procession in honour of St. Alexander Neffsky, the patron saint of St. Petersburg. It is solemnized on the 30th of August. The procession consisting of the metropolitan and all the subordinate clergy, marches from Notre Dame de Kazan, the name of the cathedral church, to the Monastery of Neffsky, which contains the bones of the saint. This is a three miles' march, and boards several feet wide are laid down the whole length of the road. *Au reste,* it is a fac-simile of the Fête Dieu in Paris.

The monastery is the aristocratic cemetery, and contains the remains of many of the first nobility. The Georgian queen was lately interred in this holy ground.

The Neva is navigable throughout its whole course, and during the summer a steamboat plies between St. Petersburg and the Ladoga. Many pic-nic parties are got up in the summer time, and a visit to the castle of Schlüsselberg, the prison of the unfortunate Ivan, serves to kill a day at this season. The river takes almost a straight course, and flows throughout a calm and placid stream at the rate of about two miles per hour. The water is as clear as crystal. For the space of about ten miles, as you ascend from the town, the banks are elevated, and are within these few years remarkable for the number of fabrics crowded upon them. Chimney rises after chimney, where formerly log huts raised their humble roofs. Within the space of three miles, six and twenty steam engines are in full employment, of which the one half work to a loss. From saw mills, corn mills, and paper mills some revenue may be anticipated, for the demand for their produce increases daily; but when it becomes a question of the manufacture of cottons and woollens, then, in spite of all the prohibitory duties, in spite of all the millions wasted by government to assist the manufactures, then England can always undersell them, not only in Russia, but even on the confines of China, where the barter of Russian manufactures for tea has within a few years experienced a great

falling off. Seven miles from the city is situated the imperial manufactory of Alexandroffsky, which has long been under the direction of General Wilson, whose zeal and integrity alone render him an object of intrigue and calumny: — it is sufficient that he be an Englishman to make him unpopular. This institution, upon which government has expended millions, has never repaid the sums advanced upon it. The principal revenue is derived from the card manufactory, the profits of which are devoted to the foundling hospital. It is a monopoly for the whole empire; it is the only productive branch of the whole establishment. A large fire, which destroyed several of the buildings, was caused some years ago by the spontaneous combustion of cotton.

The opposite bank of the river is less crowded with fabrics, but a long and continuous line of colonists enlivens it. As the stream itself is only navigable during the summer months, so it is covered with barges laden with a variety of cargoes at this season. They float down with the stream, sometimes assisted by a few oars, and steered by an immense rudder. A fantastic vane rises from the centre, and the bow is adorned with griffins' heads and representations of flowers. It makes but one solitary voyage annually from the spot where it takes in, to the one where it discharges its cargo. It is then condemned and broken up for firewood; for the expence of towing it against the stream to its port would exceed its original value. These barges are laden with corn, tallow, hemp, and wood. Birch and pine cut into

pieces of about two feet long, and split in two, fill the interior, and rise full six feet above the level of the sides of the vessel. In the centre is seen a little log hut, made by the bargemen to protect them from the weather, and to serve as a dormitory, which they occupy by turns. Spaces are left between different parts of the cargo to allow of the baling of the vessel, which always leaks more or less. The water is baled out by long swing shovels. Some thousands float down annually to supply the winter's fuel. Their cargoes may be estimated at about 100*l.* sterling. They do not always arrive safely at their destination. An unfortunate barge is sometimes stranded in the rapids; another in passing under a bridge will get foul of the abutments, and then the whole surface of the river is strewed with pieces of floating wood.

Besides these barges, large rafts of forest trees for the dockyards and saw mills float down the stream.

On the left bank of the river, men, women, and horses, are seen towing up small craft, which are either passage boats with live stock, or small empty barges, which having discharged their light merchandize are going back to be re-chartered. It may be said that the river is quite alive at this season. A large village, situated on the banks of the Ijora, a tributary stream of the Neva, about ten miles distant from the town, is remarkable for its dense and sooty population. It is inhabited chiefly by bargemen, who are employed in the transport of bricks and coals.

They are worthy of the name which in Russia is given to the common classes in general, *Chornee Narod*, black people, whence is the term *blackguards*. Upon the river Ijora are situated the celebrated government works of Colpina, the Portsmouth dockyards of Russia, where all the materiel of the navy is fabricated. This establishment is also under the superintendence of General Wilson, and is well worthy of inspection. A little above the Ijora, the river appears to flow at a quicker pace, and it is evident that the falls of Pella are hard by. This is a decided misnomer, for no *chute* or fall is visible to the eye, but the very rapid current which exists for the space of several miles becomes so strong at this precise spot, that it takes the name of falls. The term rapids would be much more appropriate. Many barges founder in this part of the river, for there are many shallows besides large stones, concealed from view; and if the steersman is not upon the alert, his barge touches the bottom, gets stranded, and swamped. The situation of the island of Offstrofky, just above the rapids, is the most picturesque spot in the whole navigation. It splits the river into two branches, and upon the banks of the smaller division, which rise very high above the water's edge, are several neat country houses, and an old castle which belongs to the family of the Potemkins. It is uninhabited, but a prettier spot is not to be found in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg. There is good fishing and shooting in their season. From hence to the once celebrated fortress of Schlüsselburg, the banks of the river are bare and

uninteresting. This building has nothing to recommend it in an architectural point of view. It is placed upon an island in the lake, just as the river takes its source. It is polygonal, flanked by five round towers with conical tops: and from the centre of the fortress rises the spire of its church. Some interesting details concerning events which have passed there may be found in Tooke's *Russia.*

Behind the fortress there is a lighthouse, and anchorage for shipping. The Ladoga is the largest lake in Europe; and as the eye cannot stretch across it, it has all the appearance of a sea. The navigation is very dangerous, and many a craft perishes in the course of the year. The wood barges, and such as have no sails, navigate a canal cut along one of its sides. The locks or sluices are of granite, and upon an imperial scale. The town of Schlüsselburg is a miserable collection of straggling houses, mostly of wood: the streets are paved only on one side; there is, however, a degree of bustle about it. I should say, that it is more lively than St. Petersburg in the summer season.

The passengers on board the steamer offer a motley appearance — some for pleasure and some for business, as in all cases; but the scene is different from any thing out of Russia. We had a cargo of wood-merchants, who came down from the banks of the Ladoga to look after their wood barges in St. Petersburg. They are a drunken set; one of the best-looking of them was soon sprawling upon the deck. It was hard to keep him out of mischief. He would

go down below to see the engine work. It was necessary to hold him by main force, till he fell asleep: as Sancho says, "it covered him over like a blanket;" and when he awoke, he was no longer mischievous. It is curious to see the people drink tea aboard these steamers; a passenger asks for tea, by which the French understand *un thé complet;* the Russians, a portion; we should say, tea for one. This comprises a small tea-pot in which the tea, and that of the best kind, has been infused; a larger tea-pot full of hot water, a small saucer full of lump sugar, an empty tumbler and teaspoon, a slice of lemon and a small decanter of spirits. All this is served simultaneously upon a tray. As soon as the tea is sufficiently infused, he pours it out into the tumbler, to which he adds a glass of spirits and a slice of lemon, and then fills up the smaller with hot water from the larger pot.

The first glass of tea expedited, he brews again in the same way, and this for five or six times, till the tea has no longer colour or flavour; but there is the lemon, the sugar, and the brandy, and the tea is now the apology. The effect produced will depend upon the quantity of brandy, which he has thus sipped. If he have been sparing, he remains quiet upon deck, or converses freely with his fellow-passengers. If he have sucked the monkey too strongly, he is mischievous, and is for looking after the machinery. Several of the lower orders, old soldiers, labourers employed in the public works, &c. take their passage in these boats, with respect to whom it may be

always said with truth, that if they are not actively employed, they go to sleep; and so the forecastle is encumbered with them lying in heaps pell-mell upon each other, like so many pigs or sheep.

The steam-boats are always provided with a buffet, which signifies a larder and kitchen, in which may be procured all kinds of eatables and drinkables. Grease is the foundation of the cookery; so that the dishes are hardly eatable. Coffee and tea are of the best quality. It required seven hours to tug up the stream, and four and a half to float down again; so that I had no time to explore the banks of the Ladoga. The town is the second post station between St. Petersburg and Archangel; the road on both sides of the river is execrable, and, in autumn, hardly passable. So bad is it, that travellers are often compelled to wait several weeks for sledge-roads, not daring to put themselves in motion upon wheels at this season.

As we have moved about ourselves, so we shall find that the court has not been idle. No court in Europe has so great a *penchant* for locomotion as that of Russia. It is a *dolictrum pruriens*, which will not allow them to remain in the same place long together. No sooner does nature begin to revive from her long sleep, than the Imperial family moves to the favourite residence of Czarskoselle. It has been compared to Windsor; but there is no prospect from its terrace; the only trees which flourish near it are the fir and the birch: these are luxuriant enough; the exotics are all stunted. The grounds

are pretty enough, and the paling in the sunk ditch which surrounds them is unique in its kind. It consists of entire trees of fir in close juxta-position, painted green, with white sharp-pointed tops. There is wood enough in this fence, if split into common thin palings, to enclose half the parks in England. It has a very pretty effect, and is quite imperial. As to the palace itself, it has, in addition to other palaces, an amber room. The wainscoats and panelling of a saloon are of pure amber. It has nothing but novelty to recommend it — not being so pleasing to the eye as common marble stucco. The road to this residence is most magnificent, but we have before described it. It has lately been put *hors du combat* by an attempt at a railroad. Russia does not attain her improvements *seriatim*. She passes over many degrees to come to perfection at once. She had but one common turnpike road, and now she has a railroad, which only serves idle people to make up parties of pleasure in the summer time in the imperial gardens at Czarskosella. It was an experiment; and it has succeeded so far, that it has proved the possibility of this means of communication in Russia, in spite of the frost and snow. In other respects it is a plaything, for which the shareholders have paid dearly. It is still in agitation to carry on the line to Moscow, a distance of five hundred miles, and of which line Czarskosella would be the first station. Independent of one very serious accident caused by wilful mismanagement, fewer accidents have occurred in ratio with the number of passengers

than in most other railroads. The line is single, and there is a half-way house, where the trains meet and turn off at an elbow formed for the purpose: they pass each other at this spot; and as under all circumstances one train must wait till the other arrives, no accident could be anticipated. The trains left the two terminuses at the same hour; and as their velocity *cæteris paribus* was equal, they had seldom to wait long for each other. The hours of departure were fixed and known; but when there were a great many passengers additional trains were added for the accommodation of the public. The last train was about to leave Czarskosella when the managing director for the day ordered the engineer to proceed with all possible speed to St. Petersburg, and not to stop at the half-way house for the other train, which he might arrive in time to countermand.

The man obeyed orders. It was a general who gave them. It unfortunately happened that the engineer at the opposite extremity had also obeyed orders, and put his train in motion at the usual time, so that the two opposite trains came together upon a dark night at full speed upon a single line. The shock was terrific. The carriages were thrown up into the air. It required hours to dig out the mangled corpses. It is surprising that only six lives were lost; but many persons were dreadfully lacerated, and died subsequently of their wounds. This is the only accident of consequence which has occurred on this railroad.

When the English engineer found that there was

no possibility of preventing the concussion, he jumped off the engine to save his own life. This was interpreted a breach of duty, and he was incarcerated for nine months.

The justification of his punishment was founded upon the Russian law, that a man on duty must never quit his post under any circumstance. He is never to exercise his own judgment, but to obey orders. If, as on the present occasion, when certain destruction awaited his remaining at his post, the breach of discipline were winked at, it would lead to similar repetitions of disobedience, when perhaps the danger was less imminent, and when strenuous exertions might have warded off the evil.

After spending a week or two at Czarskosella, the Imperials generally honour Yelagin with a visit. It is a favourite little box of the Empress. Music enlivens the scene upon a summer evening, and there is a French theatre close by. From thence to the fête at Peterhoff; then for a day to Ropshire, where Peter III. was strangled; from thence to Czarskosella, and so the round again.

The great inconvenience attending all these movements is the transport of the accompanying lumber of all sorts, which is indispensable. The moving of the court is the march of a caravan. The road is encumbered with strings of long baggage waggons containing all the household utensils — *batterie de cuisine*, glass, china, &c. The summer palaces are, with the exception of the fixtures, only empty shells.

Nothing of value can be trusted to servants, when the Imperial family is not resident. This adds much to the trouble and expense of moving.

Whilst the peaceable, but restless civilians, are thus moving about from place to place, the Emperor soldier and his staff are fighting his country's battles, and thrice slaying the slain on the plains of Krasnoe Sella.

The military manœuvres constitute an important item in the education of the Russian army. The soldiers are occupied during two months of the year in fighting sham battles; although it may in reality be called playing at soldiers, it often proves to be very serious play. Numberless are the accidents, which the cavalry is subjected to, and many a soldier who fights in play, dies in earnest. There is no other shelter than tents for the troops; and in wet seasons the soldiers get soaked through and through with rain, and hence the foundation of fatal fevers. It is the busiest time of the year for the hospital staff. The little cadets are the greatest sufferers; for not inured to hardships, they cannot brook the fatigue, and thorough want of all comfort. The poor little boys sit crying upon their chests of clothes, the only furniture of their huts, and this not sufficient to keep their feet out of the puddles. The manœuvres consist of a series of sham fights — of the taking of villages, &c. Sometimes the army marches to the gates of St. Petersburg, threatens the town, which capitulates upon honourable terms, and this *ad infinitum.*

This is at present the Emperor's hobby, and when it is no longer so, it will be a blessing for the country, which requires only half the attention to its civil welfare, that is devoted to its military *appearance*, to make it the most powerful in Europe.

CHAP. XIII.

BRITISH HUNT. LETTER TO THE REV. ——. RETURN FROM HUNT. AURORA BOREALIS. DEPARTURE OF BRIDGE OF BOATS. RETURN OF WINTER.

THE corn is cut, and we have a right to suppose that autumn is ended. We do not judge by the ripeness of the corn; it is sometimes cut green, for the mowers and reapers pay little attention to the circumstance of the season being early or late. Certain saints preside over certain operations. The hay must be mown on St. Lawrence's day, although the grass may hardly be green, or it may already have run to seed, and have rotted at the roots, still it must not be cut before St. Lawrence has blessed it.

The same with the apples: not one can be gathered before their *fête* day; the doors of all the gardens and orchards may be left open: no sacrilegious hand will pluck a pippin before it has been consecrated; but then look sharp, you may not have one left upon your trees the following morning, unless a good mastiff be let loose at night.

It is nevertheless satisfactory to find how far religious principles do actuate the multitude even in these matters of little importance. Still nothing is unimportant in these affairs. Allow a thief so far to

forget himself as to steal an unconsecrated apple, and he would soon refuse to give to the church her tithe of his thefts.

To the Rev. C. ———, Vicar of ———, U. S. America.

My dear Brother,

A British hunt in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg must not pass unnoticed in these memoirs; and to whom can I more appropriately address this description than to you, who have ever preached the doctrine, that Providence rejoices in the happiness of his creatures?

I can do this officially, for I hold the office of physician to the hunt, and it is one of which I have reason to be proud. There is something sweet in the idea of public life. There is a calmness and self-satisfaction in feeling that we have merited the confidence of that public, which we in general court in about the same ratio that we pretend to despise it. I never yet knew a man who was perfectly happy *procul e negotiis*, and that wag Horace knew very well that a life of bustle and activity is the real *otium cum dignitate*. You will doubtless hear of our proceedings with some degree of pleasure, for you always admired Wyndham for his courage in boldly stating that the national character of the English people should be supported by the full encouragement of their national sports; and we may certainly

affirm that fox-hunting is entirely ours, as the Romans said of satire, and as the French say of vaudevilles.

None but an Englishman can fully appreciate the fair, manly, and legitimate chase — *nostrum est* — fox-hunting.

It is now upwards of thirty years since I was first initiated into all its charms. I had dined the day preceding, and it was Christmas-day too, at the celebrated Colonel Thornton's at his seat in Wiltshire. The day was long; for it was one of anticipation, which has the longest signification of any word in the language.

The following morning I was to mount my pony, and accompany the host and his party to the throw-off. How much that phrase pleased me at the time. How often did I repeat it afterwards to my school-fellows. We threw off at the Brambles. It must have been in anticipation of something better, only that the evening appeared so long, for never did a jollier party sit down to table than the one assembled at the hospitable colonel's. The whole is fresh in my recollection, nay, fresher than events of a much more recent date, and this rather alarms me; for I recollect all the events of my youth with the greatest facility, whereas the history of the day now closes with the evening. These are proofs of the cares of office, and of approaching senility.

The colonel drank his favourite toast of perdition to Lord Essex, and I recollect that my neighbour, who was one of your cloth, seemed rather shocked, as

I did myself at the expression; but the good man took an opportunity of explaining to me afterwards, that no personal insult was intended to his Lordship: it was only parliamentary language, and applied to some obnoxious bill, which menaced the freedom of the chase. The worthy chaplain, indeed, took me under his protection, and seemed anxious that my juvenile mind should not be impressed with any feeling inconsistent with the precepts which such an age cherishes. He jogged my elbow when the colonel related some of his exploits among the feathered race, for he observed that my mouth was half open, and my eyes more than fully so — approaching almost to a stare of unbelief. "My young friend," he whispered, "the colonel shoots with a bow." This astonished me still more — I who

> "Ne'er kill'd a sparrow
> With my bow and arrow."

How then could the colonel kill so many partridges with his bow?

He tried to satisfy me by the assurance, that at my time of life such things were beyond my comprehension — a mortal quietus to a boy's curiosity.

So again was I astonished when the huntsman came in after dinner and told us that he had picked up a dead fox in the park. "What, you scoundrel!" vociferated the colonel; "I would rather you had told me that you had picked up a dead child:" at which being no more than a child myself, I shuddered from head to foot; for I thought that the colonel looked at me, as if to

say I wish it had been you instead. My friend the chaplain pacified me by assuring me that the good colonel was one of the kindest and most humane of beings, that he would not "harm a flea." Such expressions were mere figures of rhetoric. For all such care I felt then, as I do now, most sincerely obliged to him; but there was one thing for which I owed him a grudge then, as I do still. The host proposed to sing a song of his own composition in honour of Daphne; but before he had even pitched the tune, the chaplain rose from his seat, and taking me by the hand, said, "Come, the ladies are waiting for us." I had no option, or I should have preferred the song. Still more was my pride mortified when I was presented to the lady of the house with the recommendation, that it was impossible to have behaved better than this *young gentleman.*

Still I repeat the evening was long, and the night longer; for I tossed about in my bed, and, half asleep, heard the hounds in full cry. So I kicked the bed with my heels, for I was dreaming that I was spurring my pony to take a five-barred gate. I fell soundly asleep, just as a servant knocked at my door to inform me that the party were assembled at breakfast. I soon joined them; but what was my astonishment, when I saw the same young lady whom I had seen the previous evening in the drawing-room, sitting at table dressed in a velvet cap, a red spencer, and a green riding-habit! I could hardly believe my eyes; but my astonishment passed all bounds when, striving to mount my pony with

difficulty (I was even more corpulent at that period than I am now), I turned round and saw her vault into her seat and fly off at a tangent. I did my best to keep up with her; to keep near her was the thing — for it was assuredly beyond the comprehension of my years to understand the preference given to a fox over such a delectable creature. Alas! she was soon out of sight, and I saw no more of her. I rode round and round, and finally got home, where I found the carriage waiting to take me to Devizes. I have often been impressed with the idea that this was the original Diana Vernon in the tale of Rob Roy.

It cannot be uninteresting to you, now a resident in the New World, to learn that this truly English amusement has been transplanted into Russia, and that neither yourself nor old David would be ashamed to throw off at Gavrilla Wood with twenty true-hearted, red-coated Englishmen.

Three hours' hard chase would convince you practically that the sport had not degenerated even in a despotic land. Hares and foxes are the objects of the chase; but the former are too frequently the prey of the hounds, who banquet upon them for their pains. Foxes are fond of holes, and the nature of the country is such that they easily run to earth, and there are no earth-stoppers, as in England.

Upon one occasion, however, the glory of the chase was consummated by the capture of a wolf, after three hours' hard running over an open country. This feat will never be forgotten in the annals of

Gavrilla. Stuffed and in a glass case he still looks savage upon his enemies. Such a run deserved the recompence of a sirloin of beef and a genuine plum pudding, which is the usual fare after the return from the chase.

The Gavrilla bee's-wing is not to be despised. It improves by age; it improves by drinking; each glass is better than its predecessor, and, in the poetical words of my ever to be lamented friend, Thomas Gent,

> "It wooes like woman's dewy lips,
> To kiss and come again."

When this nectar has been freely quaffed, the wine glasses are removed, and others of larger calibre are placed upon the table. This is a hint that a bowl of punch will crown the feast.

The principal officers of the hunt are the master, the chaplain, the recorder; and last, not least, the maître d'hotel, pronounced for shortness maître doodle.

The master takes the chair, and, as soon as the cloth is withdrawn, proposes the three following toasts — bumpers, of course, and drunk standing. The first is, naturally, the ladies; for the sports of the field do not blunt the softer feelings of the heart: the hunter does not sink the man, and the British hunt has never been reproached with want of gallantry.

The sovereign of the British realms is the second toast, and is drunk with the same fervour that it always meets with amongst Englishmen vegetating

abroad; for by them in an especial manner is it appreciated.

The third toast is the most uproarious one — viz. the British hunt. The clamour peals in the ears for a week afterwards. It is only the renewal of the same at the ensuing meeting, which drowns the dinning echo of the last cheer. When these three toasts have been duly celebrated, it is at the option of any member to drink more or not as he pleases. He may propose a toast himself or sing a song; and, as all the members are highly musical, there is no lack of melody.

By courtesy, the chaplain takes the lead, and it is purposely so arranged, in order that the tenor of his song may prescribe the bounds of latitude to his successors; and such has been the delicacy always observed, that he has never found it necessary to quit the table from any indulgence of the songsters in loose or improper warbling. He has a fine musical voice, and does ample justice to the "Vicar and Moses," which puts all the company in good-humour.

The master follows; and how all hang upon his lips as they vibrate,

> "If any pain or care remain,
> We'll drown it in the bowl!"

At the conclusion of the second song it is the duty of the chaplain to make the punch. This is rather a long process; for he is very particular, and does every thing with scrupulous exactitude. It may be said, in-

deed, of him, that all which he does leans to virtue's side; for no man can make a better bowl of punch, or drink it more freely, and he says grace in a style which borders on the apostolic.

His whole demeanour does credit to the establishment, for, equally remote from levity or fanaticism, his presence inspires that simple, wholesome, good feeling of propriety which is highly commendable. It may occasionally happen that whilst intent upon his duty in squeezing the lemons, he may be supposed by some of the ardent youths not to hear all that passes at that end of the table from which he is most remote, when he is busy in his operations. Some more unhallowed lip may indulge in some momentary flash of levity; but whilst his hands are employed, his ear is attentive to every uttered sound, and lifting his eyes from watching the dissolution of the sugar in the hot element which flows upon it from a tea-urn, he raises his voice and exclaims, "Young gentleman, you are breaking cover — keep within the moral pale of this establishment." The reproof is taken kindly; the tune changes, and all is peace; for his conciliating manner is not to be described. Placing the bowl upon the table, he says, — "Gentlemen, this is the humble attempt of one whose duty it is to inspire harmony among you all." "Fill your glasses," retorts the master. "We drink the Church." As soon as the toast has been duly honoured, the chaplain rises, and in a neat and appropriate speech returns thanks for this honour done to his cloth; alludes delicately to

the establishment of which he is a member; produces valid reasons for his preference of the established to the dissenting church, as being much the more liberal of the two, in proof of which he appeals to all present if any other would wink at this sabbath recreation. He resumes his seat amidst loud cheering; song succeeds to song, and all goes cheerily. The physician to the hunt contributes his mite to the entertainment. He supplies the plum pudding to the board, and this allows of a few jokes at his expense. If the pudding be not quite perfect, then he is roasted upon definite proportions, chemical combination, theory of multiples, &c. — they know that this is his hobby; amidst all which he strikes up the song of the Philosopher's Stone, which gives a dash of science to the evening's amusement. When the little hour draweth nigh, coffee is introduced, and the next day of meeting is agreed upon. Cards are not often seen, notwithstanding that both the chaplain and doctor like their quiet rubber or a twopenny hit at backgammon.

"The spirit of the British youth, whether spanking it at Melton Mowbray, or transplanted to Gavrilla, never can and never will degenerate." Such was the subject of our chaplain's last discourse.

I will not enter into any particulars of the mode of hunting, nor alarm you with the feats which are performed. You have been at Epping on similar occasions, and witnessed the variety of its kind for the day's sport. As there are a great many juveniles, so are there many ponies put in requisition: many a

somerset takes place, many a horse finds his road to his oats without his rider; for being kept on short allowance the day before, he comes more lively home to his stable.

The beagles are good, and do their best to kill; for if they kill they are also allowed to eat what they kill, whether it be hare or sheep. The foxes are too cunning for them: they have run down a wolf, which is more than can be said of most hounds.

I have still hopes of seeing you, nay, that you may locate yourself amongst us. It is a very *handsome fix*, and should the chaplaincy ever become vacant I will do my best to secure it for you. *Vale.*

N. B. — *Your pamphlet on pluralities does you much credit: as you observe, your second living makes you but a dualist.*

I had been present at one of these jovial hunting parties, and was returning home on what otherwise would have been a very dark night, had it not been illuminated by a splendid aurora borealis, which frequently adds great beauty to the autumnal evenings.

A dark cloud is seen to lie upon the horizon towards the north: the edge of it is fringed with a halo of white light, and at intervals coruscating streams of light dart out of the cloud, and all again is dark. Sometimes a dark mass rises slowly from the cloud, but, chameleon-like, soon changes to deep moreen, by degrees brightens to blood-red, and finally flashes away in white meteoric light. It is generally

in autumn that these phenomena are the most remarkable. The Russians think that they predict war, because they were very common in the year of the French invasion. These appearances, and a certain chill in the air, foretold the close of summer; and when I alighted at my house door, my servant told me that the bridge was gone. "Thank God, John," I exclaimed, "my first year in St. Petersburg is accomplished."

CHAP. XIV.

PREPARATIONS FOR LEAVING RUSSIA. REFLECTIONS ON SOJOURNING AT ST. PETERSBURG; MISSTATEMENTS OF AUTHORS, ETC. ETC.

So much has already been published on Russia and the Russians, that I deemed it expedient to make a selection from my scrap book, and not give a twentieth edition of what has already been made known by the various authors who have visited these realms.

There is some truth and much error in many of their statements, and a very amusing book might be fabricated out of the absurdities into which most visitors have fallen who have come as birds of passage, but whose beaks, not being so long, have consequently not penetrated so deeply into the soil as the famous double snipes of which I have made mention.

Contented with picking up what lies upon the surface, they have not acquired that exquisite flavour which characterises their fellow-travellers.

Dazzled by the splendour of external objects, deceived by the apparent order and decorum which reign throughout, gulled by the professions of admiration for all that is English among the higher classes, blinded by their constitutional sentiments, and unaware of the game which is ever played of

closing the eyes of foreigners to the real state of things, they have sent abroad histories of this empire which would place it in the highest ranks of civilisation, and warrant the inference that it would gain little by the adoption of more constitutional institutions.

Others who have arrived with preconceived ideas of things have preferred shutting their eyes to the reality, or perhaps sacrificing it to their own absurd prejudices. Such have painted Russia in the falsest colours, and daubed their pages with a mixture of soot and oil of vitriol fit only for the pencil of Mrs. Trollope*: a waste, a desert, tyranny in all its forms, oppression, slavery, the knout and Siberia.

Between these two extremes it is difficult to steer, and no traveller can hope to arrive at any thing like a *juste milieu*. It is he only who has lived for years among the people, and witnessed the working of the machine, who can give a faithful account of the results of its operations. It is not in written laws, in codes, or constitutional edicts, that the truth is to be sought for; it is in the way in which these are fulfilled on one hand, and evaded on the other. It is not the question of the wheel, but of the direction given to it; of the clogs put into it, or the causes which conspire to give it undue celerity. How is this to be discovered but by long and continual observance? When we talk of a hundred-horse power propelling a machine, we may freely inquire what sort of horses are alluded to.

* See *Edinburgh Review*, on America and its detractors.

An example or two will suffice to prove what undue constructions are given to written laws, in developing the way in which they may be evaded. By an ukase of the late Emperor the sale of peasants individually and independently of the land to which they were attached was strictly prohibited, and here, as it would appear, the first blow was struck at slavery. It is strictly forbidden for proprietors to sell their slaves. Examine the will, look for the shoulder-knots—there appears no subterfuge; but as in the one case the letter K was found to be obsolete, and C substituted in its place, so in the other nothing is said about letting the serfs out to hire; and every morning paper abounds with advertisements of men to be hired for almost any number of years. The bondage becomes double, for the serf has then two masters; he has to labour for the one, and pay the remuneration of his labours to the other This class of individuals is decidedly the most unhappy in Russia; for unless the hirer be a man of property, the servant feeds on the coarsest food, is badly clothed, and has hardly a place where to lay his head. Such a state of things was never contemplated in the edict, which had humanity for its basis, and was founded upon the best intentions. It is not just, therefore, to lay to the charge of despotic monarchs many evils over which they have no control. They are often omnipotent for evil, but impotent for good.

Again, in the same category the peasantry of Livonia and Courland are free agents; they may

serve whom they please, go where seemeth them best; they carry not the badge of slavery about with them. What truth is there in all this? The law says so; is the law obeyed? The first step to this state of voluntary migration from one province to another, or from one village to the other, is arrested by the necessity of a passport, which the police will not grant but with the consent of the master, whom the applicant has last served.

If he cannot compel his services, he can indirectly prevent him from gaining a livelihood from other sources. Moreover, a joint agreement exists between the proprietors not to take each other's peasants, except by mutual consent.

Those who have lived in the German provinces will all bear testimony to the assertion, that the peasants here are in much greater bondage, and enjoy infinitely fewer privileges than the Muscovite serfs.

It is neither, therefore, by an appeal to the written letter of the law, nor to a superficial observance of things, that we must look, if we wish to describe the true state of the privileges which the people enjoy, or the hardships which they seem to endure. These are terms strictly relative, and must be viewed as such if we hope to arrive at truth. Of all people in the world I would say that some of the Russian serfs are the happiest, some of its free men the most wretched. The latter are, many of them, in the situation of emancipated slaves, who receive their liberty when they are no longer of any use to their masters from

their age or infirmities: they are then forced to beg their bread. Take the Russian soldier who, after twenty-five years' service, has procured his liberty, and see how wretchedly he drags on his existence. If he return to his native village, he is not only a stranger there, but his privileges derived from his emancipation, together with the example of military despotism which he has so long tolerated, make him assume an air of importance, and he apes the "little brief authority." By this means he estranges himself from the peasantry, and soon squanders what little money he may have in the pleasures of the cabaret. Incapable of tilling the ground, and forgetful of this his early métier, he becomes a nuisance in the village; and when he can no longer purchase nor procure by any means a comfortable existence, he is compelled to hire himself out to service, and that for a very pittance. Ill clothed, and badly fed, he is obliged to lie down in the corridors, upon the staircases, or the floor of the kitchen. If he have the means of procuring spirits he takes them to intoxication, and then reaps the reward of his misdemeanors. His condition might still be good enough after his emancipation did he fall into good hands, but his military career has totally incapacitated him for civil service; and as he is awkward in all his operations he cannot enter the ranks of lackeyship. Thus he is compelled to serve some petty gentleman, who keeps him to light his pipe, to bring him his soup, and to be always within hearing when he bawls out *hoi!*

In many of the best houses even there are no bells, and the servants, who are always lolling about the anti-room, are consequently within hail.

To those writers who have indeed seen what they have described, but seen it only superficially — who have observed the movement of the machine, but regarded not the way of putting it in motion — who have beheld with amazement the splendour of the imperial city — who have admired the order and decorum which reign throughout — who see no beggars in the streets, nor any appearance of want in the condition of the lower orders — who consequently believe that the outward and inward states must tally with each other, and look upon the whole not as a subject of commiseration, but as worthy of imitation—to those I would make the following observations.

In doing so I protest against a wish to misconstrue the good intentions of the higher authorities, or to represent them as influenced by any but honourable motives: it is of the Jacks-in-office that I purpose speaking, by whom the machine of government is so dreadfully crippled. No man in office can live upon his pay in Russia. This holds good from the field-marshal to the ensign, from the chancellor to the lawyer's scribe, from the grand master of the police to the city watchman. Every Russian will attest to the truth of this assertion. Now as these people must and do live, so the deficiency is made up by private fortune or by peculation. As all the higher ranks are found, under some pretext or other, to serve the country in some shape, so their salaries are of

minor consideration; and it is indeed the custom for men of fortune to divide the salary which they receive from government among their subordinates.

In no country is there so great a number of *employés* as in Russia; for as its small nobility are, from the causes which I have before mentioned, innumerable, it is necessary not merely to put them into all vacant places, but to create a number of such for their special service, and consequently this class of nobility or chinofniks, or what we should call little gentry, are the crying burden of the state. The army disposes of many of them; and although their pay is but trifling they still find means sufficient for subsistence. But the greater class are employed as scribes in the public offices; and as most of them do not receive more than thirty pounds salary, out of which they must furnish a uniform, their mode of existence must be very equivocal. As regards those who are in the pay of the police, no doubt can exist as to their way of going to work.

One example will be sufficient to furnish the clue to the whole machinery. The city is divided into different quarters, over each of which is placed a superior police officer, who is of course subordinate to the grand master of the police. The former, however, has a large suite of underlings, and is the active personage in maintaining order in his district.

He is a man of a certain education — he is lodged in a good house, generally keeps two or three pair of horses, a number of servants, lives in that style which supposes an income of 700*l.* sterling per annum,

while his whole receipts from government do not exceed 80*l*. His means of making up the deficiency I shall leave to conjecture.

Those who have described the state of things in so favourable a light would do well to come and settle in the country, to buy an estate in the interior and farm it themselves, to enlist their sons in the army and to place them in civil situations, to make contracts with government, to try the scales of the blind goddess, to get into difficulties with the police, and at the expiration of ten years to write their books over again with additions and corrections. To an other class of authors I would hold a very different language. To those who talk continually of oppression, slavery, the knout, and Siberia, I would ask them where they have seen that which they have so pathetically related? In the first place, I would ask any candid man who has travelled throughout Europe, and finally reached St. Petersburg, where he has witnessed less misery, or fewer indications of slavish thraldom, than in this imperial residence? If he has found his way to the capital by the real Russian provinces, has he seen in any other country a finer race of people or of peasants, who wore less the appearance of misery, moral or physical, than the Russian boors? Has he not found them well-dressed and well-fed, and has not every thing about them warranted the idea of peace and plenty? If he knows any thing of their language, has he not found them the most good-natured, kind-hearted, obliging fellows in the world? Where has he met with

a merrier fellow on his coach-box than the postillion with a peacock's feather in his hat, his reins in each hand, his whip slung across his wrist, and his half-singing half-whistling ditty, as he gallops his horses up the hills and descends them *tikonka?* If he deal with the little merchant, he may be certain beforehand that he will be imposed upon; but he may see in the man's face that he intends to cheat him, and he cannot be angry with him. It can hardly be called theft. It is his object to get as much as he can for his ware: he does not offer it at a fixed price, for he has not fixed it himself; his *prix fixe* is any thing he can get for it, and he deals with you as he supposes you would deal with him if you were to change places. If he be a rogue, he is a good-natured rogue, and his roguery is not of an amount to impoverish you or much to enrich him.

Ask this man if he groans under the lash of slavery, and he will laugh at you, or rather he will not understand you. He might indeed wish to work a little less; that the corn would grow, be cut, thrashed, and baked into bread without the necessity of his labour. Like Tam o' Shanter, who was never sober on a market night, he would like to increase their number in every week; but of the blessings of liberty, which so many talk about, his ignorance is bliss enough for him. The only misfortune is that it may be otherwise; fate may dispose of him or of his class in a different way: instead of being the property of the crown, or of a rich proprietor, he may become the beast of burden of a miserable owner, who crushes

him to the earth, and takes from him his last fowl to procure brandy for himself. It is sad abuse which is argued in all these cases; and unhappily the traveller may pass through provinces where this stares him in the face, and harrows up his feelings. Estates may change hands; the boor may be transported to other parts of the empire, and, from being one of the happiest, become the most wretched of created beings. But these are not common occurrences; and from what I have witnessed myself, I should boldly and fearlessly affirm, that the state of the Russian boor is an enviable one, compared to that of the free peasantry of many other countries.

But the knout, which cuts a man's heart out of his body, and mangles his flesh so that few survive, what a disgrace to a country pretending to be Christian!

Still we say to our children, that if they do not behave better we will give them the *whip;* whereas a Russian tells his child that he will give him the *knout,* for this is the Russian word for a whip, nothing more or less. Thus is ignorance of the true meaning of words often the cause of the most mischievous errors. We shudder at the knout; nay, the court martial which has condemned a culprit to five hundred lashes with a nine-tailed knout, or four dozen from a man-of-war's cat, has committed more cruelty than is exercised by a knout master one time in five hundred.

A simple application of this instrument for venial crimes is not to be compared to the flogging of a thief

from the Old Bailey to the Obelisk and back again — a ceremony at which every body laughs, except the party most deeply interested.

It is in the power of the executioner to inflict death with this instrument, and this is done occasionally; but capital punishments are not yet abolished under constitutional governments, and sailors and soldiers are sometimes unintentionally flogged to death. We may rejoice in the times when these things shall be no more; but it is not just to attribute barbarous punishments to other people, when our laws tolerate those which are equally so. It is necessary that something should be suspended *in terrorem* over sinners, but the cat will be more terrible than the knout to him who has tried both.

In regard to Siberia, I must confess, from all that I have heard of it, I never felt more desirous to see any country. As to those who are exiled there, if they are not condemned to work in the mines, or not banished for political crimes, we are informed by many travellers that they live a very happy life. Hence again our convicts would gladly make a barter. Don Quixote considered it the duty of a knight errant to assist all who were unhappy in their minds, and, notwithstanding the opposition of Sancho, interfered in behalf of the king's galley slaves; but it is worse than Quixotism to hold up Siberia in execration, as long as the principle is recognised of disburdening the state of such as are a nuisance and dread to society: as long as prisons, hulks, tread-mills,

mercury mines, and transportation are tolerated and approved of by constitutional legislators, let us not blame the means which an imperial legislator approves of for the same purpose, and which is nowise more revolting to humanity.

With respect to political offences, they are of another cast; and in England no odium is attached to the individual who may have been incarcerated for such. When he has paid the penalty of his rashness he returns again into society, not with faded, but often with gilded laurels. If it seem monstrous that a nobleman should be sent to Siberia for sinning against the state, let it be remembered that Lord Grey assigned as one of the most cogent reasons for not adhering to the ministry of one of the most popular of England's statesmen, that this individual had proposed to introduce a law by which a person convicted a second time of a libel against government should be subjected to transportation.

We shall find therefore, upon considering the matter dispassionately, and upon weighing the words slavery, knout, and Siberia in the scales of justice, that they have their synonyms in every government of Europe. It is not from insulated facts, or from partial observation, that we are to judge of the condition of a people—we must live among them, and balance the good and evil which present themselves to our notice—we must ever remember that the happiness of individuals depends upon the executive administration in all countries—that after all, personal

liberty is the great desideratum, and that political is often a chimera — that where the former has been sacrificed to the latter, as has been too frequently the case in the abortive attempts of the introduction per force of constitutional forms of government, anarchy and misery have been the consequence. In snatching at the shadow the people have but too frequently lost the substance. I have inserted no political matters in my scrap book; for as politics are so *thoroughly understood by all,* and as each has a right to form his own opinions upon such matters, I leave each to his reverie. It is consoling to reflect that, as Goldsmith said in his day, (and humanity has not lost ground since that period of the world's history,)

> " Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,"

have fortunately been the lot of but few; and from what I have witnessed at home and abroad, I am fully convinced that non-interference in the political existence of our neighbours is the most merciful line of policy which we can adopt — that we thus avoid breaking to the heart what is kept to the ear — and that time will convince the most meddling and officious that the whole truth will be found in the too seldom quoted couplet of the poet, —

> " For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administer'd is best."

As regards the treatment of foreigners in St. Petersburg, I shall here commit to paper what I once

delivered orally at a public dinner in that city, that there is no town in Europe where more personal liberty exists than in the Russian capital, and that every man is welcome who conducts himself with propriety. In so saying I in nowise commit myself nor compromise any opinion: I allude not to the political or civil institutions of the country. I speak merely of that protection which every man meets with who does not interfere with what is no business of his; and I feel assured that the liberty which I enjoyed, the protection I received during a long residence in St. Petersburg, may be and has been enjoyed by hundreds who have not violated those laws and customs the just observance of which constitutes the well-being of all society.

* * * * *

Among these scraps will the Faculty in vain search for any thing that appertains to it, for I have only introduced as much of my art as was necessary to give consistency to the narrative. As regards matters relating to medicine, I have at various times sent home papers, which have been inserted in the different periodicals; and I have moreover given a general sketch of the history of medicine in Russia.

As regards the Faculty of St. Petersburg, considered as a body, I could not be justified in omitting to make honourable mention of its members in this place. I have had opportunities of meeting them in their official and social relations, and I am happy to add my mite of testimony to the high character they bear in society. As regards their talent collectively,

I should say that it is inferior to few of such bodies in Europe; and many of them are men of high learning, deep reading, and great research. There is an *esprit de corps* and *bonhomie* about them, which is worthy of imitation; and in all my relations with them I have never met but with the most friendly, most liberal, and most gentlemanly treatment. They mostly consist of Germans and Poles, and many of their works have been highly appreciated in England.

The very last days of my sojourn were doomed to be harassing, and I was compelled to witness more human suffering than during the whole of my medical career. I attended the last excruciating hours of a charming young mother, who left life in her prime. She was afflicted with a local and incurable disease, and her agonies were severe. It is hard to see a sound and healthy frame struggle to throw off a partial and purely local malady, which at length overcomes it. The body, worn out by general disease, by fever, or inflammation, sinks gradually, and life becomes extinct; but an irremediable strangulation throws the frame into convulsions, and the death of the part drags in the whole by degrees. The brain and nervous system little attacked, the mind sound to the last, hope does not leave, and agony alone wishes for release. She bore her sorrow with immense fortitude, and expired in the arms of her husband, who, himself a medical man, could too well appreciate her sufferings.

"Quantum religio potuit suadere malorum."

She was supported in her last moments by Christian faith.

In the midst of my attendance upon her, I was summoned to witness the last agony of Sir R. K. Porter. He had been to court, complaining, ere he set out, of pain in the head. The day was warm, and the ceremony of reception had lasted some hours. When his carriage arrived at the hotel, he was found huddled up in one corner, his right side paralysed, without the power of speech or motion. He lived from four in the afternoon to seven the following morning. He never spoke nor opened his eyes—he died and made no sign.

I had seen much of him during the winter season. He was changed from what his friends represented him once to have been. His jokes no longer set the table in a roar; and, notwithstanding his cordial reception by the Emperor, his only feeling seemed to be centred in the idea of returning safe home. So many changes had taken place in an absence of twenty years, so little was left of what he formerly knew, that no man felt more a stranger in a new country than he did in this, which had been the land of his adoption. Sir R. K. Porter had made himself known by his pencil first, and then by his pen. During his first sojourn in Russia he had espoused a native princess, who died, leaving him an only daughter. His first essay, as a literary man, was his history of the campaign in Russia, which circumstances conspired to make very popular at the time of its production. Every thing was read with avidity at that moment; and so popular were the Russians at the time, that although the colouring which the author's pen bor-

rowed from his pencil lightly varnished the tale, it was not perceived at the moment. Many a defeat was transformed into a victory under the touch of his pencil; but the public could not resist the impression made upon their feelings by such panegyrics as the following, put into the mouth of the conqueror Alexander.

It was the appeal of an emperor to the justice of God, and a reliance on his people. "Should the enemy take Moscow, have I not still Petersburg? if not Petersburg, Archangel? if not Archangel, my fleets and the hearts of my people?—and Russia is still my empire."

The work of Segur has eclipsed that of Sir Robert. He has aimed at being the Tacitus of his day, and has succeeded. In spite of some little colouring, in spite of too much panegyric showered upon the great army, both Russians and Poles who were present in the great battles, and fought against each other, agree that in all essential points it is correct. This is now history: the corn waves green over the fields of Borodino, as it does over those of "carnage-crowning Waterloo." May they be the last monuments of the effusion of human blood! The days of battle are gone by in the West, though the sun rises red in the East. Armed aggression may be opposed by armed resistance; but a thirty years' war for the establishment of a creed, and a seven years' war of succession, will not return again in our times. It is curious, almost impossible to believe, that such words could have proceeded from the mouth of a Bacon, "that a just war is as wholesome

to a nation as strong exercise is to the body; it drains away superfluous humours." The possessions in Africa are teaching this to the French: we may also experience something of the kind in our Eastern dominions and Chinese bullying; but neither of these come under the denomination of the just war which is the saving clause of the chancellor. It would be difficult to prove how that which is naturally productive of so much injustice can at any time be just.

The close of my medical career was sealed by the loss of one of my best friends. I had already given up practice; and it was only from not being able to resist the wishes of the Count —— to attend him for what he supposed to be a slight indisposition, that I was subjected to witness great and unmitigated human suffering. Aware of his danger, he conducted himself in a manner worthy of himself. Looking death in the face, he performed all the duties which Christianity and society impose upon us. He groaned from pain; but no feeling of impatience, no hasty word escaped his lips. "The remedy has been applied too late," he said to me, and I could hardly dissent from him: four physicians were in daily attendance. "I have brought this upon myself," he added. Convulsions closed the scene.

I had constant interviews with the Grand Duke Michael, one of the kindest-hearted men that ever lived, who came daily to see the Count during the latter part of his illness. I had to write to him morning and evening, and to reply to the inquiries, verbally and by letter, of many anxious friends, of

whom the chief were the Count and Countess N——. The latter sat for hours in an adjoining room, in anxious expectation of some change for the better. His imperial majesty received daily bulletins of his state; and perhaps greater anxiety than was expressed for his recovery was never manifested round the death-bed of a prince or potentate. A Pole by birth, he was true to the vow which he took to Russia; nor did he consider that he forfeited any title to nationality by his conduct. By the English he was adored; for he had amalgamated himself so much with the English nobility, that he was almost considered as one of them. He had many enemies: the Poles looked upon him as a renegade, the Russians were jealous of him; but death silenced all, and he sank into the tomb universally regretted. He was sincere in his friendship; but he could not disguise his feelings, nor wear the smiling face of friendship towards those with whom he did not harmonize. His corpse was transferred to the Maltese chapel, and a long, solemn, and splendid service performed over his remains by the Catholic bishop. The whole of the diplomatic corps attended in state. I followed him to the grave, and with him I bid farewell to Russia.

BOOK III.

THE RETURN HOME.

"Tikonka, Tikonka!"

Return Post Boys' Song.

CHAPTER I.

REFLECTIONS ON QUITTING ST. PETERSBURG. PASSAGE TO REVAL. PASSENGERS. SCOTCH DUENNA. REVAL, ITS ORIGIN AND PRESENT CONDITION. EXPLANATION OF TERM "NOT ORDERED." CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS. COUNT ST. CROIX. INGRATITUDE OF RUSSIAN SAINT, MITROPHANE. ATTEMPT TO MAKE REVAL A FASHIONABLE SEA-BATHING PLACE. DUTCH GOVERNOR.

Is it true that my career is finished, or am I but baiting at noon? Alas! I have passed my meridian; and after fifteen years of the prime of life spent in Russia, one thinks no more of noonday. "The goal is reached, and the race is won." So did I commence my journal upon quitting Edinburgh in 1819. A graduate, with all the world before me, I was anxious about my future career, and perhaps a period of twenty-one years has now closed it.

I have wandered about Europe during a large portion of that time, having had no fixed tenure and no real home, although I have been stationary for many years. So many causes have conspired to drive me from my moorings, that I can scarcely put my finger upon any special one.

I should say that had I remained longer in harbour,

I should have been disabled from ever putting to sea again. I must have remained a stationary hulk, not moored, but chained to the spot, or laid up in *Rotten Row*, covered over for protection from the weather; for I might still add to those laid up in ordinary, to represent a threatening fleet.*

The defection of the English colony, the political changes influencing the embassy, the increasing prejudice of the natives against English physicians, the homœopathy, the hydropathy, the desire of change, the little harmony of feeling which existed between myself and those around me,—these are one and all the exciting causes, which have made me cut my cable, and stand out again to sea whilst my timbers are still sound.

"Rolling stones gather no moss," observe my friends. Just the reason that I am upon the move, I reply. It is the fear of gathering nothing else that drives me away; better be lost in the tempest or whirlwind, than sit in a cavern like a toad, and suck stones and rotten moss for food. Fifteen years an exile, and what to repay me for expatriation? Accumulation of wealth, the greatest of all temptations to most, offers little to me, if the thing were feasible. I think I have learnt to know the value of *enough*, having written *q. s.* so often; I know it practically, and even apply it to myself, although a little more than one possesses is the real definition of the term. A few retrospective views before I dash again into

* The Russian men-of-war after twelve years' service are laid up in *rotten row*.

the world — a summary of fourteen years' residence in the Russian capital.

The bright side presents professional success, honours, rewards, ease even approaching to luxury. The reverse of the medal — loss of patronage by the death of my patron, of professional advantages by the Polish revolution, which did me much mischief; the emigration of many of my countrymen, and finally the want of a home. Petersburg offers but little to those who would *go ahead* in mental acquirements. It is moral rustication in the most extensive signification of the term. The end of the year finds you where the commencement took you up, except that you have retrograded somewhat; for the mind degenerates from want of proper food, or from being surfeited with inferior provender, as does the muscular strength from want of wholesome exercise.

A female author of some celebrity has put the following execration into the mouth of every one who is about to quit the capital of the Russian empire — "Je déteste Petersburg." I cannot assent to this sweeping clause, as far as my own feelings are concerned, upon quitting the imperial city, where I have sojourned fourteen years; and where, if I have not met with all the success which I at one time, and in the ardour of youth, anticipated, and if I have had to number many misfortunes, and have no ties of relationship and few of friendship to bind me to it, still I do not quit it with any rancorous feeling. I have not one of those happy dispositions

which is pleased with any thing, or indifferent to all. I am warm enough in my likes and dislikes. Johnson would have been satisfied with me as a good hater, and doubtless Petersburg contains much which I detest most cordially; but I cannot find it in my heart to say that I detest this splendid city. My bowels yearn towards it, and every stroke of the paddle which takes me farther from it seems to draw me closer to it, and to tell me that I shall not be so happy any where else. A series of misfortunes which crowded in thick succession on each other, and which would of themselves almost warrant the expression of the fair author, tend only to excite an opposite feeling. The death of influential friends, the migration of a whole colony of my countrymen, the main stay of my professional existence gone, the reed on which I had leaned broken — still the outstretched hands cannot beckon me away so easily; it requires a pull and a tug to accomplish the deed. The more extraordinary does this appear to me, and the greater the anomaly, considering that I leave nothing behind me which can claim a tear. My hopes of succession lie in the cold damp cemetery of Smolensko, and no man finds himself more a stranger in a place where he has but domiciliated a few weeks, than I do now after a sojourn of fourteen years. Have I found no kindred spirit in all that time, no mind in which a sympathetic spark would kindle into one common flame? O yes! I have found several; but they have departed from me, and left me alone. Even my penultimate friend is on the wing, and

mental desolation stares me in the face if I risk remaining the winter. The body will support seven months of frost and snow. This is a trifle; but to have nothing to warm the heart during all that time, not one chord to vibrate in response — 'tis too much for all the philosophy of my nature to hope to withstand.

He needs a good deal of philosophy who determines to remain a winter longer, when there is no necessity nor even inducement for so doing; provided always he be not engaged in the tallow trade, which I am not, or do not belong to the factory. I am myself alone, and often no very pleasant companion; for I possess the unfortunate habit of talking to myself, and quarrelling with myself: — I am even hard upon myself. I have hated Petersburg a thousand times; but then what have I not hated? But now that I have quitted it, just turned the corner of the Gulf of Finland, and struck into the Baltic, I will not now say, "Je déteste Petersburg."

What is it that prevents me from joining in this execration? To-day all is smooth as a halcyon sea: I can write at ease in a comfortable cabin. Yesterday I was tossed to and fro in an old tub, which performed in six hours what she ought to have done in two. It is true that I embarked for Cronstadt in a friend's boat, who had a great liking to me, and was unwilling to let me go. As soon as I get out of the Gulf of Finland, all seems to smile again. It is the force of habit, then, which makes me cleave to the city where I have tarried so long. Its splendid pa-

laces, its noble quays, its magnificent stream flowing through its centre, unparalleled for its limpid water, the thick clustered islands on its smaller branches, the bridge of boats, the summer gardens, the nightless days, — all entwine themselves in my imagination, now that the resolution has been executed, and I have said *farewell for ever* —

" Once more upon the waters."

The weather had been sultry for some days, the wind (what there was of it) favourable, and I anticipated the pleasure of a quick voyage to Stockholm, when I called late in the evening, previous to my departure, to take leave of my oldest friend, and shake hands with him, in anticipation of our soon meeting again in London. Hardly had we pledged each another in a glass of swizzle, the most salubrious beverage in hot weather, when the thunder began to growl over our heads, and the rain, which had been so long wanted, came down in torrents: the rattling of the tiles and chimney-pots not only announced the impetuosity of Boreas, but also the quarter from which he blew; and, after listening for some time with attention, and regarding my friend seriously in the face, I exclaimed with that assurance which defies contradiction, " Here is a change in the weather!" I gained my lodgings in the midst of a heavy shower, and having put all things in order went to bed. At eight o'clock the following morning I was floating down the stream little faster than the current, which is but a slow one, the wind dead

ahead, and the boat filled below and crowded above with passengers of all sizes and descriptions. As soon as we had passed the bar of the river, the helmsman was advised to steer to starboard, in order to get a start of the wind, but he knew better; Cronstadt lay straight before him—why go out of his way? And he had received no such orders before he started. When about half way, he found himself at a loss: his boat would no longer go straight forward, nor answer the helm—she went round and round, and then stood still, or only retrograded. Just at this point, we perceived the nine o' clock boat pass us two miles to starboard, and some time afterwards the ten o' clock gave us likewise the go-by. The women cried, the children squalled, most of us were sick; and what was to be done? The general opinion was in favour of returning and embarking on board another boat; but this was not listened to by the helmsman, who said that it was against the laws of the country ever to desist from the plan proposed. "No matter, we shall get there in the evening; and as to going backwards, we are doing that as it is—what more do you require?"

By what providence I know not, whether the wind lulled, or the steam rose; so we did arrive after a passage of six hours, and disembarked, and re-embarked on board the Swedish boat, the Störfursten. In doing so we lost one half of our crew; and no fewer than twenty passengers, who had paid their places to Reval, were so alarmed at this day's adventure, that they determined to return to St.

Petersburg, and wait for better weather. This was no loss to us; for we should have been crowded to suffocation had all the passengers who had so intended embarked in the Störfursten. No sooner on board than dinner was served, and we got under weigh; the sea ran high, soon making the dinner which we had eaten a work of supererogation, for the boat was but small and rolled tremendously. It continued to blow hard all the day; the deck was covered with the sick, and it was only towards evening that the wind lulled a little. The sun set like a ball of fire. Mares' tails swished about the sky. It will blow hard to-morrow, I said to the captain, as I pointed to the setting sun.

"Boodet," he replied, and shrugged his shoulders.

I know not why he spoke to me in Russ, for he was a Swede. He thought I might understand him better; but he was deceived. I understand but little more of Russ than of Swedish. I have been shamefully negligent in this particular; and have lived too long in the country not to be better acquainted with the language. Let none of my successors make the same mistake. It is essential to a medical man to speak the language of the country in which he lives. Let him not deceive himself with the idea that all the higher classes speak French, and that he will only have to do with them. If he be an Englishman, he will not practise among the higher classes; and he will find that as his countrymen are all served by Russian servants, he will daily require a competent knowledge of their tongue. I would

strongly recommend to any foreigner about to practise medicine in Russia, to make a competent knowledge of the language his first care.

I sought my cot soon after ten, rolled about for an hour rather squeamishly, and then fell asleep. Blessed is the man who invented it, as Sancho says; it covered me over like a blanket. In the morning it was blowing a mackerel breeze only, so that landsman and seaman were alike wrong in their prophecy. We had some distinguished personages on board;—the lady of the ci-devant minister of the interior, whom I immediately recognised. I had not seen her for upwards of ten years, when she was in her bloom and the object of much adulation. Time had told a sad tale; her beauty had passed away, and she had acquired a great degree of *enbonpoint.* She possessed a great flow of spirits, and laughed heartily at all the squeamish passengers, hugging a small dog in her bosom, holding him up in derision, and asking him if he were sick, to the mortification of her pretty daughter and other ladies. A sudden lurch of the vessel made her change her tone; and throwing her dog down, she fell upon the deck herself, to the no small satisfaction of those whose turn it was to laugh. An old, blind, and very infirm father accompanied her; he sat quietly in an easy arm-chair, and did not suffer from sea-sickness, and amused himself by striking a large gold repeater, which he ever and anon pulled out of his waistcoat pocket to know the time of day. He was blind and lame; but the third warning was not yet come. There was a

menagerie of dogs, parrots, doves, &c. in the ladies' cabin, and hot-house plants upon deck, all going to the country seat. There was also an old duenna in the shape of a Scotchwoman, whom I also recognised. I had seen her in the memorable year of the cholera. She was what is styled "a most respectable woman," which means to say that she would not go to service if she could help it; but as she has no money, nor friends who will support her, she is obliged to go as a humble friend, or upper-nurse, or kind of housekeeper, or fill some menial situation, which her friends seem to feel very much, and to say what a respectable woman she is, and how well connected, and how much above such a situation, and what a pity it is, and — poor woman! Sometimes these "respectable women" are placed with young females to take care of them when they have married old men. O veterans, beware of such! Ten times better guarded are your young wives without such appendages; particularly if they play at piquet or backgammon with you to pass the time when your poor young wife is indisposed, and is gone to repose herself for an hour or two.

I hate all these "respectable women;" for they give themselves great airs in families, think themselves quite as good as the medical attendant, are sure to oust you if you do not pay them as much attention as they think necessary, — nay, even tell you that they have some near relation who is a doctor (who has not, in fact?), and presume upon this connection.

The day brightened towards noon, and our faces

with it; the children began to laugh again, and suck oranges, and play upon deck. Now I love children in the same ratio that I hate ————; and towards one o'clock the spires of Reval rose to view. This small town is again rising into importance, but not of that kind which originally characterised it. Towns have their periods of wealth and prosperity, poverty and decay; and when the last stone of their foundation is ready to crumble to dust, some unforeseen event resuscitates them from the threatening tomb. Situated upon an eminence a mile from the sea-side, in the most splendid bay of the Gulf of Finland, this little Hanse town rises with its ramparts, towers, and bastions, an object of considerable interest in a picturesque point of view. A squadron of six sail of the line lay close to its wooden batteries. It is not, however, because it is protected by a Russian fleet, and is a Russian town, that its historical interest is increased; but precisely because once it was not so, that it becomes interesting. It is, perhaps, the farthest point at which the Hanse merchants established colonies. They penetrated into the interior, even into Muscovy; for although the famous republic of Novogorod celebrated in the times of John the Terrible was never, as some have stated, a Hanse town, still these traders established a factory there. Reval is situated upon rather a steep hill, and is surrounded by old walls, flanked by pyramidal towers, and broken into by several gates, all of which, having been constructed originally of crumbling materials, have now in reality crumbled to pieces. Still many

an old tower rears its head, which might have withstood a charge of musketry, but would not resist an hour's modern warfare. It is no longer kept up as a fortress; but if you feel disposed to take a walk upon the heights to survey the situation of the country from the crumbling walls, some decrepit veterans unarmed are placed at short distances to tell you *nië prekashit* (it is not ordered); or, what we should translate, "it is forbidden." This phrase is very expressive of the genius of the government. It implies that nothing can be done without orders. It is purely military, although adopted on all occasions. There is no question of permission or request upon the part of the applicant. It is a command of the superior, which regulates every thing. This is equally manifest in the reply of inferiors to every thing addressed to them. It is not an affirmative "yes," which is required of them; but when you tell your coachman to drive you to any point, he replies "*Schlooses*" (I hear you), as much as to imply that to hear is to obey. Entering the town by one of the old gates, crawling up a wretched pavement, threading old, narrow, and tortuous streets, I felt convinced that I had left Russia.

The dress and language of the people, the want of beards, confirmed me in this idea; and when I entered the old churches, saw the old-fashioned pews, the carved pulpits, the ancient organ-lofts, the monumental stones, and the board upon which the numbers of the last Sunday's psalms had remained uneffaced, I was inclined to think that I was again

in Christendom. The oldest church is that of St. Nicholas, which having existed for nearly six hundred years, is almost unsafe, and seems tottering to its fall. In spite of "*Renovatum*," which one sees inscribed over several points, the old building looks crazy, and, like the sexton who showed us the curiosities, threatens dissolution. The great attraction to visitors is the natural mummy of the Count St. Croix, which lies upon a bier in one of the chapels, and over whose head no requiem has been sung or said. His corpse has been refused Christian burial for upwards of 140 years. He was seized as a spy, and imprisoned by Peter the Great after the battle of Narwa, and he died in the prison at Reval. He had contracted many debts; and his creditors, upon the presumption that his opulent relations would ransom his body, have prevented its burial even to the present day. The skin has shrunk over his bones, and resembles leather; some traits of countenance are to be found in the face. The head is covered by a large flax wig; some parts of the body are wonderfully preserved, and the whole is enveloped in a loose velvet gown. He is an object of curiosity, and time may place him in the saints' calendar, as it has done St. Mitrophane upon no better grounds. It is true that the Emperor has ordered, that no more saints are to be made in Russia. The last has been a failure: he has proved ungrateful; and after all the pains bestowed upon him, he refuses from sheer laziness to perform miracles upon the pilgrims who flock to his shrine.

The long passage from Petersburg allowed us only an hour or two to look about us. The heights round the town are pretty enough, but bare of wood; but the park, a few miles distant, situated upon the water's edge, is well worth visiting. Having lost all commercial influence, and dealing merely in salted kilkies, a little fish which serves for anchovies, this Hanse town may be said to be defunct. It is now rising into notice as a fashionable bathing-place, although it wants that alone which can entitle it to such—viz. salt water. A bay in an inland sea, its water is hardly brackish, much less salt. As Trim, however, insisted upon it, that if it had pleased God the sea might have come into Bohemia, and have allowed the king to indulge in his favourite pastime; so, what is much more to the purpose, it pleases the Emperor that his invalid subjects who require salt-water bathing should find it at Reval, where there is no salt water, rather than proceed to Travemunde, where there is. Hosts of visitors now flock yearly to this place from Petersburg; so that on the heights, in the valleys, and all round the town, are seen springing up new edifices, which, even in their unfinished state, sufficiently manifest their destination, and advertise by anticipation, "lodgings to let." The governor of the town, the veteran Count Heyden, one of the three heroes of Navarino, whose spite against the Turks was so great that he went into the bay with his guns double-shotted, tends by his kindness and condescension to make the place agreeable to strangers, of whom I found that several

detachments had already arrived. The old Dutchman, like most of his age, lives in the past, and spins his yarns of olden times. He is popular with every body; and had he any power would no doubt use it to the benefit of the town, which being but a day's journey from the capital can be only regarded as one of its suburbs.

CHAP. II.

SALUTE TO SWEDISH VESSELS UPON LEAVING REVAL. HELSINGFORS, SEAT OF GOVERNMENT IN FINLAND. SPLENDID PUBLIC BUILDING. CHARACTER OF FINS. SMUGGLING. POVERTY OF SOIL. RUSSIAN ESTIMATION OF FINS. CATHEDRAL. PARALLEL BETWEEN REVAL AND HELSINGFORS. TWO ISLANDS IN BALTIC PARALYSING THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE. SWEDISH ISLANDS. DIFFICULT NAVIGATION. CONTRAST BETWEEN THE HABITATIONS OF THE SWEDISH AND RUSSIAN PEASANTRY. DIFFERENCE IN MORAL CONDITION OF SLAVE AND FREEMAN INFLUENCING EXTERNAL APPEARANCE. VIEW OF STOCKHOLM. BATHS. CONTRAST BETWEEN THE CAPITALS OF SWEDEN AND RUSSIA, AS TO DURABILITY OF PLANS. PETERSBURG COMPARED TO PENELOPE'S WEB. PROBABILITY OF THE REMOVAL OF THE ISAAC CATHEDRAL FROM ITS PRESENT SITE.

THE fear of losing my passage to Stockholm prevented me from waiting upon his Excellency, and I retraced my steps to the quay. We had discharged part of our cargo and taken in about the same number, who were proceeding to Helsingfors, to which we stretched along under full canvass. As we left the mole we fired a salute from two howitzers, which was only returned as we left the Bay of Reval. The wind lulled after sunset; and when we got among the little islands of Finland, upon whose granite rocks batteries are placed to defend the harbour, the sea was smooth as glass. It was midnight: all was still; but the beautiful twilight of these northern

regions made all visible. The harbour is a splendid shelter for shipping; and as the entrance into it is by narrow passes through rocks which are all fortified, it must be secure from invasion by sea. The water is sufficiently deep to float large men-of-war, several of which were riding at anchor.

The town itself is built upon rocks of granite, and looks as of yesterday's creation. Some of the public buildings, which, indeed, constitute a third of the whole, are upon a tremendously large scale, and very handsomely finished. The streets are well paved, the houses regularly built, a handsome esplanade faces the harbour; but the country is quite bare all around.

Helsingfors is the seat of government, for the Fins preserve some of their old laws; the country can hardly be said to have an independent existence, and the people sigh after the parents from whom they were so foully dragged. They are a miserable people, loathsome to behold, and breathing the most abject poverty. Domiciliated in many parts among the Russians, they seem an inferior class. Still they preserve their nationality, mixing little with the Russians, and attending their own churches. Finland has become a nest of smugglers; but the people, who are naturally honest, have become so from necessity, having but few means of existence. Like their cattle, which can find no food to graze upon the barren rocks, so they in many places have no corn to gather into their garners.

The Russians look upon them as an inferior class,

and as heretics, for they are all Lutherans, and apply opprobrious names to their churches. The new cathedral at Helsingfors, situated upon a rock and domineering the whole town, is a large and very handsome building, but it is not quite finished. I strolled about till three in the morning, and saw the town in all its bearings. It offered a most striking contrast to its opposite neighbour Reval: — the one built in detail, rising by degrees as its industry increased, and assuming importance only as it gained it in reality; the other is a thing called into finished existence by the stroke of an enchanter's wand. The destruction of one would imply the immolation of many human beings; the disappearance of the other would not argue that any thing had been lost, but that the painted scene had been shifted. A capital is given to a country which has no longer a separate existence; and, as if in mockery of its woe, stately palaces arise to laugh it to scorn. All is done for effect, whether that shall be durable or last as long as the thought that engendered it; and there is something so dramatic in all the acts of the Russian government, that one hardly knows whether one's own existence be a dream or reality.

We quitted Helsingfors at eight o'clock. The sky was clear and the water smooth, and we ploughed along all day without seeing a sail. Before leaving the Gulf of Finland, just as we entered the Baltic, the captain pointed out to me the two little islands which present the singular phenomenon of influencing the compass, and causing it to turn round when the

ship is within two miles of the shore. I do not remember to have seen this noticed in any tours in Russia or Sweden. It must have been often noticed in the navigation of the Baltic. Towards evening it came on to blow very hard, the sun set in red clouds, and several flashes of lightning predicted a stormy night,—and such we had; but we had a tight boat, running seven knots against a wind right ahead; so that at seven in the morning we doubled the Cape, came into smooth water, and threaded the thousand islands which grace the approach to the Swedish capital. These resemble each other in all respects,—a cluster of granite rocks, in whose crevices the pine seed has insinuated itself and grown into a tree. A Swedish telegraph and custom-house are placed at the entrance to this inland branch of the sea. We were detained but a few minutes to pass through some formalities, which allowed us to let off some of our steam, and then we paddled away again. This passage cannot be effected after dusk, for there is hardly space between some of the islands for a large vessel to pass through with safety.

Here and there upon these arid rocks, which yield not a blade of grass, is scattered a fisherman's hut, of which a string of drying fish hanging under the roof is the *ecce signum.* This hut is of the smallest dimensions. It seems hardly large enough for its tenant to repose at full length within it; yet there is something about it, in its entire window, its painted planks, and its *tout ensemble,* which leads the traveller emerging from Russia to say instinctively within

himself, "this man's hut is his own." Compare it with that of the Russian boor. The latter, however well built and spacious, soon falls to decay:—this points out the difference in the tenants, and makes that careless, reckless spirit, which distinguishes the slave from the free peasant, but too apparent. The one has no interest in what surrounds him, for he has none in himself. His master built his habitation for him; and when it has fallen to pieces he may build him another, or transfer him to another estate, or change his master, or make a soldier of him. If he keep things in order, it may awaken suspicion: he may be supposed to have money, which is certain to be squeezed out of him; so he lets all go to ruin about him, upon a kind of principle. Hence the appearance which most of the villages present in Russia — the houses half unroofed, with some loose boards laid on, and kept down by heavy stones till the next gust of wind shall blow them off. Of his four-paned window frame hardly one pane is entire, but old clothes are thrust into the broken glass; and there is no grass plat, no neat railing, no sun-flower, nothing snug or comfortable, nothing, in short, which expresses that the possessor has any interest in the possession. This was not the feeling which I experienced at the first sight of the Swedish hut. It seemed to say that the owner had a certain pride in it, which the English cottager has in his small tenement; because it is his own, and cannot be arbitrarily taken from him. I defy any one who contrasts the forlorn, dilapidated, miserable appearance of the Russian boor's house, with the

neat tight little habitation of the Swedish peasant, not to come to a similar conclusion.*

There is another feeling which prevails in every free country, and which makes the burden of poverty even comparatively light;—the spirit of emulation, and the hopes of bettering their condition which every class enjoys. Thus every man may hope to be one day better off than he is; and if he be guided and influenced by moral principle, it is almost a matter of certainty that he will succeed in his endeavours. He must not, like Ned Bradshaw, trust that government will do something for him, and rest upon his oars; but if he be honest and thrifty, he will hardly fail of success.

This principle can hardly actuate the slave; because, as he is himself the property of another, so whatever property he may accumulate will become the other's property. He has therefore nothing to fall back upon; he can have no pleasure in possession, because he is never certain of his tenure. I may instance a case in point. Some of the Russian peasantry are very rich. An elderly man who had amassed a considerable fortune had a son of mature age. His master knew that the father was very rich, but could not directly take the money from him, for decency cannot be thus outraged; but he said to him, "Unless you pay me a certain sum, I will give your son to serve the Emperor as a soldier." The son was ransomed,

* This is more apparent in the villages about Petersburg than in the heart of the country.

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and here was the indirect appropriation of the serf's property by the master.

The same principle operates throughout. The peasant pays a tax to his master, regulated, as it would appear, by law; but how are the laws evaded in all countries? and what is meant by printed laws in a country where there is no expression of public opinion? As the condition of the peasant improves externally, his tax will be augmented, and the ways and means of doing so are manifold. It is therefore the interest of the serf to appear needy, that he may not be made really so. This is not universal; there are many exceptions; but there is nothing to prevent its being as it is here stated.

Threading the islands, we come to the strong fortress of Waxholm, now under repair, — a round stone building, which no ship could escape which attempted to force a passage. A fleet of twelve gun-boats going through their manœuvres called to mind the old wars of Sweden and Russia, when the latter conquered the conqueror. As we proceeded, the right-hand shore became more studded with villas, all of which appeared to be kept in the nicest order. Stockholm is hardly visible till you come at once upon it, but the dome and spire of St. Catherine's church may be seen at a distance of about five miles. The right-hand banks are then more picturesque; the royal park is very beautiful, being laid out in the irregular English style. When the city does become visible, its position surpasses all description. Stretching in broken order over hills divided from

each other by lakes, and constituted of clusters of little islands, it has not that monotonous appearance which characterises many modern cities, and particularly St. Petersburg. It is more like Moscow in miniature, except that the latter has not the advantage of its waters. You may trace its nucleus: here it began, there it spread, there another quarter rose by degrees. It came into being as it was called for: as the inhabitants increased, the habitations increased to supply their wants:—just the reverse of a town which seems to have been built all at once, and inhabited by degrees.

We landed in front of the palace, a large square building, imposing from its magnitude, when compared with surrounding objects. The custom-house officers just peeped into the trunks and shut them up; a proof that we were not landing in Russia, where the custom house is more strict than in any part of Europe. A *valet de place* presented a letter to me on landing from my friend Mr. T., who had left only the day before, and I put up at his suggestion at the Hotel de Commerce. He who does not take a bath after a journey of several days by land or water, which has allowed him no opportunity of a good scrubbing, misses one of the greatest luxuries in life. Clean linen applied to the skin is of itself a great comfort; but applied to a skin which has been rubbed, scrubbed, and soaped for an hour in a tub of water, is something exquisite. The manner of performing this operation is nowhere better understood than here. I must have known it by instinct; for I had hardly been an

hour in the town, before I found myself in the most comfortable bath-room imaginable, which quite put to blush the Russian Vanni. I was put a little to the blush myself; but this was evanescent, and I pronounced the whole to be the *ne plus ultra* of warm ablution. An hour is devoted to this purpose by contract, and an hour's such amusement is not at every man's call, unless in Stockholm. Refreshed by this operation, I pursued my old plan of strolling about, and losing myself, the better to become acquainted with the geography of the place. I found it impossible to lose my way, for the town is scattered over so many insulated spots that there is not cover enough for a hiding place in any quarter whatever. I proceeded, therefore, to one of the highest spots and mounted the Telegraph, from whence I had a splendid view of the whole city. It is inclosed between hills, so that the eye takes in the whole range of country; and the view is not very extensive. Nothing can excel the view of Stockholm from this position; not Prague from the Monastery, nor even Moscow from the Sparrow Hills. The buildings themselves are neither splendid nor grand; but they are all so well placed, that if the same ground was again allotted it would be impossible to make a more picturesque arrangement. Nature had much to fear from art; but the latter has been more modest than usual, and has been guided by her master in all that she has done. Guide books specify the objects worthy of the traveller's attention; but he will do well himself to first take a survey of the whole before he be inquisitive as to

the names and uses to which the buildings may be destined. It adds nothing to the *coup d'œil* to know that the one is an hospital and the other a barrack; but it is pleasing to find that the building is adapted to the situation which it holds, and that the statues are placed in eligible positions. You feel persuaded that what is done is done; that it will be permanent; and that no caprice of successors will be permitted to interfere with what has been so well executed by predecessors.

This is the misfortune of Petersburg: as the town is ever changing, so the parts no longer fit each other, and every thing is subjected to whim and caprice. Count Rowanzoff's monument no longer stands where it did. He was a great man, and deemed worthy of a monument; but Suwarrof was a greater; so when a second monument was decreed, it was decreed also that the site which Rowanzoff occupied was the most eligible, and the poor chancellor was pushed from his stool, carried over the water, and the warrior installed in his place. The noble statue of Peter the Great by Falconet is threatened with a similar fate, for it now no longer squares with the cathedral which has grown up behind it. I have witnessed many metamorphoses in my time It was permitted to build a gas manufactory in a snug corner under the very walls of the palace; the building rose rapidly, when one day the great tank fell in, because the foundation had been prepared for a wooden tank, and it was afterwards thought better to build it of brick, for the weight of which a proper foundation

had not been prepared. The building was roofed and tiled in, when the palace took fire. The pictures in the hermitage were saved by great efforts. This suggested the idea that they might be again in danger from their proximity to the gasometers, and the building was condemned. Government indemnified the proprietors at the cost of 30,000*l.*

As thought engenders thought, and much is the effect of accident, so the calamity of the palace suggested the idea of making the hermitage fire-proof, (which might have saved the gas manufactory, had it been conceived in time). To make it fire-proof or to demolish it in toto being about the same thing, it was decided upon the latter. A new gallery was decreed. *Carthago delenda est.* A new impediment arose. Close to the old hermitage, *vis à vis*, ran a long exercising house built in the time of Paul. It was low and humble in appearance, but it now no longer harmonized with its neighbours. The Alexandrian column looked down upon it, and seemed to bully it. The soldiers could not brook this. The gas manufactory peeped over it; worse still, the crescent of foreign affairs took the shine out of it. Its time was come — *delenda est.* A new structure arose, of colossal dimensions, which cost three millions, and is not yet finished, because, since it was projected, circumstances have transpired which were not foreseen. It will not harmonize with the new hermitage, nor does it with the crescent: it is condemned — *delenda est.*

I have a presentiment that the Isaac's cathedral will not remain where it is for any length of time. The

new palace erecting for the Duke of Leuchtenberg, which is situated in its rear, loses much in appearance. Now as in the *other world* they move houses, furniture, inhabitants, altogether, from one street to another, why should not some Yankee engineers (the government patronises the Yankees) be invited over, who in the course of a long summer's day would, with their almighty machinery, remove the cathedral to a more eligible spot, and let the Duke have the advantage of a fine view from his palace windows? Some change is already being made in the structure. One of the four turrets is just finished, the scaffolding removed, which exposed it to view, and a new one erecting to pull it down or make some change. It does not harmonise with the body of the church, although it looked well in the model, which was approved and sanctioned as a whole. All these changes and whims cost a deal of money; but they are all paid for out of one common purse. I repeat what I have before said, that Petersburg is a complete illustration of Penelope's web, which is waiting for Ulysses to come before it be completed.

CHAP. III.

STOCKHOLM SEEN FROM TELEGRAPH. WOMEN PLY THE OAR. WACKER FLIKAS. CHARACTER OF SWEDES. KING AND QUEEN. SUCCESSION OF OSCAR GUARANTEED BY RUSSIA. RELIGIOUS TOLERATION. DISSENTERS. FINE ARTS IN STOCKHOLM. THE RIDDERHOLM. KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR. BANNERS. TROPHIES. TOMBS OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND CHARLES XII. THEIR RESPECTIVE INFLUENCE OF CHARACTER ON DIFFERENT PERIODS OF OUR LIVES. PETER THE GREAT CONQUERS THE CONQUEROR.

THE view from the Telegraph is ravishing; and I returned from my stroll, grumbling a little at the pavement as I limped along, but fully pleased with my determination of having taken the route to Sweden upon my return to England. The innkeepers profess to give no dinners; but by means of a little soft *sawder* I contrived to get a very good beefsteak and bottle of claret at the Hotel de Commerce, where I passed the night very comfortably, without having taken the precaution to sprinkle my pillow with lavender water, which a lady recommended me to do if I wished to *sleep alone.*

The women in Stockholm perform operations which in other countries are monopolised by the male sex. To be waited upon by pretty chambermaids, to have one's bed made by a woman (and I never could bear to see a dirty-looking man perform

chamber offices), is pleasant enough; but to see women tugging at the oar, or turning a windlass by which the little boats are propelled by wheels—steamboats without steam,— and that too with merry faces, appeared a little hard upon the fair sex at first sight. They labour too for a pittance. Still are they no race of Amazons; but a pretty set of women are the Wacker Flikas, and the sight of them proves to you that you are not in Russia.

The people bear the character of great good nature; but this is even carried to a fault, and is a national weakness. They have not sufficient firmness where it is necessary, and can hardly say no to a request where prudence demands a negative. Hence they are continually getting into scrapes by lending their names as security upon bills, &c. The poorer classes are reckless, and live much for the day, which for them is sufficient. They are given to intoxication. They fare hardly, living upon black bread which requires a hatchet to break it, and which you see selling in the street in the shape of round cakes with a hole drilled through the centre. By this means it is hung on hooks to the beams of the hut; and sometimes Sancho's proverb proves too true, that you often see hooks in the ceiling where there is no bacon to hang upon them. Herrings and potatoes are not within the reach of all. The government is much clogged in its machinery, but the veto of the king prevents mischief. It is a limited monarchy. The nobles, clergy, citizens, and peasants, all have a share in the affairs of state. There is some political

discontent, and a good deal of radicalism, but of a harmless kind. The octogenarian monarch, who is the only remaining remnant of Napoleon's kings, is popular. His life is simple, and his pleasures any thing but costly; for he lives almost entirely in one palace, and his country seats are what we should style boxes. Rosenthal is his favourite, — a small cottage in the park, where he sometimes passes a long summer's evening. His consort seems to be one of those chosen for her weight, a good fat landlady from Bordeaux. She is only known by her kind qualities and constant intercessions on the side of mercy. The criminal code is severe in Sweden, and her intercessions are often put to the test. She often prevails in her entreaties, and is doubly blest in her endeavours. The king is fond of thermal comfort, and heats his rooms to the pitch of a Russian izbar. It is seldom that he leaves them; but he sees a good deal of company, and is most gracious and condescending to all visitors. The hopes of Sweden rest upon the crown prince, Oscar, whose right to the throne is now pretty well secured, for Russia has made this exception in her line of policy; and the head of the government which has but just recognised Portugal, but has no diplomatic relations with Spain or Belgium on the score of legitimacy, which considered itself bound to maintain that family on the throne of France which its predecessor boasted of having placed there, and did not *bonâ fide* recognise Louis Philippe till the revolution broke out in Poland, consents to put aside the scion of Gustavus Vasa, and pays a brotherly visit

to the usurper Bernadotte. Mr. Hazlitt has said that he should like to see an end to legitimacy; and certainly it is difficult to understand what is meant by the term in diplomatic language. The Americans are much more consistent in recognising governments which exist *de facto*. Inconsistency and expediency in rulers can never inspire confidence in their subjects, whereas consistency in their acts and proceedings is the most valuable jewel in their crowns. May Bernadotte eke out a patriarchal age; and when he dies may Oscar reign in his stead, and Sweden will be still happy, or even happier.

All religions are tolerated to foreigners; the state tolerates but the Lutheran. A Swede must be of this persuasion, or he is an outcast. Hence there are no dissenters. By some means an English Methodist chapel finds a place in this city; but it is at present closed, and I trust will remain so. An English service was performed in it; but the evangelical jesuit, who was licensed to preach in English, as soon as he became acquainted with the Swedish language held forth to the natives in their own tongue. As his funds were scanty, he migrated to the United States to collect money for his calling; and, in order to secure to himself a better donation, represented the people whom he wished to convert as a set of heathens, sunk to the lowest pitch of moral degradation, living without any knowledge of the true God, but perishing like the heathen. "My brethren, the heathen are perishing: shall we let them perish? God forbid!" With such slang as

this he sounded the tocsin through the States, and made it answer his purpose; but, unfortunately, his proceedings were reported, and when he returned home there was such a commotion in his chapel that it was closed by the police.

Stockholm has not much to boast of in its picture or sculpture galleries, and I shall not commit myself by descanting upon either. I was very much pleased with a Venus by Sengel. The statue gallery is incomparably superior to the pictures; but I have no taste for antiques. The bronze statues of the kings, spread about the town, appeared to be well executed; but I am not so ignorant in these matters as not to perceive that the horse on which the Swede image of Victory is placed is the most clumsy performance that ever disgraced the art.

Let us turn to the Ridderholm, where I felt myself more at home. The church, now no longer used as such, being converted into a sepulchre for kings, is distinguished by a beautifully light lace-worked spire made of cast iron, which has replaced an old one of wood. It is the most striking to the eye of all that Stockholm can boast in this line, for all the other churches bear the appearance of good old-fashioned places of worship, and nothing more. This elegant light spire is a perfect eye-trap. The church consists of one long aisle, and three or four chapels on either side. A picture in the eastern window marks the spot where the altar once stood, and facing it is seen the organ; the floor is covered by tombstones, upon one of which is visible a large pair of shears. I sup-

pose we may draw the inference that a tailor is entombed beneath. The aisle is Gothic, but not of lofty dimensions, and has nothing imposing in its architecture. On both sides are heroes seen in full caparison, mounted on paper horses, and their visors all down. These are the armoured kings; and among them is Gustavus Adolphus, whose horse is richly caparisoned; but the armour in which he is represented could never have been worn by himself. No chapel ever contained so many trophies hung upon its walls and ceilings as does the Ridderholm. They are mostly such as were taken in the thirty years' war; the most modern are Russian. The church is studded with flags, banners, drums, trumpets, hautboys, keys of town gates, swords, lances, spears, &c. The arms of the Swedish order of St. Seraphine occupy a large portion of the walls near the altar. The name of Hamilton is found among them. Two stone monuments of kings lie side by side at the extremity of the aisle. What the church has of interest to those who find pleasure in the history of past times,

"Sich in den geist der zeiten zu versetzen,"

is contained in the two chapels at the eastern extremity. In one repose the remains of the best of kings, Gustavus Adolphus; in the other, the mad idol of all youth, Charles the Twelfth. What boy has not thrilled all over upon reading that passage in his life, when, first hearing the whizzing of the bullets, he exclaimed, "This shall in future be my music!"

There is a time for all things, as the wise man said, and it is well that it is so; and it is still better that time corrects all things, or to what would our early education lead us? With whom do we pass our school days? Not with the wise and the good, but with the spirits of what we call the brave. We have some respect for Ulysses, because he was the wisest (and boys only respect superlatives) of the Greeks; but he too was a warrior—not wise, but cunning: it is all one. What boy ever had any respect for Solomon? There is no mediocrity for youth, and none discover talent so easily as the young. Boys have no respect for a man who assumes what he does not possess; but real superiority easily maintains itself with them. All the nicknames of school are applied to inferior intellect, or to some supposed bodily infirmity; but superiority is adored by the boy;—conquest is his theme, conquerors his idols;—he takes the same interest in the histories of great deeds when placed before him, as if he moved in their very atmosphere;—he makes his choice of his heroes, and defends them with all the enthusiasm of reality. There are some universal favourites; and Charles XII. is one of these, because he seems alone on the scene. What should I have said in those days, had I been told that I should this day have handled his sword and his boots? He lies in a sarcophagus in the chapel on the right hand of the altar; a club and lion crown the monument; near him hangs his sword, a weapon quite modern in its appearance. In a glass case are the clothes in which

he died, a blue and buff uniform; and under it a pair of square-toed boots—not those which he once sent to the assembly at Stockholm as his representative. Alas! why should that enthusiasm have died away in me which he once inspired! Because there is a time for all things; and his royal neighbour, who lies opposite interred in a sarcophagus of red Italian marble, was the hero of my riper years. How long will he be so?

There is no parallel to be drawn between the two heroes who figure so pre-eminently in the history of this country. The one seemed born to fight for fighting sake, without any ulterior view, either for the good of his country by extension, or of its defence against invasion. His wars would hardly have justified a duel, and might have been settled as easily as affairs of honour are arranged in the present day. The other combated against a superstition which was not merely threatening his own country with its shackles, but the half of Protestant Germany. The most decisive blow ever struck against the Roman Catholic faith was the battle which the good cause gained at the expense of his life in the fields of Lützen. It is somewhat singular that two centuries afterwards Napoleon gained his last victory upon the same spot. The conquest of Gustavus Adolphus was as decisive to the cause of religious freedom, as that of Charles Martel was to Christian faith in general: "an arrow might," as Gibbon says, "have changed the face of Christendom." It was in winning

the battle that the king poured out his blood, and when the war of thirty years was decided he gave up the ghost. The horrid massacre in Magdeburg, the cruelties exercised in Prague, would have justified retaliations, which were not resorted to by the king under any circumstances; for he waged war not against men, but the establishment of opinions which threatened slavery to Europe. Austria has never reared her head as a belligerent power, since the loss of that famous battle. She who treated the projects of His Schnée Majesty as the enthusiasm of a young king, sank into insignificance herself by this very defeat. Wallenstein, the only hero whom she can really boast of, lost himself from this time, and fell as a traitor by the hand of an assassin, for joining cause with the people who sealed his country's doom at Lützen. England, indeed, took no part in it, though some troops did land and return without performing any exploit in this holy warfare. The reproach of Tasso to Ireland, as he passes in review the battalions marching to liberate the holy sepulchre, "ultima Irlanda," may be applied to us on this occasion. "Der König blütet,"—the king bleeds,—was the cry of consternation when his arm was seen to drop, as he galloped along his victorious lines; and the shirt and blood are still preserved as trophies, and lie by his side. The sarcophagus is of much larger size than that which contains the remains of Charles XII. The chapel is hung round with the banners which he himself took in great part from

the hands of the foe. History proclaims him as one of the greatest monarchs and best men that the world has ever seen. Pity that a kingdom which can boast such a man should have received its death-blow from the temerity of a successor brave as himself, but made mad by conquest. Sweden is lost as an independent nation; her barbarian neighbours can at any time eat her up, and she exists by political sufferance only. Her national spirit has decayed, her fleets have rotted, and her armies vanished. She who marched her victorious troops into the heart of Russia lost her political freedom at Pultowa, as she gave religious freedom to Germany on the fields of Lützen. A nation is neither lost nor won in a day, but one day seals a nation's downfall.

How just, even in its humour, are the words of Mazeppa, as he relates his history to Charles after that dread day —

> " 'Twas in my twentieth spring, —
> Ah, 'twas when Casimir was king;
> A learned monarch, faith, was he,
> And most unlike your Majesty;
> He made no wars, nor did he gain
> New realms to lose them back again."

" I will treat with him at Moscow," said Charles. But he had hard stuff to work upon. Peter the Great was an enemy worthy of him. His object was rather defence than conquest, and he cannot be reproached with an aggressive spirit of warfare. The Swedes threatened;—he repulsed, and then conquered them.

His great mistake was that with which Rousseau reproached him: he was prior to his time; he demanded civilisation of his people before they had learned to be human. The mausoleum of the Ridderholm exposes to view a long and instructive page of history.

CHAP. IV.

ENVIRONS OF STOCKHOLM. PARK. BOTANICAL STUDENTS. SMATTERINGS OF SCIENCE GENERALLY USELESS. PORPHYRY VASE IN PARK. DEVELOPMENT OF VEGETATION. CLIMATE. DR. SMITH. MORTALITY OF STOCKHOLM. MILITARY HOSPITAL. JOURNEY TO UPSALA. BEAUTY OF SCENERY. CULTIVATION OF LAND. TOWN OF UPSALA. PORT HAVRE. LINNÆUS. HIS FAVOUR AMONG THE ENGLISH. ADVANTAGES OF HIS SYSTEM IN STUDY OF BOTANY. SYSTEM OF TOURNEFORT RECOMMENDED TO FEMALES. FEMALE EDUCATION. LINNÆUS'S HOUSE AND GARDEN. NEW BOTANIC GARDEN. MUSEUM. MR. ANDREW BAGNEL'S CONVICTION OF MY KNOWLEDGE OF BOTANY.

THE environs of Stockholm are picturesque in the extreme. I dined with our minister, who occupies a very pretty villa at about four English miles from the town. The roads throughout Sweden are universally good, for their foundation is on a rock. Hills, valleys, and lakes constitute her scenery, which is enlivened by neat-looking tenements scattered on the brows of every eminence. For the last few days I have, as far as climate is concerned, almost imagined myself in Russia: a cold north wind has pierced my very bones, and made me feel that I am too far north. As it proved to be the last evening of the company's performing for the season, and a benefit

night, I peeped into the theatre. The house is very good, but obscurely lit up. It was crowded in all parts. Some Swedish piece was represented in the costume of former times, and the ladies (and there were a great many of them upon the stage) were all dressed in high powdered head-dresses, as Queen Dollalolla is dressed in Tom Thumb. The dresses were new and handsome, and the effect very good. There is but one theatre, and the town cannot support a French or German company. Public amusements find but little patronage, but few towns can boast of so many private parties as Stockholm. The Swedes are very hospitable, and the winter is one continued round of gaieties. In the summer the nobility all flock to their country seats, many of which are situated in the royal park, and produce a revenue to the crown. In strolling along this very interesting park, I was reminded of former times, by the sight of some half-dozen students strolling along and laughing, each with a tin case strapped over his shoulders, filled with aquatic plants. The spirit of Linnæus is not extinct in these realms, and science flourishes with unabated vigour. The sight of these students was to me a pleasing remembrance of times when I myself with other companions, climbed the Pentlands, and explored all the neighbourhood of Auld Reekie, to add to our stock of that knowledge which passes away in a few years, unless circumstances should again call it forth. How much we learn that is not worth remembering!—With

the generality of those who study it, and without having a peculiar taste for it, botany resolves itself into little more than acquiring a number of difficult-to-be-remembered names, by exchanging common names for them. The possibility of recognising a few hundred plants adds not very greatly to one's utility in the world; but then there is a time when the mind would take in the universe, and nothing seems too great for its scope. Little reason have I to regret the smattering of the science which I gained when in Edinburgh. It was a means of introducing me to several useful friends, and many a day did I wander in the Pyrenees collecting the flowers as the snow dissolved away, happy in the idea of becoming a future botanist. Turn to what I have said when writing under the impulse of that moment, and the changes of time will manifest themselves.

Sweden is famous for the polishing of her porphyry, and as fine a specimen of this art as can be wished for is the great vase placed in the grass plat of the Rosenthal. It is of reddish hue, of shallow saucer-like form, and of huge dimensions.

The sight of the oak as an indigenous tree was again reviving; for although in the gardens of Yelakin and elsewhere, in the neighbourhood of Petersburg, this tree is found plentifully enough, it has been transplanted there from more southern latitudes. I found vegetation much more advanced than in the latter capital: the leaves of the trees were fully expanded, and many wild flowers in full blossom; the

gooseberries were large enough to be gathered and made into a dish, nothing more or less than gooseberry-fool. As to artificial promenades, nothing in Stockholm is to be compared to the imperial gardens of Yelakin; nor are the Isles of Kamminay, Ostroff, and Christofsky inferior to the grounds about this capital.

The climate is said to be somewhat finer; but for the two last days I have been suffering cruelly from a piercing north wind, and to-day hailstones have showered down wholesale (17th June). It may be in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo. I am told by Dr. Smith, a distinguished English practitioner in this town, and who has resided here for nine years, that this is something quite new — *an extraordinary season.* The old story.

I am indebted to this gentleman for much useful information, and for an introduction to several of the professors. The hospitals are well kept, honestly administered, and the patients humanely treated.

I was surprised to find the mortality of Stockholm exceed that of any capital in Europe; one in twenty dies annually, and the deaths exceed births: hence the population has remained *in statu quo* for years, and but for continual importations from the provinces, the town would soon die out. Typhus fevers are most prevalent: dyspeptic phthisis and chronic complaints destroy wholesale. The cholera made most dreadful ravages, sweeping off 1 in 24, 1 in 12, and 1 in 7.* In some parts of the country the vil-

* Torkipping.

lages were depopulated. The mode of life contributes chiefly to this great mortality. Salt provisions, liqueurs, and bon-bons constitute the favourite diet of the higher classes; hence dyspepsia in all its forms. The continual changes of the atmosphere render them liable to chronic rheumatism and catarrhs. These degenerate into organic affections of the lungs, and mucous consumption concludes the history. The inhabitants are not so well provided against the cold, either as regards clothing or construction of their houses, as we are in Russia.

The military hospital is situated in one of the suburbs upon an eminence, quite insulated upon the edge of a lake, and surrounded by spacious grounds for promenades. It is kept in the best possible order, and is not excelled by any establishment of the kind in Europe. Some diseases are here treated upon the hunger cure system; and it is curious to see the care employed to prevent the admission of spirituous liquors; the wards are secured by double doors, the outer one a door of iron, and padlocks placed over the large keyhole to prevent a quill or pipe being introduced through it. Indeed, only a certain quantity of any liquid is permitted. The results of this treatment are said to be very satisfactory, no more than 7·8 per cent. in the re-admissions from relapses. The number of medical students is very limited, not more than thirty graduating annually; the practitioners in Stockholm, who may be said to be in practice, hardly average 50 to take care of a population of 82,000 souls. The fees which they receive are

moderate, but allow them to live comfortably, and they find entrance into the best society. The profession is considered rather aristocratic than otherwise.

I decided upon going to Upsala by land, that I might be conversant with the mode of posting, and see the roads, which are reputed to be so good in Sweden. I found it necessary, however, to get my pass *visé*, even for the interior of the country, a ceremony which I had hoped to escape. My laquais de place had provided an old britska, which I take it he kept upon speculation; and at two o'clock we started for Upsala, drawn by a stiff little pair of Swedish horses. I was surprised to see my factotum mount the box, and take the ribbons in his hand, which, however, he did not handle like a novice. We passed by the park of Haya, one of the prettiest places near the town; as we proceeded, however, the country lost nothing in beauty; and the roads are as good as those in England, and in perfect repair. Every half mile we had to mount a little hill, and then descend into a valley dotted about with neat little houses, or here and there a more stately mansion, the property of some citizen. The land throughout, and wherever the ploughshare could find an entrance into the earth, is highly cultivated: not a rood seems to be lost. The fields are inclosed with palings; the land every where well drained, and the style of farming neat and tidy. Oxen labour the fields, and draw the carts. During the whole day's journey, for it took us eight hours to perform fifty English miles,

I did not discover one cottage in a dilapidated state. Several avenues of lime-trees led to noble mansions, though nothing that could be called splendid, except the castle of Count de Brahe, which my laquais particularly recommended to my notice. It is situated at the other side of the Malar lake ; and as it appeared to be raining hard in that direction, I reserved the pleasure of seeing the finest armoury which Sweden possesses (so my man informed me) till I returned by the same road.

Upsala first makes its appearance as you emerge from a wood at the top of an eminence. It is distinguished by an old shapeless palace, a large building, which is the academy, and a cathedral with two towers. The town is kept in neat order, and I put up for the night at the post house. It commenced raining hard as soon as I was well housed. The beds in all these places consist of a sofa, upon which is spread a mattrass, covered with a sheet and quilt; they are very narrow, and can only be intended for single gentlemen, nor are they wide enough for any but a very moderate-sized man. I had my lavender bottle at hand.

I was attacked twice during the night by two vagrants, who persevered in spite of the lavender, but they only bit my hands, and I contrived to pass the night agreeably enough. The rain had seemed to make some change at last, for the morning was mild and balmy. I had passed the night in the town which gave birth to the great Linnæus, who has ever found more favour with the British than

the botanists of France. He seems indeed to have usurped many English privileges, for he is looked upon more as an Englishman than a Swede, and his *Systema Naturæ* is read by many under the belief that its author was an Englishman. The advantages of a natural over an artificial system may suit those who make this study the object of their lives; but those who would amuse themselves with botany, as most do, whose object is to become conversant with the names of many plants, and recognise them whenever they may meet with them, will find that Linnæus is the best master to follow. The natural order is too comprehensive for a beginner; he is lost in it; but by the sub-divisions of the artificial one, he is enabled to arrange and classify more easily and surely. Linnæus himself, however, commenced a natural system, and Jussieu perfected it. Neither the one nor the other can be perfect, because there are those intermediate intruders which step over the boundaries. Some of the natural orders cannot be rejected; as, for example, the cruciform plants, which not only in external characters, but in chemical analysis, usurp this order. The same may be said of the umbellate.

To ladies I would recommend the system of Tournefort as by far the prettiest, and a little knowledge of the vegetable creation need not interfere with more serious duties, and will give additional zest to a country walk and a country residence. So much may be picked up in the way of amusement; and who are entitled to rational amusements and to enjoyments

more than that sex which does so much to help us bear our burdens more lightly? I cannot go the length which many do, who are now pushing the female mind beyond what it was intended; I say intended, for we have high authority for saying that she was made as a helpmate to man. Nor is it to be construed that this implies inferiority in any respect. The mind of woman is capable of all things; but is she in her sphere when she wanders among the stars? Mrs. Somerville has reaped honours which she highly deserves, and which her country is proud to bestow upon her. Miss Martineau has demanded more than is due to her, and has received but a modicum of reward from the public. She requires representation in parliament, and aspires doubtless to the Speaker's chair. As far as I am concerned, I should not covet a wife who would leave her couch to sit at the top of a house on a cold winter's night, nor one who should first seek it at three in the morning after an adjourned debate. A woman capable of conversing upon all rational subjects in which there is ample scope for superiority even over her lord, but who thinks it no derogation of her nature to make things comfortable at home, is my beau, or rather *belle*, ideal; and I incline to the opinion of Mrs. Malaprop, "that conic sections and fluxions do not become a young woman." I hope the fair sex will not judge me too harshly. It is their softness which I most admire.

Nature has not endowed them with muscular powers to wield the sword or the lance, but she has

given elegance of form, grace, beauty, and all that is lovely to behold; and the more the mind harmonises with the external forms, the more I consider her in her sphere. Let her mind be stocked with all that is lovely, all that is good, all that is worth knowing, all from which she can derive instruction and amusement; but keep her from the schoolmaster, at least from *him* who is so much abroad in the present day, that he neglects the scholars whom he has left at home. There are studies which can only tend to make the mind coarse, and from which it can gain no adequate advantage. Such is anatomy, and yet we see ladies studying this science. How much is there, as was said of old, which is not worth knowing!

Strolling in the gardens of Upsala, dwelling upon the comprehensive genius of the wonderful Linnæus, I must not forget that it was to a lady I was first indebted for a desire to be better versed in the science of botany; but of this I have already spoken, and I only now feel that age "does sometimes perform the promises of youth," and that I pour out a tribute of gratitude to the man who supplied my earlier days with many a rich banquet. His house is nŏw desolate, and, were it not that he once lived in it, and that he died in it, would be unworthy of notice. Wild weeds grow upon its walls; but, wild as they are, this term is not one of reproach in the eyes of the botanist. He has effaced the stigma of *vilior algâ*, and the more plants can be contemplated in the sense of spontaneous natural production, the more valuable

they become. Linnæus's garden is too much of a ruin, seeing that it was his. Rows of clipped yews and cut hedges encircle an old pond, where flourished once aquatic productions. I gathered a branch of the pine which perhaps was planted by his hand. No monument is found on the spot to remind one of its quondam owner. It has nothing cheering about it. Still it is immortal as long as this globe may so be called. The monuments of stone and brass shall pass away, and the deeds of those to whom they were erected shall be sung for a time, till "so long remembered they are forgotten;" time must in time crumble them; they become a fable even before their ultimate destruction. Cæsar could find no remnant of Troy even in his day, and its existence is now even become a problem. The wars of the Swedes and Danes are all but forgotten, for Gustavus Vasa wanted a poet to immortalise them; but this garden shall remain till the end of time. The ploughshare may go over it; no stock or stem of what now exists will endure for ever; but when all has apparently perished, the seeds of plants which Linnæus sowed shall spring up more prolific from beneath the ruins, innumerable as the sands on the seashore. Each returning spring shall call into existence hundreds of living witnesses whom he honoured in his life by giving them a name and a rank in creation, and which now rise to cover his remains with immortality. His memory is honoured also by the establishment of a botanic garden of considerable

size at the other extremity of the town. It is most tastily laid out, and forms a delightful promenade. It is also in good order. The hot-houses are small, and the exotics not very choice. There is a handsome building, which, as a museum of stuffed animals, has nothing to recommend it. I looked through the windows, which showed some informes. I was in a mood not to allow of any feeling of disappointed expectation to annoy me. Eternal life in vegetation associated itself in my mind only with the name of Linnæus. Even in this sentimental mood, I could not help indulging in a bit of pleasantry excited by the curiosity of my laquais. He eyed me closely, and asked me if I were a botanist. *A great one,* I replied. He did not exactly look assent; but when a few minutes afterwards I gathered some leaves, and told him to chew them, and he would find them like the rind of the cucumber, he hesitated, as if I were about to play him a trick: taking the initiative, he followed my example, and finding that I had not deceived him, he made me a low bow, exclaimed how true it was, and I have no doubt placed me in the highest rank of the great man's disciples. It produced as striking an effect upon the mind of Andrew Bagnel, as did the fulfilment of Columbus's prophecy on the minds of the inhabitants of the New World.

We mounted the old fort, upon which the ancient castle stands, and had a panoramic view of the surrounding country, which offered this in particular, as far as I was yet conversant with Sweden, that the

eye discovered no water in its whole extent of view. The town lay dissected beneath, and a pretty neat town it is. There is nothing ruinous about it: a lamentable proof was given, however, that Rasselas could not be happy in his valley, and a student hung himself the evening of my arrival in Upsala.

CHAP. V.

SUICIDE OF STUDENT. UNIVERSITY. PRISONS. FREQUENCY OF ASSASSINATION. EFFECTS OF INTOXICATION. CATHEDRAL. DILAPIDATION BY HANDS OF REFORMERS NOT ASCRIBED TO MARTIN LUTHER. FANATICS. MONUMENT TO LINNÆUS. LIBRARY. UNIVERSITY. GYMNASTICS. THEATRE. ANECDOTE IN MEMOIRS OF COPONAUD OF SPANISH DANCING LADY. OBSERVANCE OF SABBATH. TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES. RESUSCITATION OF STUDENT. REASONS FOR NOT GOING TO TORNEO. DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS TO SUPPLY STEAM BOATS. INCONVENIENCE OF GATES ON ROAD. ARRIVAL AT DONNEMORA. BLASTING OF MINES. REASONS FOR NOT GOING DOWN.

THE university is in a very flourishing condition, and I was only just too late to be present at the triennial promotion, or conferring of degrees, which drew an assemblage of professors in the town a few days previous. I saw many of the students walking about the streets, but they had nothing in common with their brethren in Germany—no eccentricity in their dresses, nor the cut of their hair, nor the length of their nails, nor the form of their pipes. They were all well-dressed, orderly young men. What induced the unfortunate youth to perpetrate the foul deed alluded to in the foregoing chapter, I have not heard. Sweden abounds in prisoners: there are more delinquents confined in jails than in almost any country in Europe. Here the old castle serves as a prison. They literally encumber

the state, for they are fed at its expense, and do not work out their cost by labour. Murder is but too common; it is punished by the axe: hanging is appropriated to forgery: slighter crimes are rewarded with scanty food and flogging; but there are a vast number of people confined in Sweden, who cannot be classed with criminals, those, namely, who are unable to pay a sort of poll tax to the crown. It seems in many instances a very hard case, and is a proof of superabundant population in ratio with the means of existence. The government is very much harassed in this part of its political economy. Sweden has now neither army nor navy to furnish with live stock; and, a small independent state, exciting no jealousy among her neighbours, she has nothing to oppose her enjoyment of the blessings of peace, and can devote her time and means to the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and the better education of her people. These, under the protection of a wise and enlightened monarch, have made within these few years many happy strides; but then there is some drain requisite for a class, who are of but little use to the state, and whom idleness has rendered vicious. Idleness and spirits! It is questionable, therefore, whether one of the Lord Chancellor's *wholesome wars* would not be of service to purge the state of some peccant humours.

Assassination in the streets is not uncommon in Stockholm; and I saw a lad in the hospital, who had received a deep wound in the breast in a midnight broil. One of my countrymen, having received an

unwarranted blow from a man, as he was quietly walking home, turned round and showed fight, when he was assailed by two or three men, who gave him a wound with a cutting instrument in the arm. This is all done out of *fun*. No robbing is attempted or intended; but our consul, Sir J. Ross, having escaped from being eaten up by polar bears, or crushed by icebergs, nearly lost his life in returning to England by the assault of two drunken ruffians.

"The church can cancel all," says Dominique, but not that of Upsala. It has suffered much in external appearance from the hands of Reforming ruffians also. Its gothic niches have been robbed of their tenants, or they have been left in a mutilated state by the hands of the Reformers. As for jolly old Martin Luther, who looks as if he had lived all his life upon Upsala ale, I can hardly give him credit for such enormities. I might suspect a Calvin or Melanchthon, for these are both of Cassius kind—they have both mean and hungry looks; but old Martin, who looks like a barrel of ale himself, could never have put sacrilegious hand to such work as this. His disciples, more fanatical than himself, must have done it while he was fast asleep after dinner. Time remedies all things, and laments its follies. The destructive doctrines of John Knox have now perished; and the populace which burnt out a Priestley for heresy, have lately tolerated the consecration of a Catholic cathedral in their town. The press has lately done its best to revive this spirit against the church of Rome; but it has failed: and the Boreas blasts of the anti-papists

have died away into a calm, since the ministry has changed.

The temporal power of the church being considered to be in safe hands, its spiritual antagonists are looked upon as harmless. O'Connell's tail is tucked between his legs, and can only now serve to throw him down. God grant that religious broils may not harass a government which has so much upon its hands, and which seems so well disposed to conciliate the good-will of all.

The long gothic aisle of this cathedral is sufficiently imposing, and the organ, viewed from the altar, is extremely fine. It is of great dimensions.* In the eastern extremity is a splendid tomb, upon which reposes, in carved stone, the hero of Sweden, Gustavus Vasa, lying crowned at full length between his two consorts. His earthly remains rest in a vault beneath the monument. Some historical pictures, painted in fresco by the Swedish artist Saneberg, adorn the walls of the chapel. They represent his triumphant entry into Stockholm, where he receives the keys from the burgomaster — his appearance as a prisoner before the magistrates of Lubeck — his haranguing an assemblage of peasants in Dalecarlia, with a flail in hand disguised in their dress, he is standing at the barn door — his taking leave of his family on the throne in royal ermine and crown on his head, with Charles IX. at his feet. Of the merits of the artist I am not able to speak: they are painted with chalk upon the walls.

* I heard a voluntary played upon it in the afternoon, and it is a fine-toned instrument.

This all belongs to that history which passes away; and has it not passed away even to the Swedes, when the scion of that noble race is a wanderer on the earth, and a usurper fills the throne, which he will leave to his son, and the name of Vasa will be blotted out?

Here, as Hazlitt says, is one end to legitimacy, and the usurper has become legitimate.

At the other extremity of the aisle, the foot slides over the following inscription:—

CAROLO A LINNÉ.

OSSA CAROLI A LINNÉ
EQU: AUR:

MARITO OPTIMO
FILIO UNICO
CAROLO A LINNÉ,
PATRIS SUCCESSORI
ET
SIBI
SARA ELIZABETA MORÆA.

In an adjoining chapel, is a monument in porphyry, in the centre of which is inserted his bust in bronze, with this inscription beneath:—

CAROLO A LINNÉ,
BOTANICORUM PRINCIPI
AMICI ET DISCIPULI,
1798.

I found myself comfortable enough at the post house, where I got a frugal meal. It being Sunday, I waited for some time before I could get admission

into the library, a plain white, but extensive structure. Carolina Rediviva is inscribed over the entrance. Upon entering, I was struck with the beauty of the building; and when I entered the great hall, it surpassed everything I had seen of the kind. It is most magnificent as a structure, and contains upwards of 120,000 volumes.

Preserved in a glass case, but open to view, is the only copy extant of the *Codex Argenteus*, or translation of the Gospel into the Gothic language, by Bishop Ulfilas. It is written upon pink vellum in letters of silver, whence its name. It is beautifully preserved, and more of its history may be found in Murray's Handbook. It travelled about a good deal before it came to Upsala. I plainly saw, by the careless running hand of old Martin to be seen in a Bible which belonged to him, that he had nothing to do with the demolition of the figures in the cathedral. Nor could he have invented the long iron chains attached to some of the old volumes, by which they were fastened to the tables, that they might not be stolen. They run no such risk now-a-days. There is a scrap book of Linnæus, containing some of his last handwriting, and many autographs of Queen Christina and Elizabeth of England. There are many valuable English books, both ancient and modern. A beautiful specimen of the book of Ruth, with elevated embossed letters for the blind, has lately been presented to the library from the University of Pennsylvania.

Upon the whole, both the building and its contents seem worthy of each other. A bust of the present

king by Beestrom graces the great hall of the library. The old University is reserved for the portraits of the professors: there are two rooms filled with paintings, many of which appear to me not inferior to those in the gallery at Stockholm. A girl with straw-hat and grapes in her hand, seemed to me a *chef d'œuvre* of modern art, and no doubt those who have seen it pronounce it a vile daub. There is a portrait of the Queen Christina, which wears an anxious mien. A large gold and silver drinking horn has been lately presented to the students by the king. It is filled with mead, a favourite beverage with them here, and drunk upon great occasions. Gymnastics seem to be much in favour among them. I saw several wooden horses, which appeared the fac-similes of the one upon which Don Quixote and Sancho mounted to perform their aerial tour. With a day well spent in reminiscences of past times, I note that at Upsala as the pleasantest I have passed in Sweden; but my head felt full, and had that indescribable sensation, which I have more than once experienced in my life, that if I were to think much more, I should lose the power of thinking altogether for a time; so I shut up my journal, and seeing a play bill announcing "The Gitana," I strolled down to Terpsichore. A neater little theatre for so small a town I have seldom seen, and it was well attended too. Many pretty faces were to be seen in the boxes, and indeed, during the whole of the afternoon, I was regaled by the sight of well-dressed genteel women walking about, which more than ever convinced me that I was not in

Russia. The comedy excited laughter in the Swedish audience, and the ballet produced the same effect on me, for never did I witness such an attempt at moving the fantastic toe. It is true that I had seen too much of Taglioni in St. Petersburg, ever to hope to be satisfied; but this was, as the Germans say, *unter aller critique.*

The columbine, for I cannot give her a higher title, possessed legs which were never meant to be seen; but what made the thing worse was, that in performing the pirouette she not only exposed them, but two pair of garters to boot — the one for ornament below the knee, and one for use, somewhat above, to confine a pair of loose drawers. I was reminded of a story related by Cassanova, when he was at Madrid. It was in the good old times, when the actors all halted and went down on their knees in the middle of the performance, should the tinkling of a little bell be heard on the outside of the theatre, announcing the holy sacrament proceeding to some one *in extremis.* The etiquette and propriety being great in those days, it was forbidden any dancer in her performance to expose the leg as high as the knee: if this became visible, or rather if the drawers attached could be seen by the audience, she was subject to fine and imprisonment. A celebrated dancer, mistress to one of the grandees, had from her situation bidden defiance to this regulation; but being informed that, if she continued to exhibit her drawers, her protection would no longer save her, she, in the true spirit of Juvenal, *nihil est audacius illis deprensis,*

appeared the following night in the ballet without any drawers at all; sheltering herself under the loop-hole of retreat, that no mention of legs was to be found in the order.

I have mentioned it was Sunday evening: still I was in a Protestant town; and what may be more terrific to the good people at home, I saw several clergymen in the theatre, and this not in disguise, but in a part of their canonicals — a bit of cassock, as good Parson Adams would say, or at least a little white band round their necks. The performance seemed to give great satisfaction; and the ballet went off with êclat. Pine apple punch is a favourite beverage in Sweden; and in all the cafés, theatres, &c., this liquor abounds, ready poured out for use in little jelly glasses. The temperance societies have not travelled northwards as yet; and I am afraid will be long ere they take root in these latitudes: for when people feel cold they will take the means most agreeable to warm themselves, and punch is an insinuating liquor.

Although midsummer was at hand, I found the nights extremely cold. The moon, however, is near the full, so I hope for a change when that shall take place. I have some faith in lunar influence, and in Mŏore's Almanac.

The student who killed himself yesterday is very well to-day. The supposed suicide is an eccentric and absent youth; and his coat having been found in a neighbouring thicket, he was condemned to have been the author of his own destruction upon pre-

sumptive evidence. We started at six and found the morning cold and raw, the clouds gathering, and some drops of rain coming down. Soon after leaving Upsala, we quitted the great high road, which leads to Torneo, where the sun sets at midnight. I should formerly have regretted the necessity of foregoing this sight, had I been upon the high road to it, as at present; and now that no single obstacle intervened to its prevention, I felt no desire for its accomplishment. There is a period of life when the pleasure of all that we do consists in being able to say that we have done it; another period arrives when we say to ourselves we have done nothing in doing it. The sun does not set differently at Torneo from what he does elsewhere; and as to the time of day when he goes to rest, it can be a matter of less interest to anybody than to himself. The chances are possible of not even accomplishing the end and aim of our pilgrimage. Upon our arrival there, a few cloudy days would be sufficient to this effect, and then what a *sell*. So, leaving the road to Torneo, we turned to the left, and passed by three tumuli and an old humble-looking church, all that now remains of ancient Upsala. The road to Donnemora is uninteresting, except for the perfect cultivation of its fields. The country is rather flat and bare. I observed here and there a small hop garden, and upon one of them I saw again my old friend, the Roller, which in the south of Russia had led me many a dance to get near him. He goes there by the name of the step parrot. We passed through a wood of con-

siderable size, which for the most part lay prostrate, and this gave rise to some reflections upon the destruction of timber, caused by the introduction of steam boats. Thirty-four engines now ply daily upon the lakes of Stockholm, and all the smaller boats are propelled by wood fires: hence the price of fuel is just double what it was ten years ago. In such countries as England, where subterraneous fuel is interminable, there is little to fear from exhaustion, but no forests can supply the demand now made upon them; and it may become a matter worthy legislation, whether some stop must not be put to this awful devastation. It falls too hard upon the poor, who have no part or parcel in these modern modes of travelling, but who will suffer more and more from the inclemency of the climate, as they are deprived of the means of artificial heat. The steam-boats also enjoy this advantage, that they can take in their fuel at long distances from home, and have not the addition of land carriage to pay for it. The transport becomes therefore dearer and dearer for the townsman, as the supply daily recedes from his home.

We had ordered post-horses the preceding evening, so that we were not long detained at the houses; but a great impediment to expedition is the number of gates upon the road. Each proprietor taking care of the road which runs through his land, these gates are part of his inclosures. Where cottages are near, there are urchins to open the gates, which they gladly do for a pittance; but often none are at hand, and the postboy is compelled to dismount

eternally. The roads are in perfect repair, but they are very narrow, and two carriages will hardly pass abreast. We met with no obstacle of this kind during our day's journey, but it must be observed that we were not upon the high road. We arrived at the mouth of the enormous chasm, sixty fathoms in diameter, just at the moment the miners were blasting portions of the rock: the sound was cavernously terrific, as it reverberated through all the chasms of the pit.

In looking down into the floor of the mine, to the depth of 200 feet, objects appear diminutive enough beneath — "*facilis descensus Averni*" — and the men are let down by buckets. I was prepared for this journey, when the director informed me that it was no longer permitted; for two or three accidents had happened from disintegration of the rocks, particularly from that part which, thrown as a bridge across the cavern, looks like the Rialto. This is now under the operation of blasting, and will all be destroyed in a short time. There was another means of descent down the shaft of a narrow dark pit dripping with water, and from the bottom of which buckets filled with blocks of ice were rising. The director told me that I should find it cold and wet, be up to my ankles in water, and see but little after all. Indeed I had visited mines before, and this day's adventures reminded me of former times, when I sojourned long in the neighbourhood of Coalbrookdale. I observed a very different appearance in the people employed in the

Swedish mines: they are a healthy-looking race, and do not look as if they had been born and bred all their lives under ground. There are from 150 to 200 hands at work: they are paid at the rate of about 1*s.* 1*d.* per day, but by piece work, and they find their own instruments and blasting powder. A portion of this bridge was blown up as we were standing near the pit's mouth, and the disjointed fragments, as they touched the sides of the rock in their descent, produced a lugubrious sound. The pits are emptied of their water by pumps worked by water wheels at a great distance. Horses and oxen do the work at the pit's mouth. There is an engine, but it is not worked. The iron ore is said to be some of the best in Sweden. It is even found in company with granite, talc, lead, sulphur, asbestos, calcareous rock, &c. None of it is fused upon the spot, but carried, when broken into small pieces, to some miles distant, where there are smelting furnaces. The absence of these allows the immediate vicinity of the mine to wear quite a natural appearance: trees flourish at the pit's mouth, neat red houses are dotted all about; and but for the heaps of iron-stone piled up, there would be no evidence that you were near a mine. A lithograph drawing and description of these mines are sold by the director.

The iron ore contains but a very small quantity of sulphur, but so much lime that it is melted without any flux, and yields from 40 to 50 per cent. of the metal.

CHAP. VI.

LEAVE UPSALA. CHATEAU OF COUNT BRAHE. PICTURESQUE SITUATION ON LAKE. INTERIOR OF MANSION. PAINTED GALLERIES. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. STATUE OF BERNADOTTE, HIS BATTLES PAINTED ON THE WALLS. PICTURE GALLERY. FIESCHI'S INFERNAL MACHINE. REAL CAUSE OF ESCAPE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. MANUSCRIPTS OF LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR, &C. &C. DEPARTURE FROM STOCKHOLM. MIDSUMMER EVE IN SWEDEN. RELIGIOUS VENERATION OF SWEDES FOR GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. CALMAR. YSTAD. ARRIVE AT WARNEMUNDE. COMFORTS OF GERMAN INNS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF RUSSIA. SUNDAY. CHURCH SERVICE. ROSTOCK. MONUMENT TO BLUCHER. WALLENSTEIN BESIEGED ROSTOCK IN THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

THE moon had filled her horns, and the weather had changed. It was a lovely morning, when we quitted Upsala: the winds had lulled, and the air was soft and balmy, and, for the first time since I left Russia, I dispensed with my warm cloak. I turned back, as I passed through the long wood, to take a last farewell of the turrets of the old castle, for I look upon the hours which I passed in this little town as some of my happiest, and there is something melancholy in the feeling of saying an eternal farewell to anything with which have been associated pleasurable feelings.

In Upsala I had enjoyed myself, for I knew no

one who could converse with me, so that I enjoyed that intellectual state of solitude, as Zimmerman expresses it, in which the mind abandons itself to its own reflections. When we arrived at the first post station, Mr. Andrew Bagnel reminded me of my intention of visiting the mansion of Count de Brahe. I did not feel much disposed to do so, for the temptation of seeing the finest armoury in Sweden, as he repeatedly assured me I should do, was not very powerful; but as the day was young, and the lake looked so smooth and lovely, I yielded to his entreaties. We had to walk half a mile from the post house to the shore of the lake, and two men accompanied us, the one with a saw, the other with two planks in his hand. When we reached the shore we found an old punt half out of water, and the man sawed the planks to a proper length to make us seats to sit upon. This did not look well, nor say much for the number of visitors who frequented the castle.

We pushed off, the punt requiring constant baling to prevent our feet being wet, and the rowers were two landsmen, who caught crabs at every other stroke. The water was smooth as glass, and the trees were reflected beautifully from its surface. The castle presents itself to advantage, being situated on the very borders of the lake. It is a huge square building, flanked by four round towers. The grounds about it are not kept in any order, but its position among nature's grounds is all-sufficient. Any artificial plantations would be a work of superfluity. The interior of the quadrangle is undergoing repair; there

is a gallery upon the first floor which is open on one side, and runs round the quadrangle. Its walls are covered with paintings, daubs *par excellence* of Swedish heroes, who figured in the early wars of Sweden and Poland. Among them are the English names, Lieutenants Drummond and King. The different halls and apartments, which are very numerous, remind one of the good old times. The chimneys, in the style of the middle ages, would admit a waggon and horses; the ceilings are of stucco work, either covered with figures, or in form of ribs of timber. Most of the walls, which are not adorned with pictures, are covered by tapestry: the most fresh-looking are the battles of Alexander, after the paintings of Le Brun. Cabinets innumerable fill up the recesses: these are furnished with the trophies taken from the enemy during the Thirty Years' War, and indeed this mansion was built by the celebrated field marshal, Baron Wrangel, out of the spoils of that war. It descended to the present owner by marriage, and as in the hall of ancestry the portrait of the celebrated Tycho Brahe holds a first station in the line, so we suppose the present Count descended from that stock. He is at present possessor of the most complete old curiosity shop in Christendom, and it seems to be his hobby to collect all that is rare and curious of all times and ages. In the picture collections are to be found all the kings, from Odin down to Charles XIV. The latter is represented as Mars. It is by Beestrom, and stands in one

of the four turrets; painted in fresco on the walls are his best achievements: and there are two pictures also of the battles of Halle and Lubeck, in which he figured. Of beauties there are females from Venus down to Madame de Pompadour; of chemists, from Paracelsus and his wife, the one engaged in his laboratory, the other in her kitchen, down to the first chemist of the day, the Baron Berzelius. The gallery of warriors embraces all the generals of the Thirty Years' War, and the Austrian general Piccolomini finds a place in another room. There is a hall of Dutch admirals and sea fights, with pictures innumerable of all values. The Gustavus family and the Charles's are, many of them, good. One of Gustavus Adolphus was painted three weeks before his death on the fields of Lutzen.

In the upper story is the real old curiosity shop. Here is a collection of all that is rare and curious, with the most complete armoury to be found in modern times—the breast-plate of Charles V., which he wore at Prague; walking-sticks innumerable; the bridle of Charles XII. which he rode while at Breda; and a copy book, which is full of the juvenile attempt at writing of the young monarch—the bad spelling, the blots, the erasures of the young school-boy. He wrote upon the whole a fair hand, and the texts of "Virtue is its own reward," &c. are very well copied; so are the figures at the end of the page.

The different kinds of implements of warfare would take a month to describe—arquebusades and duck guns, down to the light fusil used by Louis XVI.

There is a model of an instrument, from which Fieschi must have made his infernal machine, with which he aimed at Louis Philippe. Is it generally known that when he was about to fire his machine, he saw a man immediately before its mouth, to whom he was under great obligations, so that he gave it a different direction, which saved his friend and the king also? There is the sword with which the bloody fanatic, the Duke of Alba, beheaded the Netherlanders, and an iron collar with sharp nails inside, with which the Spanish inquisitors tortured them; then a collection of gloves, from those which Jacob wore, to those which covered the hands of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Nicholas, when he last paid his illegitimate brother monarch a visit two years ago.

There are also some musical instruments, from the first piano-forte, played upon by the Baroness Wrangel to a singing canary-bird in a cage. It is impossible to charge the memory with more; but those who delight in such histories of the past will find wherewith to amuse themselves for days and weeks: there is a collection of natural history, and a library; a packet of letters, addressed to the celebrated Marshal Wrangel by his officers, during the war in 1642, just two centuries ago. They commence, "Well-born Lord Marshal." During the time I was thus occupied the clouds began to lower, and a heavy shower compelled me to wait an hour, which allowed me to dine at the very neat little inn, where I eat some ham, in spite of a determination similar to that

of Lord Strangford's, who, seeing how the pigs fed in Sweden, pronounced an anathema against pork. When the shower was over, we paddled back across the Malar Lake, and proceeded backwards, taking in our road the lovely park of Haga — one of the royal villas. The observation of a gentleman long resident in this country is not unjust, that "the places are all so beautiful, that one can never say he has seen the prettiest, till he has seen something more than the last he saw."

I had determined originally to return by the Gotha canal, but being alone, and not speaking the language, and finding that I should be delayed in Gottenburg several days, and as many in Copenhagen, if I proceeded to Berlin by that route, I decided upon taking the more direct way and embark for Lubeck, which would afford me an opportunity of seeing the coast. Of the roads, posting, and general appearance of the country, my trip to Upsala had afforded me a specimen.

The beds were all taken in the Svithiod, the boat which was to take us to Lubeck, and I was compelled to put up with a mattrass upon the ground, at least for the first night. Upon descending into the cabin, I was surprised to find it all decorated with green boughs and garlands of flowers suspended from the ceiling. The appearance of the streets of Stockholm the evening before should have warranted this decoration of the boat. Midsummer eve is the great fête in this country, and answers to our May-day in all the ceremonies performed. It is the

May-pole and Jack-in-the-Green deferred from natural causes to this period. Stockholm presented quite a curious appearance the evening previous to my departure; the children were carrying May-poles about the streets, rigged out with all kinds of flags, weather-cocks, &c. Young men paraded with immense boughs in their hands, sometimes four or five in a line; and as they marched along it really seemed that "Birnam wood was come to Dunsinane." The market-place, by the Riddarholme, was piled up with green boughs, and the canal covered with boats full of flowers and branches of trees. The great celebration of this fête is in the country, where every green has its May-pole, and the peasants clad in their national costume, to which in some parts of Sweden they adhere most religiously, dance, sing, and make merry all the night long. There is a deal of feasting upon the occasion, and the whisky is not forgotten. Independent of this species of celebration, similar to our May-day in good old times, it usurps also the privileges which are given to Christmas-day; it is a family reunion, and relations from far and near assemble upon this occasion. Upon the whole, it is looked upon as the merriest day of the year in Sweden. The Swedes have a passion for country life; and as every man of the smallest fortune possesses some little dwelling in the country, so Stockholm is said to be deserted upon this day. It must be remarked, that these gaieties take place upon the eve of Midsummer, and not on the day itself. We left at eight o'clock; the Swedish boats are admirably well fitted

up with every possible convenience for passengers; the fare is good, the attendance excellent, and the prices moderate; add to which, the captains are some of the best sailors in Europe, so that, excepting the possibility of the bursting of an engine, one may be pretty much at one's ease with respect to safety. The man who embarks in a steam-boat has two elements to contend with, and it may happen that he has the choice of two deaths.

That man's situation must be awful in the extreme who stands upon a burning vessel, waiting for the moment that the flames shall approach so near to him, that he jumps into the deep, as the sad alternative.

We soon bid adieu to the Swedish capital; but before we quitted the islands the captain pointed out to us the little harbour, where Gustavus Adolphus assembled his fleet, when he sailed for the Thirty Years' War, and landed at Stralsund. This for the Swedes is the war *par excellence;* it is in the mouth of every Swede: descending from father to son, its remembrance will last as long as memory holds a place in the world. They may well boast of it, for with it are associated all the great deeds which were ever achieved by a people. It blew hard as soon as we got into the Baltic, and most of us were on our beam ends.

We reached Calmar about one o'clock. It is a small Swedish fortress now in a state of dilapidation. The church has all the appearance of a castle, being a large square building with four turrets. It possesses

many relics of ancient times. The town is celebrated for the treaty of union signed between Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and many a naval battle has been fought off this little town. We discharged a part of our cargo, and took in more; but I now got a regular berth, which did not prove so comfortable as my mattrass, for it blew most furiously in the evening, and I was tremendously sick all night. The wind lulled a little in the morning, and we reached Ystad about noon, when we went on shore, and I got some refreshment, of which I stood in need, for under the most favourable circumstances I can never eat on board a steam-boat; the vibration of the ship makes me squeamish, even in fair weather, and then there are so many smells that it must require a long apprenticeship to get used to them. The clouds lowered, and storm and rain ushered in the evening; notwithstanding which we saw the lights of Warnemunde about one o'clock, and coming to an anchor, hoisting a light at the mast-head, and firing two salutes, we were detained about an hour before a pilot boat came out to us. It pelted with rain, and we sought shelter in a small inn, those who had quitted the steamer, for the night. Now I felt myself at home; I could understand what was said to me and make myself understood, and not a little surprised was I, upon asking for a bed, to find a neat papered room with every convenience ready prepared. In the morning a boy came into my room to take my boots and brush my clothes; and I should not forget to mention that I found a boot-jack in my room. All

these must seem as commonplace observations, but not so to one who has dwelt in Russia. He knows that he can find no such thing as a clean bed-room and the conveniences belonging to it, throughout the whole empire; he knows that unless he be accompanied by his own servant, he can find no attendance at any of the inns, not even in the capitals, and the boot-jack bears witness that the lower orders are not to be supposed to stoop to the most menial offices, or that the servant is naturally to be employed as the boot-jack. It is in vain to attempt to establish a decent inn in Russia, for in less than six months all is spoiled, however neat or expensive the outfit may have been. The Russians travel with a lot of domestics, whose habits are the most uncleanly, and the master himself would think nothing of sprawling upon a clean white bed with his dirty boots, smoking his pipe and spitting about the room, for the Russians can challenge the Americans in this respect. Hence the inns degenerate into caravanseras, and an old leather sofa and a few chairs are enough to furnish an inn with in Russia. I did not sleep well, however, under my old acquaintance the feather bed, which I have before mentioned, for I found it too warm, and I was heated and restless. Breakfast was served in a cleanly style, and at one o'clock I partook of Mr. Bullman's family dinner, for such is the custom in all the small inns in Germany, to dine with the landlord or not at all. The dinner was plain, simple, and clean. There is nothing to see in the place but a mile in length of small houses, without any breach of

continuity, and all of the same size and form. There are fourteen hundred inhabitants. Large ships come into the harbour, and yet not a shop is permitted in the place, neither butcher nor baker, nor grocer nor tea dealer: every thing is imported daily from Rostock, which is ten English miles distant. A river runs from it and empties itself into the Baltic, and a steam-boat plies daily; but I was forced to wait till the afternoon before I could leave. As I strolled out on Sunday morning, I met hosts of women and some few men, stalking along with their bibles under their arms, to attend Divine service; they were all neatly dressed and seemed very orderly, so I followed their good example and went to church myself. The population is all Lutheran, and one is somewhat puzzled to see so much of Catholic rite in the Lutheran churches. In this old dilapidated building were to be found most wretched daubs of pictures, and wooden images. There was one which I could not decypher: it was an old man, very tall, with a staff in his hand, blind, and an immensely fat boy upon his shoulders, not unlike the fat boy in Pickwick. From the ceiling hung a flying angel with a placard, "Be true unto death, and you shall inherit the crown of life;" and a fine new brig, with flags flying, hung from the opposite extremity. The clergyman, a man of seemly appearance, read the lessons of the day from the altar, after which a psalm was given out, which was sung for half an hour. He then mounted the pulpit, commenced by the Lord's Prayer, and gave out his text. It was upon thankfulness, and

a better sermon, or one more suitable to his congregation, I never heard. He concluded with the Lord's Prayer, and then before the blessing desired the prayers of the congregation for all the ships at sea in general, and for some in particular — thus for the good ship Venus bound for Riga, or returned thanks for the Mars just arrived safe from Lubeck. It was sacrament Sunday; and during the sermon, the sexton went to the altar, took out two of the great yellow wax and resin candles from their sockets, lit them, and replaced them. Three black bottles of wine, both white and red, stood upon the communion table, and two chalices, into which he poured the wine. There was no white cloth upon the table. The men proceeded first in a body, and I found that I had made a mistake; for in sitting down I had placed myself among the ladies, whereas, when I looked round afterwards, it appeared that the two sexes were separated in their devotions. I left the church not with the feelings of one who having come to scoff remained to pray, for this sin I cannot lay to my charge, nor do I envy the feelings of that man who would rob many of the only thing which can make this life supportable. For in candour we may ask ourselves, what has the poor man to sustain him amidst hunger and thirst, privation of all kinds, bodily suffering, contumely, hardship, and oppression, but the hope that when this life of sorrow is at an end, a better state awaits him hereafter? Truly did Christ say that he came to the poor and needy; and unspeakable must be the comfort that they must de-

rive from his mission. Let those who would take away such blessings from their inferiors first secure to them the temporal comforts which they themselves enjoy, before they stagger their faith, and thus deprive them of that hope which supports them in their sufferings, and without which the body could not bear up against the accumulated ills which oppress it. On the other hand, let us not suppose that by deigning to offer them this comfort, or by sanctioning it by our presence, we are justified in keeping them in this temporal bondage, or think that the mercies which Providence has bestowed upon them in giving them this belief, exonerate us from one unjust act or unkind feeling towards those who are in one sense our equals. In the eyes of God, let us look upon them as such; in regard to ourselves, never so. Here we must remember their inferiority in all things, and then we shall not judge them so harshly. When we consider the temptations to do evil, to which they are exposed, and from which we are exempted by our circumstances, and could we or would we, in sincerity, only say to ourselves how much worse should we have acted under such temptation, how much more mercifully should we act towards others!

"Oh, what are we, poor creatures that we are,
That we should sit in judgment upon man?
And what were we, if the All-merciful should mete to us
With the same rigorous measure wherewithal
Sinner to sinner metes?"

I know of nothing more strikingly exemplifying the faith of the lower orders, nor the sanctity with

which they do or should consider oaths, which is a vital part of religion, than the reply of the President's secretary to him when he ridicules the idea of the poor forlorn girl in Kabale and Liebe taking an oath. "What is an oath?" he exclaims. "No," replies Worms. "Nothing, Sir, to you and me, but every thing with these kind of people." This is a homily worthy of my good friend's sermon to-day.

During service, a bag tied to the end of a long stick, and a little bell attached to it, was handed to every person in the church during the singing of the psalms: the jingling of the bell would rouse some from their devotions, others from their nap. Most put in a mite for the poor.

I left this hamlet at 7 o'clock for Rostock; and comparing the day with last Sunday, which I spent so agreeably at Upsala, I found the frame of mind exactly the same, though under different kinds of excitement; and I think, without being pharisaical, that the subject of the discourse to-day, thankfulness, was not the least contributor to a happy state of feeling. I am certainly thankful that I am on dry land, for it blows a hurricane; and as I look upon the sea out of my bed-room window, the waves roll mountain-like upon the shore. The good ship has my good wishes that she may get to Riga safe. At Mr. Bullman's *table d'hôte* was seated a very gentlemanly young man who had been in England, and spoke English well. He was on his road to Berlin, so we joined company and left for Rostock together. It is a part of my good fortune, that I always meet

with pleasant travelling companions; and I must not forget to mention the presence of a most charming woman in my voyage from Stockholm. She was an American lady, and the wife of a rich Swedish banker, with whom and her mother she was going to the United States to spend some months. Nature had endowed her with external charms sufficient for any of her sex; and as to mental endowments, it was a feast of soul to talk with her. She was well informed upon all subjects, and not shy of her information, but without displaying the least presumption or vanity. When I in formedthe party that I had a brother settled and married in America, it became a free-mason's sign, and we were all good friends. I could hardly resist the temptation which was offered me of joining the party, and thus doing what I must do inevitably at some period — pay a visit to the other world. She was accompanied by a brother-in-law, who gave me a letter to his cousin, General ———, who lived at Fort St. Louis, and who, he said, could give me all the information I could require (he expected) about the Indians. I left them all asleep in the steam-boat, not having decided at the time to land at Rostock.

It blew a perfect hurricane when I quitted Warnemunde, and the little steamer could hardly make way against the wind. Showers fell all around us, and rainbows made the heavens appear more wild. We had only a large expanse of water, quite a pond, to traverse, but it took us double the usual time to do so. The spires of Rostock are seen from the

sea-side. The town has nothing remarkable in its appearance, except its cleanliness and its population, which seems busy and active. It has a considerable sea trade, and many ships are upon the stocks. Its fortifications and ramparts have shared the fate of so many of its neighbours, that it is only with pleasure that one sees green banks and promenades supply the place of armed batteries. The environs are pretty, and abound in tea-gardens, skittle grounds, and places of amusement, as throughout Germany. There is that never-failing characteristic of this people;—as soon as you enter a German town, you are sure to hear soft music; and upon my return to my hotel, at ten o'clock, I found a full band playing in the anteroom to amuse the guests at supper. Charleys are not yet defunct in German towns; and as one is now crying past ten under my windows, I take the hint and go to bed.

The wind blew a hurricane, and the rain came down in torrents all the night; when I sallied out, however, I found the weather milder, and the wind not quite so boisterous. This state of the atmosphere interfered with my plans, for I had intended going to Dobaran, and inspect the baths at that fashionable Baltic bathing-place; but there was no temptation to go in rain and storm to see the sea rough and find all the people taking shelter in their houses; so I took my place in the diligence for Berlin, and made my arrangements to leave at three o' clock. The inn is most comfortable, which indeed is the general character of the appearance of the town. Nothing

can be more clean or respectable-looking than the grand square in which the Rath-house figures; the houses are very high and rounded off at the top. It was once one of the richest of the Hanse towns, and its position secured to it in those days an immense commerce. It boasts having given birth to Blucher, and a statue is erected to him, but so ill executed that it is beneath all criticism. Two entablatures represent his feats at Belle Alliance and Ligny. The town has now 20,000 inhabitants. Its knell has tolled as a commercial town of great importance. It sustained a long siege in the Thirty Years' War, when *Wallenstein's* camp was pitched before its gates.

CHAP. VII.

GERMAN EILWAGEN. PRUSSIAN CUSTOM-HOUSE. SANDY SOIL. BERLIN FROM A DISTANCE. FIRST IMPRESSIONS AGREEABLE, FROM PECULIARITY OF DISTRIBUTION OF BUILDINGS IN THE CITY. ALL BROUGHT INTO ONE FOCUS. THEATRE PLACED BETWEEN TWO CHURCHES. RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR'S HOTEL. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. CHARLOTTENBERG. MAUSOLEUM OF LOUISA OF PRUSSIA. HER CHARACTER. IMMENSE CARP IN PONDS. GOETHE'S FISHERMAN. EGYPTIAN MUSEUM IN BERLIN. KREUZBERG. CHERISHED RELICS OF THE GREAT FREDERIC. KUNST KAMMER. OBJECTS WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

I LEFT by the Eilwagen at 3 o' clock, and rolled along a splendid chausée and through a highly cultivated country for several hours. At about ten in the morning we entered the gates of a small town, upon each side of which was perched a black eagle, announcing that we were in Prussia. We were genteelly searched at the custom-house, all in order, passports *visé*, and proceeded on our route. The country soon wore a different appearance: vegetation became more stunted, the ears of corn small, and the crops scanty. The sandy nature of the soil increases at every mile; and we proceeded without noticing anything of interest except a woman with a very large bunyon on her toe, for here, as in Scotland, the

poorer classes walk barefooted, until we saw the spires and cupolas of Berlin arise from without the sandy plain which surrounded them. The effect cannot be very imposing at any time, but after Stockholm, which as to position ranks second among the four favoured cities, Constantinople, Naples, and Lisbon, it was very meagre indeed. We entered at the Oranienburg gate, and I must allow that I was most agreeably disappointed. I had cherished some prejudice against Berlin, why and wherefore I know not; but its beautiful streets, its clean appearance, the bustle of the people, and the fine buildings which presented themselves as I rolled along, soon cured me of my prejudices: nor did the following inscription upon a board contribute a little to make me change my feelings: — "In this house was born, lived, and died, the immortal Mr. Mendelsohn." I soon found myself most comfortably lodged in the hotel de St. Petersburg *unter den Linden.* It was fortunate that the weather changed after mid-day, and I entered the town under the advantages of a clear sky and a bright sun. How much this influences first impressions every traveller can appreciate.

There is a good deal in a name; and when it sounds harmonious to the ear, pleasurable ideas are immediately formed of the reality. Thus all that I expected to find agreeable in Berlin presented itself to me *unter den Linden;* and my expectations have not been deceived, except inasmuch as they have been more than realised. In my wanderings I was imme-

diately struck with this singularity which the city presents, that you see it all at once, and this even to advantage, for there is space enough to analyse each building individually; they are not heaped as Pelion upon Ossa, and so crowded together that the eye is puzzled to select, but each has its distinct place in the perspective. Thus, enter by the Brandenburg gate, walk straight up the Linden till you emerge from the farther extremity of the avenue, look straight forwards, and then to the right and to the left from the same spot where you halted, and your sight-seeing is at an end. You have the old and the new, the grand and the elegant, the sublime and the ludicrous, all at once present to you: contrast reigns in all its force. Thus the university and the arsenal, gunpowder and literature, the old dull lumber-looking palace of the king, and the elegant diminutive one of the princess, the churches and the theatre,—all is attainable within a small range of the eye. Whether this be an advantage in reality or not, at all events its novelty is pleasing. The streets are some of the finest in Europe, and they have the advantage of being animated by living beings. I must confess that my first introduction to Berlin was a most agreeable one.

The river upon which the city is situated is certainly a misnomer in the English sense of the word. The Spree announces something gay and lively, whilst this dull miserable stream reminds me of what an American said of Taunton water in the U. S.—"which was so weak, that it could not run

down hill." Thus, when you look over the bridges, you search for something impeding its course, to ascertain whether it has really any course at all. Its bridges are *à-propos*, and insignificant as the stream they cross.

The Rialto has been celebrated for having a palace and a prison on each side; but Berlin boasts of a national theatre situated immediately between two of her finest churches. The two towering cupolas, covered with brass and supported by Corinthian capitals, would almost appear from a distance to belong to the same edifice; but as you approach the square in which they stand, you perceive them to be the outward and visible sign of two distinct churches, separated from each other by a splendid building, which some designate with the name of Satan's chapel. Upon mounting the steps of the beautifully finished porticoes, and entering, as you suppose, the sanctuary, to your utmost astonishment you find nothing—a hollow rotunda and a flight of iron steps leading up to the dome and a ceiling which bounds your aspiring view. I could hardly believe my eyes, or thought my vision must be blemished, when nothing within was found to correspond with this magnificent outward and visible sign. Seeing a woman enter with a pail of water, I followed her through a corridor, and then found myself in a miserable place, with benches and a pulpit, which were inferior even to the little temple at Warnemunde. She informed me that it was a French church, and the one on the opposite

side was a German one. I contented myself therefore with gazing upon the beautiful Corinthian pillars and the classic porticoes, and came to the conclusion that they were built merely as ornaments to the town.

If you remark a particularly splendid private hotel in any large town on the Continent, you may be sure that it is occupied by the Russian ambassador. It is so in Paris, so in London, and the finest house *unter den Linden* is inhabited by the Count Meyendorf, the Russian ambassador in Berlin. It is a part of the policy of that country to keep up appearances abroad at any rate; and the miserable way in which all the *employés* are paid at home is compensated for by the largeness of their salaries when abroad. It is not their residences only which bear this character of grandeur, but their style and habits of living fully correspond with the outward show. They are the most liberal, the most generous, the most kind-hearted people imaginable; and whoever becomes acquainted with them in their every-day relations, hears them talk, nay, even discuss politics, in such a liberal spirit, shrug their shoulders, and wish they could see things so at home, open their hearts to you without any reserve,—such go away, I say, with the impression that "all one reads in the papers cannot be true." This impression, long experienced by myself, was again renewed by my visit to the young ——, from whose father I had lately received much kindness in St. Petersburg, upon calling at the Russian embassy to-day. The hotel is of the most splendid style; and a staircase

of grey polished marble ascends to the *belle étage*. Furniture and all correspond with the exterior. I was very politely received, and our only subject of conversation was the loss society had sustained in the poor Count ——. Lord Westmoreland is also very well lodged, but less splendidly. The public buildings are all in the highest apple-pie order; and in richness of modern architecture I think few capitals can vie with Berlin. It is true that Nature has done nothing, and Art has put her shoulder to the wheel. Hence the contrast between this and Stockholm. Large, massive, and white-washed mansions would there be out of place, for they would interfere with some natural object much more beautiful. Here they serve to divert the eye from the natural desolation in which they stand. The streets are broad, partially flagged, and immensely long; they cut the town at right angles through its whole length.

Who does not remember the British Museum some twenty years ago, or who would wish to remember the miserable and deplorable state in which Dr. Leach found the natural history department at that period? It was a national disgrace. The English had then little taste for such things; but they are beginning to acquire more, and it wants but a little more impulse to make the ball roll along. Lions are no longer stuffed with straw, nor birds with bran, and something like their original form is preserved; still the ne plus ultra of taxidermy is to be seen in the museum of natural history in this city.

I was unfortunate in not being able to see the whole of the museum, for the part in which the quadrupeds stand is undergoing some change, and no one is admitted. The department of ornithology is most perfect, embracing every winged thing, from the mighty condor to the bee-sized humming-bird. They are admirably stuffed, and mostly in good preservation. The collection appeared to me particularly rich in woodpeckers from all countries; and as they are all arranged in the act of tapping the trees, the effect was very pleasing. It is impossible to give more than a *coup d'œil*, and no more can be done than thus to satisfy the curiosity of sight by such a promenade. There is an immense collection of fishes, many of which are preserved entire in spirits, others of which the skins only show the shape of the original. Among them I recognized a splendid lump fish, and I question whether it be the right name of this *monstrum horrendum*.

Culture has done much for the suburbs of Berlin, and nature permits the trees which have been planted to arrive at their natural size. The lime tree particularly seems to flourish, and it is the favourite one in forming the avenues. Thus, as soon as you leave the Brandenburg gate, and pass through the park, which is not unlike the Champs Elysées in Paris, you find again a fine avenue of trees, which conducts you to Charlottenberg. This pretty little villa, which has some resemblance to the Trianon at Versailles, is interesting from the circumstance of its being the terrestrial habitation of the mortal remains of Prus-

sia's patriot queen. With that royal corpse is associated all that is holy, all that is noble, all that is exemplary. The mausoleum in which she rests is worthy of her; pure, chaste, and unadorned, rises to view in a remote corner of the park, this classic little building. A simple portico supported by four pillars of polished granite; at each side of the door a granite vase filled with flowers; on the entablature, the letters A: K: Ω, and this is all. It is now to be backed by a chapel, which I think threatens to spoil one of the sweetest pieces of architecture which I ever saw. There is something so peculiarly chaste in the appearance of the building, something which says so much, because it does not say more. The mind feasts upon the associations which it engenders and takes its own direction: it is not forced into any particular strain of thought by being guided in its operations by external symbols. It knows that the noblest of heroines lies there, that a broken-hearted lady finds rest alone in the tomb, and that tomb breathes repose. She who could have melted the hearts of thousands, could not bend that of the ruthless conqueror. Napoleon offered her a nosegay; she held out her hand to receive it, and, in the spirit of supplication, said to him, "*et Magdeburg avec?*" Upon which he replied that he offered her the nosegay, — it was at her option to accept it. The female persuasive powers made no more impression upon him than the rain which falls upon an umbrella. Magdeburg was not restored; and if

ever human being felt the truth of those lines of Byron,—

"And still the heart will break, yet brokenly live on,"

it was Louisa of Prussia.

The grounds are rather too uniformly laid out for the English eye, and the walks too straight; still there is some variety, something occasionally wild and natural. The fish are well worth seeing; the monstrous carp tumble and roll about in the ponds, coming to the surface at the tinkling of a bell. There are some very old inhabitants in these tanks who have sported about and rejoiced in their undisturbed existence in this element, when every thing earthly around them has been convulsed and shaken to its foundations. It may have been that these very carp gave rise to that beautiful little lyric of Goëthe's, entitled "The Fisherman," one of the sweetest of his poems. The evening was fine, and the orange-trees in blossom, so that the air was loaded with their fragrance; and this was no small luxury to a nose that had been subjected to the effluvia of Berlin streets in the dog-days. Cabarets and guinguettes line the road from the park to Charlottenberg, and nowhere do you see more genteelly dressed or more good-looking women than about Berlin. There is a great degree of order and decorum reigning throughout; and, though there is much which may not coincide with our ideas of liberty, there seems to be no embargo laid upon rational recreation. It is true that there is no midnight revelling, for about

eleven the people begin to disperse, and before twelve neither pedestrian, two-footed, or four-footed is heard in the street. All is solemn silence; and if custom has inured the people to it, there is no great infringement of their liberties.

Those who are curious in Egyptian antiquities may feast their eyes in the Museum, in which the finest specimens of mummies are to be found. Here is the human race, from a being not a span long to the size of a giant; there all the gradations in the animal scale, from the monkey species down to toads, frogs, lizards, &c. Some ideas may be formed of the habits of the people from the specimens of utensils, ornaments, instruments, &c. Here is the female hair, plaited, as in modern days. What ideas of comfort these people may have had during their lifetime is problematical; but their ideas of comfort after death no one can for a moment doubt who contemplates the two mummies which are lying folded up in the cleanest-looking hair, over which is a coat of mail, and so tight and precise that they seem intended for eternity. The lately discovered sarcophagus, in its entire untouched state, is worthy of description; although I confess that I take but little interest in the relics of beings of whose feats history has left no memorial.

A new museum is now about to be erected in which to deposit these relics of antiquity. The papyrus is very interesting, and the writing on it as distinct as if it were the work of yesterday. Most of it has been deciphered, and much of it consists of contracts

between government and individuals for labour, &c. These were made many years before Christ, and are still as far from any symptom of decay as the day upon which they were embalmed.

Wishing to have a view of the city from a distance, I strolled along the burning pavement in the dog-days, and mounted a small sand hillock (for it deserves no other name), which is designated Kreuzberg. It is the highest point in the whole country round, but not high enough to see the town in all its bearings. It is easy to distinguish the domes and the steeples; but you are only upon a level with the tops of the houses, so that you overlook the town rather than look down upon it. It cannot be dissected; not a street is visible, not any public building whose head is much higher than its neighbours. Upon this mountain is an iron monument resembling the old crosses, with niches in which the *mater dolorosa* and saints stood, and do even stand now in Catholic countries. It possesses twelve of these niches, and each is filled with some figure emblematic of the deeds performed in the last war; and at the foot of each is the scene of action, as Leipzig, Culm, Paris, &c. The latter niche is filled with Victory, in whose hand are the four horses which the French took away from Berlin, but which she brought back again from Paris, and placed on the Brandenburg gate. It is a national monument, not devoid of interest, and exemplifies the chances and changes of this mortal life. "'Twas his, 'twas mine," as Iago said of his purse, and so it has ever been with the spoils of victory.

It is the lot of the great to excite an interest after death which they could not claim during their lifetime, — at least, as regards the trifles which are preserved with so much care when their owner has been compelled to part with them. Who paid any attention to the pocket-handkerchief with which Frederic the Great wiped the sweat from his brow in his last moments? Yet it is preserved as a relic, although a very common muslin pocket handkerchief, and not a new one either, nay, it has been absolutely darned, and so has the shirt also in which he died. This must be a remnant of those superstitious times, when a degree of medical efficacy was attached to such things, and when the touch of them was supposed to exercise miraculous power. As to the figure of the monarch himself sitting dressed out in full uniform with wax features, it is not at all unpleasing; because we know how wax-work does resemble the original, and we may well conceive that just as he looks sitting where he does now, so did he look in life. His sceptre and flute lie upon the table before him; how he handled the first, too many know; what proficiency he had ever made with the latter is problematical. It is known, however, that he was passionately fond of music. The watch which he wore in his pocket is carefully preserved. It is a good old-looking watch, but not the one which was reported to have stopped at the moment of his death. This will allow of a little sceptical inquiry. We may suppose that soon after his death the watch was taken up and did not tick; but it is also probable, that at

such a period of commotion as the few last hours of the great man, the watch was forgotten to be wound up, for there was no Mrs. Shandy present to remind him of it, and watches which are not wound up will stop; but as the circumstance of their stopping does not imply that the owner of them stops also, so the death of the latter does not guarantee the necessary stopping of the former. Supposing even that the two pulses stopped immediately at the same moment, there is nothing to warrant the assertion or belief that a similar influence operated upon them. Cause and effect are no where traceable. A variety of circumstances may contribute to arrest the mechanical movements of a watch; and there is nothing under the sun to forbid that it should be at the same moment as the pulse of the great Frederic stopped. It is nothing more than what Sam Weller calls a singular cohincidence, as when his father's coach upset in going over a bridge, he having been paid by a candidate at an election for upsetting it on that very spot. Had Frederic the Great been a holy man, such cavils might be improper; but he was not such, and I cannot suppose that anything supernatural was connected with his death. Few things in Berlin will repay the stranger better than a visit to the Künst Kammer; and if he only single out a few things among a host, they will well repay him. These are all found in the guide-books; but as many of my friends will not visit Berlin, those for whom these scraps are written will not take it amiss that I mention a few.

The grenadier, dressed out in full uniform, offers this contrast—The cloth is little finer than a blanket; but then he has a frill to his shirt, and his hair is titivated and powdered. The collection of Chinese dresses and ornaments will be less interesting, when our fleets return loaded with the spoils of Chinese warriors. The two coloured prints of the strangling of the infants in the Tower, and the putting out of the prince's eyes, have been most admirably copied by Chinese artists. The silk dresses of the mandarins excel in beauty of colouring. It is a rich wardrobe, and well worth visiting. A natural curiosity, and one which will allow of a good deal of speculation, is the block of wood or cut of a tree out of which are the antlers of a stag sprouting. Ovid has nothing more fabulous in his Metamorphoses than this natural curiosity. On one side are visible four or five of the cervical vertebræ of the stag; the great antlers sprout out from the top, and the smaller ramifications of the horns from the other side of the wood. The tree is oak. How they may have been entangled in it, or how the wood has been deposited over them, is matter of conjecture. In Paley's Natural Theology, lately illustrated, there is a note describing the horns of two stags having been found in the New Forest, so entangled together in fighting that the animals could not extricate themselves, so that they probably died from exhaustion or starvation, being in a worse predicament than the Siamese twins immortalised by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer in his epic poem upon that subject.

The collision of two cannon balls, fired from opposite batteries during the siege of Magdeburg, and uniting together in indissoluble bonds of friendship, is also a most curious event. There they are, soldered together more firmly than any chain or rather bar balls ever were. Of things of minor interest the Kunst Kammer contains abundance to gratify every taste. I must not omit to mention Luther's drinking cup, which is here preserved; because it confirms all that I have hitherto said and conceived about him. It holds two quarts. Now when a man has drunk this quantity of Upsala ale, he does not go about pulling down images. The cup of poor Trenck tells a very different story. He had no ale to drink out of it, so to kill time he set about carving with a nail various devices, landscapes, poetry, &c. It requires a magnifying glass to see it properly; but it is wonderfully well executed, considering the implements which he made use of. The poor Baron has gone down to history in company with Munchausen, and yet there is little doubt that he suffered all, or nearly all, that he has related; but it is the misfortune of some men to be laughed at just where others find commiseration.

It is not unnatural to suppose that what most interests ourselves will in some measure be acceptable to our friends; hence, in those little courtesies of life which consist of making presents, there is, for the most part, a leaning to our own inclinations. So it is in the little world, not less so in the great. When Louis XVIII. returned to the throne of his ancestors, his German friends sent him a large pie of

rich ingredients, which was gratefully received by the monarch. Peter the Great sent Frederic a large turning lathe and tools, and the complete model, in large dimensions, of a windmill which he himself made when in the dock-yards of Holland. The present Emperor of Russia distributes his portrait on a snuff-box freely to his favourites, and to strangers who have merited such favours. His father was so disgusted with his own physiognomy, that he would not allow his effigy to be stamped upon the imperial coin. So that in all our actions, good or evil, it is self which predominates.

CHAP. VIII.

POTSDAM. ITS ORIGIN DUE TO BRAVADO. GROTTO HALL. CASTELLAN LIBRARY. MARBLE STATUE OF LOUISA OF PRUSSIA. ROMAN HOUSE, MODEL OF THE ONE DISCOVERED IN POMPEII. THE WINDMILL OF POTSDAM. ECCENTRICITIES OF CHARACTER IN THE GREAT FREDERIC. SANS SOUCI. BUST OF CHARLES XII. PLACED AT FOOT OF A VENUS TO DO PENANCE. TIME-PIECE WHICH STOPPED AT DEATH OF FREDERIC. VOLTAIRE'S ROOM. FREDERIC'S SWORD SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN PURLOINED BY NAPOLEON. RUSSIAN VILLAGE AND CHURCH. WISH OF EMPEROR NICHOLAS THAT HIS PEOPLE SHOULD WEAR BEARDS. DRAMA IN BERLIN. MARY STUART. HUGUENOTS. TAGLIONI IN PETERSBURG. ADIEU TO BERLIN. RAILROAD TO MAGDEBURG.

Of the selfish principle alluded to in the preceding chapter, Potsdam furnishes a very striking proof. There existed already two palaces, when the country was ruined by the Seven Years' War; but Frederic, to prove that he was not ruined, ordered a third to be constructed. This bears the name of the New Palace. Tired of the monotony of such sights so often repeated, I anticipated but little pleasure from anything I should see in Potsdam of this nature, and had almost decided upon not visiting the interior of these palaces, or, at least, confining my visit to just those rooms with which certain associations are connected. It would have

been a great mistake; for, numberless as the sights are of this kind which I have seen, still something novel in its kind remained for me in the New Palace, built out of bravado by Frederic. The Grotto Hall is the most magnificent thing of its kind extant. Nothing, in general, is more tasteless and vulgar than grottoes of shells, &c., but the immense scale upon which it here presents itself, and the elegance with which the subdivisions of shells and minerals with stalactite walls are here arranged, produce a very pleasing effect. It is not a gaudy display of fine colours, but an harmonious shading of colour with colour, according well with the splendid marble pavement and marble pillars. Above this is another marble hall, supported by the convex ceiling of the grotto beneath. It is the largest room in any European palace. These two halls are well worth the time bestowed upon them. The old castellan has witnessed many changes, and is almost old enough to have remembered Frederic. He is a man of good education, and seems to be a kind of pensioner. He showed me the library, and the volume of Frederic's works with Voltaire's marginal notes. There are still some fine pictures on the walls, as far as I could judge. From thence we crossed a part of the flower-garden,—the air redolent with the aroma of the splendid orange-trees,—in order to see the second edition, much improved, of the statue of Louisa, which I could not see at Charlottenburg. She is lying *ad interim* in a small temple, upon a wooden bier.

The design of the artist appears to me to be just what one would wish. She is *reclined* at full length, her head sinking into a pillow; — a design which is executed with much effect. Her arms are crossed, the left hand lies upon the heart, and the legs are crossed also; a light gauze dress covers the figure, which breathes repose. The old castellan had assisted at her nuptials; and, upon my asking him if she was pretty, "Yes," he replied, "and good." She reposes immediately under a window; and when the sun pours its beams through a purple curtain upon the marble statue, the effect is very pretty. She died only a few years before the liberation of her country. She has left one behind her not unworthy in all goodness of heart of her martyr mother. Those who know what the Empress of Russia is, will do her the same justice. There is a lineal transmission of good and bad qualities, which no education, either good or bad, can entirely erase.

The Roman house, built precisely after the original one discovered at Pompeii, is situated in the same grounds, in the garden of a very elegant little palace, where the present royal family often reside in the summer time. Those who have never seen the original will do well to visit this, and observe how modestly the patricians were lodged in those days. Four or five rooms with a gallery constitute the whole apartment. In the centre is a well containing water; and the roof of the house is so arranged that when it rains the whole runs into this reservoir: a

little court adjoins the house, and this forms all the habitation of the noble Roman. Frederic's Grotto would contain half a dozen such within its four walls. The rose and flower-gardens, in front of the little palace, are exceedingly pretty, and the whole is well adapted to inspire that repose, which none can require so much as those whose envied existence must, under all circumstances, be one of care and anxiety.

I must not pass over in silence the celebrated windmill, particularly as I write for those who have not read Mr. Murray's Handbook. It stood in the grounds which were destined to be the park of Sans Souci, the monarch's favourite abode. He wished to remove it at a fair valuation. The miller insisted upon it, that it was his property, and could not be taken from him legally. The monarch gave way, and the windmill remains, and has lately been repaired and put in good condition, as it is looked upon from these circumstances as national property. Traits of this kind are found in the history of all great men; and they are raked out as something most excellent and praiseworthy; whereas, in reality, they mean nothing. Human nature is pretty regular in its irregularities, whether clothed in ermine or sackcloth. It is absurd to suppose that kings should not be subject to its caprices; or that because they have power, they must necessarily abuse it: this would make them as much below humanity, as the possibility of their never doing so would make them above it. Frederic the Great was in a good humour, or his

vanity was flattered by the independent spirit of the miller, and he made a glory of yielding. He might have been in a bad humour, or felt his pride and consequence insulted, and he would have pulled down the mill, and imprisoned the miller, or perhaps even had him decapitated.

What records have we of him in Sans Souci? The first is the bust of Charles XII. placed by his own hands at the feet of a Venus, to do penance for his natural dislike to the female sex. So he treated Charles, a man with whom he had so many points in common. All is cherished that once belonged to Frederic; his old worn-out writing table, his chair, his chest of drawers, which never contained more than two suits of clothes, and the chamber left in the same state in which it was when he died. For some weeks previous to his death, he never left his old arm-chair; he was carried in it upon the balcony, to bask in the sunshine, and he remained in it all night, for he could not lie in the recumbent posture. He died between one and two in the morning, when the time-piece stopped. It was a favourite toy of his. The Roman emperor stood by its side in bronze; above the dial, *diem perdidi.* The hands remain where they did; but the old lady assured me that the works had been examined minutely, and the piece was *not down.* He requested to be buried in precisely the state in which he died, and that no sacrilegious hand should touch his body, either to shave him or wash him. He lies interred by the

side of his father under the pulpit of the garrison church in a small vault, and in the most simple kind of coffin. More honours were conferred upon his favourite horse and dog, which are buried opposite to each other in the grass plot immediately before the windows of the palace.

This was the favourite residence of the late, as it is of the present, king, whose will is framed and hung up in a gallery where he always took exercise in bad weather. The view from the terrace is very beautiful; and, upon the whole, Sans Souci is a lovely spot.

Voltaire's room contains little more of what it did in his day, than the paroquets and monkeys carved in wood upon the walls, the monkey being supposed to be his own portrait. The fact is, that Napoleon put to rout all these things when he inhabited the palace. He pencilled several lines upon the frame of the clock, which have been since expunged; and it is supposed that he purloined Frederic's sword which lay upon the coffin, and has not been found since.

It is questionable whether the name of "Great" will ever be given to such characters again. The game of war is not likely to be revived soon; nor will those who look upon the wonderful progress which nations have made during nearly thirty years' peace ever wish for it. The making of *chaussées,* and the subsequent establishment of steam-boats and railways, will so bring mankind together, that they will learn to know each other; and should differences arise between

them, they will find means of settling them, without cutting one another's throats. It was a day's journey, in the great Frederic's time, from Berlin to Potsdam, which I performed easily in forty minutes; a few hours removes you to the frontiers of Saxony, and the railroads will soon be finished which connect Breslau and Stettin with the capital. Such are the glories of peace, and they are visible throughout the whole kingdom. Every rood of land cultivated, corn waving in the fields, trees growing by the road sides, young plantations preserved with care, no house dilapidated, no cottage unroofed, no peasant in rags: —such are the blessings showered upon a people by a paternal government, when war does not interfere.

Among the lions of Potsdam, is a Russian colony, or a string of houses built after the model of the peasants' habitations,—Izbas, as the guide-book informs us. I was curious to see how far the experiment had succeeded, and drove to the colony, prepared to salute my old acquaintances with *Drastiti.* I found the houses quite in order, and all built after the models of those tenements in Russia which go by the name of show peasants. Such are found in the suburbs of the imperial country-seats of Czarskosella, Peterhoff, &c., because strangers go to see these places, and then they see how well off and comfortable the peasants are; but old birds are not to be caught with chaff. Lord Londonderry went into one of these, and was much pleased with it,—I mean one near Petersburg. I could have shown him others

of a very different character a few paces out of the high road. I stopped at the door of one, and on finding that its tenant knew nothing of Russian, and that the walls were plastered, the rooms clean, the table covered with a napkin, I made my bow, and retired. I found the reverse of the general order of things, which degenerates by imitation; here the case was very different. Upon the hill above is a Russian church, and a Pope does duty, so that there must be some Russians to be found, though shaven and shorn. Peter the Great had nothing more at heart than to make his people shave. He had a medal struck with a bearded man on one side and a shorn man upon the other, which was offered as a premium to those who would forego their beards. The late emperor suggested the possibility of thus humanizing this people by making the whole nation subject to conscription, which would, as soldiers, necessitate their shaving; but the merchants implored the empress mother to intercede for them, and they were spared.

Time has effected what the despotic measures of autocrats could not accomplish; and the sons of the wealthier merchants are beginning to be ashamed of a beard, and most of them shave. This innovation, now that it came from themselves, (*nie prekashit,* not ordered,) has rather met with the displeasure of the reigning sovereign, who does not wish his people to shake off their natural character too fast, or rather the outward signs of it. The beards therefore will be worn, but will degenerate into those of

la jeune France, and things will be worse than ever. The Russian colonists of Potsdam must be looked upon as a degenerate race. There is a lion near Potsdam which is overlooked, called the Pheasant Island, and which I cannot describe myself, for I was too much tired with what I had seen to wish to extend my pursuits further; and, no doubt, so many have felt the same thing, that this has been overlooked. Coming from Sweden I knew that of island scenery I had seen all the North has to offer; and of towns and pleasure-grounds, cottages and wild beasts, I had also seen enough.

The drama in Berlin is not in so flourishing a state as formerly; and neither plays nor operas are so well sustained as a few years ago. I am afraid that the same fate awaits this species of amusement here as elsewhere. The public taste is *blasé:* show and spectacle first rivalled, then usurped, and has now driven the drama from its holds, without establishing anything durable in its place. That anything to please much and last long must be founded on a just representation of nature, has received the sanction of all men who think; and this pomp and pageantry has outstepped all the bounds of nature, has only fed the eyes and the ears, the former by its dazzling splendour, by soft music the latter. Still it has not made any lasting impression:—we take nothing home with us upon which to dwell, nothing that we care about seeing again. Goethe has passed an admirable satire upon this degeneration of the stage in his prelude to Faust. It

is singular that he should have done so little for it himself; for he has hardly written two pieces which allow of representation. They are deficient in plot and intrigue; and many characters are introduced merely to pass across the stage, making their entrance and exit, and heard no more of. Goethe, possessed with the idea of reforming and ameliorating, has done less for the stage than any of his colleagues. Mary Stuart was played by the first tragedian of Berlin, now a little *passée*. She played however with much dignity, and gave full force to many of the passages. The scene with Elizabeth was nobly acted, without ranting, and with sufficient pathos. The last act was beautifully sustained; and the hysterical sob which she gives, when, after requesting that her heart might be sent to France, she adds, "Ah! it was always there," produced very good effect. The other actors did not seem above mediocrity; and the thin attendance of the house proved to me that I had not been fortunate in my choice of a play.

Not so the following evening, when I saw the Huguenots of Meyerbeer played to a crowded house. The part of Valentine was performed by a lady from Dresden, who met with great applause; and I may say that, as regarded the splendour of the dresses, the beauty of the scenery, the fine orchestra, and the vocal talents of the whole *corps dramatique*, I never saw an opera more completely successful. Here the Germans are in all their glory: song and music are the first notes of a German's voice: they seem

to be innate. The new performer was called for once during the performance, and loudly after the piece was concluded. This is very bad taste, but I was not unprepared for it; and some had the honour of seeing Taglioni appear thirty-two times before the audience when she took her last benefit in Petersburg. It is very well to pay a tribute to the performers at the end of a play, but what would Kemble have said had he been obliged to appear and make his bow to the pit in the character of Coriolanus? The O. P. riots would have been a fool to this.

The custom has been borrowed from the French, and might have been dispensed with. It comes, indeed, too late, for the time is gone by when real dramatic merit had its sway: then, like all other merit, it sustained a dignified position without the help of *claqueurs*. One is reminded a little of the old Butler Caleb in one of Scott's novels, who was anxious to sustain the reputation of his master's dignity by all secondary means, and consequently the worse he knew the dinner would be, the longer he rang the dinner bell.

Ten days of Berlin will be placed then among those happy ones which are too often forgotten, as Goethe so truly observes, when we dwell upon the unhappy ones. There is nothing more true than this; and if we could call to mind all those joyous days of youth which have passed unnoticed, and even the many hours of the day when we have been at ease and even

enjoying life, doubtless the blessings are in the majority.

Adieu to Berlin, upon which I could not look back, as I rattled along in the close and commodious carriage in the railroad train to Magdeburg. The railroads are very well arranged, and such care is taken by the police as regards the state, and warranted speed, of the locomotives, and the good condition of the rails, that no accident has yet happened in the Prussian dominions. It is true that they have no speed, for with stoppages they do not average more than our fly-coach paces; but then the comfort is tenfold, and the speed double to their former coach speed. I must however, as a lover of the picturesque in travelling, particularly in a new country, regret the views which the box of a mail coach presented, when gaining the summit of a hill, a wide expanse of country opened to the view, and the spires of some cathedral announced that in an hour's time, you might be sure of a good breakfast, for which the morning air in August had well prepared you. Two stages before breakfast made sad havoc among the rolls and pork chops. As you proceed now always on a level plain, you come upon the towns all at once; and, as far as appetite is concerned, it is not sharpened by the wriggling of the locomotives. From Berlin to the valley of the Elbe, and till Anhalt Dessau, a principality as extensive as Windsor park, nothing but sand and a scanty produce of rye and potatoes meet the eye. Then the country improves; and after

passing Gothen, another large orchard-size kingdom, (for in travelling from one large Prussian town to another, you quit the Prussian territory twice; and hence the observation, that if a carriage upsets in Prussia, the passengers will fall into a neighbouring sovereign's domains,) it becomes very fertile. The rape and the rye were already cut (July 7th), and in many parts the wheat looked quite ripe. At every station, and they are pretty numerous, there are large eating-houses and conveniences of all kinds; but, not to lose time, the moment the engine stops, waiters come out with trays, upon which they bear coffee, lemonade, beer, cakes, sandwiches, fruit, and all kinds of eatables, and they find customers enough, particularly in warm weather. When we arrived at Gothen, however, I was struck by the appearance of an immense square, handsome building, over which, in golden letters, was written *Restaurateur*, and looking up, and seeing several chandeliers in an immense hall, the blinds half down, I inquired whether it was not an assembly room. "Oh no, this is the famous gambling house which has caused so much dissertation between Prussia and the Gothen government." It is open all day, and great part of the night; and as the Leipsic and Magdeburg trains halt here for an hour, the passengers have an opportunity of winning enough at *rouge et noir* to pay their fare. As no games of chance are permitted in Prussia, so the king offered large sums of money for this establishment; but he could not succeed, because, no doubt, he

offered less than it brought to government. It is a scandalous libel upon the age. Six cases of suicide have occurred since its establishment, and the Prussians go from Berlin here for the purpose of play. The example of Louis Philippe should have been followed throughout Europe; and he achieved a wonderful moral conquest over the minds of such gamblers as the French when he put down Frescati.

CHAP. IX.

MAGDEBURG. CATHEDRAL. TILLY'S SIEGE. FORTIFICATIONS. BARON DE TRENCK'S BASTION. STATUE OF KING OTHO. GOETHE. CRITICISM OF FAUST. CATHEDRAL SERVICE. QUIT MAGDEBURG.

At half-past seven we arrived in Magdeburg, nearly eight hours doing ninety English miles. There had been races near the town, and I found the inns full and uncomfortable. I strolled through the whole length of the town, which has but one long broad street, and nothing but old ugly houses in it. The appearance of the cathedral did not much gratify me, and I returned to the associations of the siege of Tilly, as I stood under the gate through which that monster passed. Certainly modern times offer nothing in atrocity to that history which is described by Schiller in such flowing terms. The house, and almost the only one spared, is still visible in the broad way, and Gedenke des 10ten Mai, 1631, is upon the façade. It was the house of the commandant, whom he beheaded. It is not the only house that remains, however; but from the present appearance of the town one would say that all the new houses had been built up again after the old models, so very ancient is its appearance. The cathedral is well worth visiting and examining. The glance which I only got

of it last evening was not favourable to it. I examined it more minutely to-day, and it is a beautiful Gothic building. I did not find the pulpit so much defaced as I had been led to expect: the carving is exquisite, as is some of that in the monuments in the aisle. The arches behind the altar are chaste, without being what I believe is technically styled the Florid Gothic. The church would have shared the fate of the remainder of the town, but for the intercession of a schoolfellow of Tilly. In the extremity of the aisle, under the organ, is a splendid monument, cast in bronze 200 years ago, of Bishop Ernest. It is detestable to witness the daubing system in some of these German churches, where the stones are all painted to represent marble, &c.; so is it in this chapel. It reminded me too much of Russia, where the people pay the greatest veneration to this daubing. A Prince Galitzen, an amateur of the fine arts, had made a collection of pictures in Italy to adorn a church which he had built upon his estate; but, when the pictures were placed in it, the people requested him to remove them and put Russian emblematical daubs in their stead, such as Jonas in the Whale's Belly, &c. The helmet and gloves of the conqueror Tilly, and his arquebusade, are preserved and shown to strangers; at least they pass for his, and 'tis all one. From the roof of the church is a fine view of the surrounding country, rather than a view of a fine country, for every thing is bare around it. The day was fine, and it was interesting to dissect the

town (this smells a little of the shop) from a height; —to see the walls, fossés, and battlements, not forgetting the bastion in which poor Trenck was confined, and where he carved his cup for his amusement. The Elbe is very shallow, and divides here into two branches; upon the point of land between which the citadel is situated. Magdeburg is a strong position, and will try the patience of a besieging army, should warlike times come again. The gardens in the neighbourhood are prettily laid out: they were destroyed by the French, but have been again restored. The country is indeed a perfect Phœnix throughout, but rises more splendidly from its ashes.

The day was warm; and, as I strolled about on foot, I observed a building, in form of a temple, upon which was inscribed ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΔΩΡ: so, in order to reward myself for the recollection of so much Greek, or at least a fair guess, I splashed away in a bath; towels, soap, boot-jacks, brushes, combs, all for a shilling.

> "Happy the man who, free from care and strife,
> In silken or in leathern purse retains
> A splendid shilling,"

when he can employ it so much to his comfort. Losing myself, as usual, I came into the market-place, where King Otho sits on his horse; and close to him found four convicts, in their jail dresses, and irons on their legs, buying provender: they looked anything but unhappy, and dealt with the market-girls, patting them on the cheek quite in a *nonchalant* manner. A soldier stood near them, and I

found that they were the cooks buying provender for the convict kitchen. Upon the whole, the old town seems to improve upon acquaintance, and I feel myself more quiet, but not less pleased that in Berlin.

There is nothing but the cathedral worthy of notice in Magdeburg, and but for a trifling inconvenience I should have quitted it the following day. I was obliged to remain two days, and then proceeded to Halberstadt on my way to the Harz mountains.

Those who can really appreciate the writings of Goethe will allow that there can be no medium in the feelings of admiration which that great man inspires. It is not enough to say as of many, "I like him pretty well, or very well, but I like many better;" this only proves that he is not known to such. It is possible to hate him; but between hatred and adoration there is no halting-place. It is necessary to know him, however, in the same sense in which he strived to shine — a universalist; not in the religious sense of the word, but that he aimed at universal knowledge. In England he was long and only known as the author of Werther, — a bad book, as it was reported to be, and it merits the title, — a book, indeed, of which he himself was afterwards ashamed. Some of his novels have been translated with little success, and judged immoral; and his *chef-d'œuvre*, Faust, has been pronounced blasphemous. His Idyls, his beautiful Sonnets, have not been, as indeed they cannot be, rendered into any other language. How difficult is it for us to know those who come before us in the shape of authors by their works

alone; and yet what a zest does a knowledge of the author, his habits, his conduct, his *morale* in general give to his works! Fourteen or fifteen translations of Faust have appeared in English, and it is ridiculous to see the ignorance of the meaning of common words which appears in all. Not only mistakes occur in the common acceptation of words, but they have very different meanings under different circumstances; and I may instance the word *Cannibalisch*, which may be supposed to mean bestial, bloody, &c., but which, in the slang language of the schools, means the height of jollity.

How can the moral tendency of an author hope for impartial criticism, when the words of his language are barely understood, and often ill translated? Soon after I commenced the study of German I became acquainted with Goethe, and Wilhelm Meister was the first work that I read. Few novels possess greater interest; but when I came to the part where he launches out into his adoration of Shakspeare, and when I read his masterly critique of Hamlet, then there was no resting-place for me more. Goethe then claimed all the interest due to a countryman, but enhanced by the very circumstance of his being a foreigner. When I found him dwelling upon that passage, "Time is out of joint," then could I understand that he understood the original. As a proof, however, of the difficulties of translation, and how easily an author may be misunderstood, Goethe, who knew Shakspeare so well, has made perfect nonsense of a line of Byron's

Manfred. I devoted myself to his works; and enthusiasm for the author increased with every page, till I had mastered as it were the difficulties, and became, as I supposed, conversant with the style and spirit of the author. Mysticism is by no means a leading feature in his writings; but things are occasionally found which are offensive to English taste, and even above the comprehension of my countrymen. Thus, who can believe that when he speaks of drinking out of a lovely female's shoe, as a kind of *bonne bouche*, he can be serious? It is looked upon as a hoax. No such thing. The German amateurs of music drank wine with ecstasy out of Sontag's (Countess de Rossi) shoes.

No author is more unequal than Goethe. Some of his sonnets are sublime; many would disgrace a schoolboy. His stage is a compound of all sorts. His Egmont and Götz von Berlichingen possess the highest interest. Tasso, and the Natural Daughter, are, I think, the best of his poetical dramas; many of the smaller and lighter productions are little better than trash. His autobiography is to me the most interesting of all his works; not only because there is nothing so pleasant as to find out that great men at different periods of their lives have so much resembled ourselves in littleness, but the work is full of graphic sketches of the society in which he moved, of the men who formed him, and of his most distinguished contemporaries. It is in this production that we witness a mind never at rest, and yet ever at its

ease; for Goethe was no restless, fidgety soul: he came not under the definition of those "unquiet things" which Byron applies to bards, poets, &c. He seems as much at his ease in pursuing universal knowledge as if he were only intent upon some one, and that no important object. Those who desire to see a masterly critique of Goethe will find one in the American Quarterly Review. It embraces every thing which can be said upon this great man.

Faust is a production of an extraordinary nature. It deals in mysticism, devils, immoral sentences; and hence it has been judged an improper book. Analyse it, and then confess that few works will produce a higher moral effect, if viewed not in detached passages, but as a whole.

The prologue in heaven, the most objectionable to some, is a parody on the Book of Job. Faust is given over to the Devil. We first find a man living in the dark ages, and occupying himself, as other philosophers of his time, with metaphysical studies; but we find him aspiring to something beyond his time, and not satisfied with the dogmas of the schools. He sees that after having devoted many years of his life to abstract studies he is no further advanced, and that he cannot in truth explain to himself those things which he has long been explaining to others. He had not arrived at the Baconian pitch — *Inveniam viam aut faciam.* He could neither find the way nor make it. He risks being morally shipwrecked in this dilemma, had not the black art, which

then held such powerful dominion over the minds of men, come to his aid. To believe is to inherit in many cases. He invoked the spirits: the spirits descended from above. He is then tossed about in a moral chaos: the first step is taken; there is no retreat, no resting-place hereafter. He is transported into the ideal world, and revelling in all the power of heated imagination, when he receives a check from the intrusion of his scribe. He descends again to earthly matters; but his ideas are of a higher order, and tinctured with some of the previous influence of the spirit. The conversation between Faust and Wagner is one of the most interesting features in the book.

He places the fire of oratory and composition in its true light, and dwells rather obscurely, till his figures are understood, upon the common mistake of original composition, which, when it is analysed, proves to be no more than the scraps and odds of other men's wit put together in another form, or, as he styles it, served up in ragout with the parasitical author's sauce.

Upon Wagner's leaving him, he indulges again in his reverie, and mounts as it were into æther, to descend again and move with more disgust in the nether world. Feeling that he has not power to extricate himself, he sees a phial containing poison, and resolves on self-destruction, when he is a second time deranged in his speculations by the ringing of the church bells ushering in Easter Sunday. It is

now the hymns and songs of childhood which recall him to himself, and divert him from his aim.

He is then transported amidst a jovial scene of dancing and singing, and finds himself a man again as he contemplates the revels of the peasants. This state is but momentary; for he relapses into his former gloomy ideas, from the circumstance of receiving praise and gratitude which he knows not to be his due, having discovered that the system of alchemy which he and his father practised is little better than imposition, and is again anxious to soar above this earthly sphere. In this mood he is once more interrupted by the tempter, in the shape of a black poodle.

First, then, we see him disgusted with the world and the imperfections of human knowledge, and calling to his aid the black art, which transports his imagination into celestial spheres. An accidental knock at his door recalls him to himself. Again morose and a misanthrope, he is about to put an end to his existence, when the sound of the church bells diverts him from his purpose. He again becomes a man, recalls to mind the joys of youth, and mixes again with men. His momentary happiness is disturbed by the adulation of the peasants, of which he thinks himself unworthy; and, feeling that nothing earthly can more interest him, he soars again into the imaginary realms of bliss. In this frame of mind he enters his study and commences soliloquizing, and gives way to the feelings of his soul and the triumph

of conscience. Tossed about, seeking rest but finding none, he bethinks him of the only real source of quiet, and opens the New Testament.

This is the moment for the Devil to prevent him from finding out the cause of his unhappiness, and the remedy for it. Then all hope is lost; and, in the language of those times, he sells himself to the Devil, who promises him all pleasure and happiness, and calls forth a host of spirits, who sing him to sleep. He is now the prey of the evil one: he returns no more to seek for comfort elsewhere, but, reckless and miserable, is led through all the mazes of life, in which he takes little or no part till seduction is put in his way. His compact being made, and his curse pronounced upon all human things, he rushes into the world under the guidance of his new master.

His famous soliloquy shows what he felt from the presence of his companion, whom he could now no longer shake off. The seduction of Margaret is a masterpiece of Goethe. He throws a veil of martyrdom over the girl. You see in her nothing but innocence seduced. She yields to him because he is stronger than she is. Her anguish for her lost virtue creeps upon her by degrees. She feels herself guilty, and immediately changes her opinions of those whom she formerly despised for being so. The song at her spinning-wheel for the loss which she has sustained is the height of the pathetic. Her agony in the chapel is heartrending. Her subsequent madness is painted in too true a light. What can equal her

exclamation when, half in her senses, half deranged, half certain whether it be Faust, from the supposed coldness in his manner, she says —

"Come kiss me, or I will kiss you?"

Faust has no pleasure either in the pursuit or the possession of his object. He sees what he is about to do, almost like the child who prays to be forgiven for the crime he is about to commit; he hates and execrates himself for a deed which he has not yet achieved. His firm hold is gone; and the warning voice becomes the juggling fiend, which says, "I warned thee when the deed is o'er." He is no longer in his own power. At one moment, however, all the energies of his manly soul are roused within him, when he learns from Mephistophiles in what state he has quitted Margaret. The cold-blooded details of her misfortunes and sufferings, wound up with the hellish concluding phrase, "She is not the first who has so suffered," drive him to despair; and, forgetting that Mephistophiles is superhuman, he draws his sword upon him.

Here again we find him disappointed; first, in pursuit, then in possession, now in the pleasures of rescue. He finds her in chains, and he can break them in two. He finds her in prison, — he opens the prison door, but she will not leave her prison, for she is no longer what she was: she is a body without a soul. The tragedy ends unsatisfactorily. She is made to be judged above before we know whether

she has quitted this life; and this mixture of two incompatible things is disagreeable.

In no work are the horrors of seduction so glowingly painted as in this. They creep upon you from the first moment; there is no room for any unchaste feeling. Pity and commiseration on the one hand, and repugnance on the other, are the sole effects of the plot: there, the certainty that no crime can be single or simple in its consequences: here, sin engenders sin most manifoldly.

The mother sacrificed; the brother killed in a duel to avenge his sister's honour; and the seduced female commits infanticide to conceal her shame, and then loses her reason: — all for the gratification of an unchaste passion.

As far as this part of the poem is concerned, it says more than a thousand homilies.

Wishing to hear the service in the fine old cathedral, which occupied much of my time every day in examining its architecture, I found that it was necessary to be there a little after nine, owing to a custom which now prevails of locking in the audience during the service. I much question whether this has not been the result of intrusion on the part of idle English travellers, whom, putting all kind of decorum at defiance in these matters, I have seen stalking up and down the aisles during divine service, gaping about and looking at the monuments with out any kind of ceremony. How often does that saying of Bulwer's intrude itself, "Died of an Englishman!"

The service commences by a long hymn, which allows time for the people to assemble; as soon as this is concluded the doors are shut and locked. The clergyman read a chapter in the Bible from the pulpit, and then delivered a discourse of nearly an hour upon the loaves and fishes. He preached very fluently without any notes; but when he raised his voice to the sublime, it re-echoed loudly from the roof. The service, which finishes by a hymn, lasts about an hour and a half. As soon as the very orderly congregation had quitted the garrison troops rushed in, but all without their accoutrements; another service was in waiting for them. In taking a last farewell of this noble sanctuary, I read the following on a board, near the altar: — "The pure Gospel was preached, and the holy sacraments duly administered on Advent Sunday, 1567. *Exploso antichristo, veni, audi, vide.*" Alas! Antichrist, in the shape of Mr. Tilly, made a greater explosion in the town seventy years afterwards. There is something very simple and pure in the Protestant service in Germany. It is a simple thanksgiving to the Almighty for favours and mercies. It was pleasing also to see the soldiers take their seats as civilians, without any military movement; they streamed in through the different doors, and sat down promiscuously.

As I was contemplating an altar, I felt my hand suddenly clasped behind; and, as thought is much quicker than vision, I wondered who could know me in Magdeburg well enough to greet me thus. When

I turned round I found it to be the old sexton who had shown me the lions two days before. He seemed quite happy that I had staid so long in order to attend divine service in his church. I was grateful to him for the feeling; and how many such may we find if we go to work the right way!

CHAP. X.

ROAD TO HALBERSTADT. VIEW OF BROCKEN. HALBERSTADT. JUVENILE POETRY. CHURCH SERVICE. IMAGES. LUTHERANISM. ORIGIN OF NUMBERS OF CHURCHES IN PROPORTION TO INHABITANTS. TRAVELLING IN PRUSSIA. COMFORT OF PEOPLE CONSULTED IN ALL THINGS. CIVIL LIBERTY. ROAD TO ILSENBERG. THE BROCKEN. FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHILES. ILSENSTEIN. GOSLAR. GOTTINGEN. CASSEL. HANOVERIANS. MARBURG. FRANKFORT.

It was a lovely Sunday evening, when the Diligence rolled out of the gates of old Magdeburg along a fine chaussée, bordered on each side by rows of poplars, alternating with cherry and apple trees. The country in general bore the same naked appearance as I have described, and the Brocken soon presented itself to view; not towering in the clouds, but in form of a long, low, wide-stretching hill, at the foot of which the spires of Halberstadt seemed to rise. I was reminded of Malvern and the Clee hills in Gloucestershire; certainly this mountain did not appear more elevated. The sun was just setting on its right as we entered the town; and when on a level with it I was reminded of more juvenile days, when, after reading an account of its spectral shadows, I used to mount Arthur's Seat, in hopes of seeing something similar. One evening, as I was musing upon its top, I felt a poetic

inspiration, which gave birth to the following. (Period of the poem, as they say in reviving old plays, 1816.)

"Oft have I climb'd on Arthur's Seat to see,
In clouds reflected, as on Brocken's height,
My lengthen'd shadow; and I've watch'd till night
Has spread her sable mantle: nought to me
His giant form appear'd; no spectre did I see.
I've seen the sun go down beneath the hills
Of Fyfe, and watch'd his last expiring ray;
I've seen him twinkle; and, as mountain rills,
Frozen in winter, melt beneath his sway,
I've seen him breathe his dying beams away;
Each shadow varying as his radiance died,
The clouds reflecting each exhausted light,
Till the horizon in its beauty vied
With the bold arch which, on the eve of night,
Even in double form, deceives the dazzled sight."

Every town in Germany, however insignificant in size, has something which is sure to strike the traveller's attention; and hence there is a degree of interest kept up when travelling through this country which you do not experience in France, where there is no medium between a large departmental town and a few dirty straggling houses, one of which may hoist the sign of two cross billiard sticks; but there is no such thing as a village, no *Auburn* in the whole kingdom. In Germany there are many such, and some little incident of history is sure to be called to mind, for each has been the scene of some exploit in olden time. Here in Halberstadt, a very old town, we have a Roland's Pillar to puzzle our heads with. The tinkling of the bell at half past seven in the morning invited me to stroll into the

cathedral, which has nothing to recommend it. When I entered I found the preacher in the pulpit declaiming with some pathos to what appeared to me empty space. I did not even see dearly beloved Roger the clerk, till a head rose up from a pew and beckoned to me. The fact was that the pews are so high, that the few old women who were there were sitting when I entered, and hence were invisible. Upon inquiring if there was service every day, I was told only Monday confession, and Sunday service. I do not understand how they manage these things; still I am sure that old Luther was none of your destructives: here we find consubstantiation, candles burning on the altar, and confession on Monday; and what more could O'Connell desire? With respect to these churches themselves, they offer matter for a little speculation as to their origin and their numbers. The present town affords scope for these queries. Here is a population of 18,000 souls, more numerous certainly than when these sanctuaries were founded; and we have crowded into a small space three large churches, two chapels, and remains of other places of worship. Most of these have been built by private persons to fulfil vows, &c., but many out of the spirit of imitation or rivalry. Thus it is seldom or ever that you see their churches completely finished. If one be perfect and the design completely carried through, it is even a wonder. There seems always to have been some stumbling block in the way, some niche not filled up,

some window unfinished, and indeed just as if the striking points of the edifice being complete the rest was left to take its chance. Whoever will examine these buildings attentively will find this want of finish in them all. Should one be pretty complete, its rival always bears the appearance of being left half finished. It is not one of the smallest causes of congratulation to architects that the cathedral of Cologne, left unfinished for centuries, is now to be completed after the original design. The materials will not be the same, for the age of stone has given place to that of iron. Two of the principal Gothic edifices in Europe will thus be covered with iron crowns. The spire of Rouen, which was destroyed by lightning, is already rebuilt in iron; and Cologne, which wanted its crown so long, will now soon wear it. The mines of Donomora are inexhaustible.

Now on the confines of Prussia, I am about to quit it for a time; and, much as I had heard of its government, the state of things exceeded all my expectations. Of its political liberty I am not about to speak, for I begin now not to understand what I formerly thought I understood so well.

Let us take things as they are, and see what is done for the people's comfort, and then decide whether its political state requires much reform. It is impossible to see a country which has to all external appearance the enjoyment of more prosperity. Not only is there not a rood of land uncultivated, but cultivated to a pitch that you may hunt for weeds

among the corn and hardly find them; not a house nor cottage bearing the least symptom of decay; not a road out of order, not a town unpaved: public conveyances at most moderate prices fixed by law, travelling twice a day over all the points of the kingdom; nor a man in rags, nor a lean-ribbed horse. No imposition to which strangers are often subjected, as regards fares of hackney coachmen, postillions, guards, waiters at inns, nor even the bill of Boniface; but all regulated so as to allow a fair profit to the proprietor without plucking the traveller. The price of medicine is fixed by law; and taking up the Magdeburg town gazette, I saw it stated that the tax for leeches during the month was fixed at a certain price according to their size. In the capital all the works of art and science are thrown open to the public. The theatres are kept up in the best style, the streets lit with gas, and the number of public conveyances sufficient for all demand. But here the capital is not every thing, as in France; the provinces offer the same paternal care. The foot passenger at every three English miles finds a stone bench by the road side to rest himself; he can hardly walk a mile without finding means for refreshing himself: excellent beer, Mr. Whitbread! bittered with hops instead of horse aloes. And have these matters no influence upon the people?—as external things are all in order, does not the mind become orderly also? As the weather was warm, and I wished to see the country, I got upon the box of the by-carriage, and talked with the drivers. No fear of too near approach: a neat

clean uniform, blue and red, clean leathers, long polished boots, a hat with gold band round it, proved to me that the head was combed. I found them civil and communicative, and there was no cause for complaint. Here I may instance another public convenience. The diligence carries eight persons; but if it be full you do not wait till the following day, but a light carriage is provided for you with two horses, which keeps pace with the other; if this also should be full, a second or third is put in movement, so that you may always travel by the public carriages in Prussia. To what is all this attributable?—to the goodness of the king? much certainly; but more to the integrity of his ministers, who have also to deal with a good and upright people.

Having accompanied Faust and Mephistophiles up the Brocken, as well as imagination would permit, I left Halberstadt this morning to do physically what I had done imaginatively previously. The summer was in all its glory: nature was in all her beauty; and I moved along, not regretting the slowness of the pace, hoping to find the country more interesting upon approaching the Harz chain of hills. As there is no public conveyance I took a vetturino, and a more uninteresting country I have seldom seen, except in Scotland. The range of hills is in fact not unlike the Pentlands; and the Brocken does not tower above the rest, but lies flat a little above them. Lord Urion's palace is converted into a Gast-haus for the convenience of those who are hungry and thirsty. I've seen nothing so pretty as the little hill of

Spielberg, where I passed a most delightful evening. It is arranged with walks and promenades in all directions: half way up there is an inn situated upon a flat, with limes all around; and as I drank tea under one of their shades, *sub tegmine tiliæ*, a harp and a flute poured forth soft music. How the Germans understand life! The walk thence to Halberstadt is very pretty. I witnessed during the day the strangest piece of economy, and which nothing but seeing would make me believe. I saw eight men in decent black bearing a coffin on their shoulders It was an adult female; and the coffin was decorated with handles, silver plates, and three wreaths of artificial flowers upon the top. It was a well-made, handsome coffin. I followed it to the cemetery, and it was let down by the side of the grave. No clergyman attended; but what was my astonishment when I saw a locksmith unscrew the handles of the coffin, take away all the silver plates, and two of the garlands from the top, and deposit them in a box to be taken home! The coffin was then let down into the grave, and each of the attendants threw in a handful of dirt upon it. Thus ended the ceremony. These ornaments no doubt are merely hired for the occasion, and serve many times.

As I approached Ilsenburg the hills looked more picturesque, and the village itself is prettily situated under them. In fact I did not approach the Brocken by the most picturesque, but by the most direct road. I did not feel any desire to mount it in full day,

with the prospect, as the clouds were gathering, of seeing nothing when I got to the top. It was not Walpurgis Night, or I certainly should have done so. Mephistophiles and the Ignis Fatuus are not visible in noonday; and I leave the description of what they performed to Faust, when they climbed it in storm and during its enchantment. I dined at the hotel, and then mounted a mule to convey me to Ilsenstein, taking my fishing rod with me. It seemed probable that I should find the valleys more picturesque than the summits of these half-bare, sandy, rocky crags.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHILES, IGNIS FATUUS, *sing in turns as they ascend the Brocken.*

"In regions of magic, in dreams of the night,
We've ventur'd to journey in haste;
Conduct us straight forwards, and lead us aright,
To the realms of the desolate waste.

"See tree follow tree, how quickly they fly,
And the cliffs from their summits bow down;
See, too, how the rocks lift their noses on high,—
How they blow, how they snort all around.

"O'er sod and o'er shingle the streams from above
Rush down; but what noise do I hear?
The voice of some angel, sweet warblings of love,
Which melodiously fall on the ear.

"What we hope, what we love, like a saying of old,
Who does not remember the strain?
Though often repeated, as often as told
The echo renews it again."

It must require a good deal of poetical imagination to realise this description, unless the approach of the

Brocken by Schirck and Elend is very different from what it is from Ilsenberg. To be sure it was Walpurgis Night; and, as Don Quixote says to Sancho, it is impossible to reason concerning things under extraordinary circumstances as we do in ordinary cases; for Sancho could not understand how it was that he heard the people's voices as plainly when he had nearly reached the moon as he did when he first set off, but his master's explanation sufficed. I have no doubt Mephistophiles would make use of the same persuasive argument, did I raise a like difficulty.

I was again agreeably disappointed in my evening's excursion, for the valley of Ilsenstein is exceedingly beautiful; the road winds through very high and precipitous hills, crowned from foot to summit with luxurious vegetation: the fir, the birch, the oak, and the beech, all grow to full size and perfection. The rock called by this name is very curious, rising in sugar-loaf form, but with such monstrously rugged sides that from a distance it has all the appearance of an old ruined castle. It is decorated with a cross on its top. Ottenberg is still higher, and from it there is a good view of the plain on one side; the other is bounded by the Brocken: the house and tower on the summit are distinctly seen. I saw enough from hence to be convinced that I should see but little more if I ascended it; so I prepared my fishing tackle, and tried to find a spot in the very shallow stream which ripples over rocks and shingles, and is so shut in by trees that there is hardly any possibility of throwing a line. I did at length find

a spot where I could let a fly fall under a rock, and it was fatal to a small trout, who came out and hooked himself. This one capture was the whole of my sport, and I returned home on foot excessively fatigued; for I was ashamed to ride farther upon my poor mule, which had so sure-footedly climbed with me up the rugged hill. Indeed, the look of the children as I passed along seemed to say, he is better able to carry the mule. A thunder-storm closed the evening's entertainments, and came just *à propos* to make me congratulate myself that I had not ascended the Brocken.

The morning was cloudy, and as I left the inn on my road to Goslar nothing was to be seen of the summits of the hills; but the day brightened as it wore on, and the clouds broke away prettily from the Brocken's top, which rose above an inferior stratum. The left side of the road for several miles is extremely beautiful; for it runs beneath the line of hills, which are here covered with all kinds of trees. We left the chaussée, and roughed it for some time, when we halted at a custom-house, and a black-bearded man came out, who asked me what my trunks contained, gave me a *Schein*, and wished me a good journey. I offered to give him a trifle, but he shook his head. He was a black Brunswicker; and it would not surprise me if he had been at Waterloo, for evidently he was pleased to see an Englishman. In half an hour's time I was in another kingdom; for, passing the Ocker and the gold and silver mines, I found myself in his majesty of Hanover's territories. An hour

had sufficed for me to pass through three dominions. The little town of Goslar is so completely between the hills, that it is not to be seen till within its very walls. It is a curious, but neat little town. The inn is an old building, adorned with statues of knights and kings; immediately before it is the parade; and as it was just twelve o'clock, the usual hour of serenade for the military, my ears were regaled with the old national anthem. It was perhaps never less valued than in this country. I took a caléche to Gottingen, and passed through Klausthal, a long ugly town of slate houses: the works are upon the hills around, and, as the guide-book says, every drop of water is preciously dammed up to work the machinery. In this respect the Harz scenery is sadly deficient; there is no water, no bubbling rushing rills from the mountain side, turning the mills, like those of which I had such specimens in the Pyrenees; all is dry as in the desert. The scenery after Klausthal again improves; and about Nordheim, where we supped, and where the twanging horns announced the arrival and departure of several diligences, it is beautiful. It was a lovely evening, and the sun shed his orange rays over the valleys in all his glory; but the reflection of them from a sheet of water was still desirable. Hardly had he set, and the darkness of twilight (for there is no real night now) succeeded, when I was pleased with the sight of some old friends, whom I had not seen for many years, viz. clusters of glow worms along the sides of the hedges. How we mention any little object from which we have been long separated!

It was midnight when we reached Gottingen; all was asleep, and we knocked at the inn door some time before we got admission. I had formed a more exalted idea of this famous university, formerly as celebrated for the retreat of the students as for that of the seven professors who would not swear to King Ernest's constitution. As I left early in the morning I had not an opportunity of seeing any of the students, for it was class hour. They have dwindled from 1500 down to 800.

The German students of the present day, however, inspire no interest: they have lost their character, as their liberties have been taken from them. It was time, however, that it should be so, for this is not the age for such feats as they used to perform. They contrive to fight a little occasionally; but the inhabitants of the towns no longer suffer from their depredations. Gottingen lies in a valley, and is very pretty to look back upon on leaving the town and ascending the hill. During my journey thence to Cassel I was fortunate in a companion, a most gentlemanly, well-educated young man, who was employed in chemical pursuits. He had studied in Berlin, and was now acting as assistant to the professor in Gottingen. He was full of information, and very communicative. The country throughout is magnificent, every turn of the road presenting something of interest in the shape of landscape. We arrived at Münden to dinner, a very old but picturesque town. The stream which flows by it invited me to throw a fly whilst

the coachman baited his horses; but hardly had I got my tackle ready, when luckily I turned my head round, and saw him crawling up the hill. From thence to Cassel the country is beautiful; and the vale in which the town is situated, with the Fulda running through it, and the range of hills behind, produce a *tout ensemble* which can hardly be surpassed in any part of Germany.

The city itself is worthy of its site, for it is the most splendid attempt at magnificence upon a small scale to be seen any where in Germany. The great square, museum, baths, and gardens, and park are worthy of a capital of ten times its importance. All these embellishments were furnished at the cost of a little *chair à canon*, as Napoleon called it. We softened it under the term of subsidising German troops, and many a brave Hessian has been killed in our service. It is this circumstance to which Schiller alludes in his play of "Cabale und Liebe." There can be no harm in engaging mercenary troops when such are free men willing to enlist; but to buy men who are compelled to leave their country and risk their lives against their will, is as criminal as the act of selling them. It is probable that Hessian boots, once so fashionable in England, were imported at the same time as the troops were bought. Splendid as is the town upon the heights, so miserable is the old part situated upon the river. When you look at some of the old half-wooden, half-mud houses of seven stories high, and the upper chambers projecting over the base, you wonder that

the first puff of wind does not blow them down; yet there they have stood for centuries, huddled up together, separated by narrow lanes which would allow the opposite neighbours to shake hands out of windows. The dirt and filth of these lanes are very great, and the populace very crowded; in the evening as I passed through them they had a very uncomfortable look, and reminded me much of my situation when I lost my way in London at night, and found myself in Saffron Hill amongst all the Jews and thieves. The inns are good, and I might have passed a day or two more at Cassel with pleasure. In the morning I left it for Frankfort, and passed near the country seat of the Elector, and the famous column on Wilhelm's Hohe, from which there must be a splendid view. The stream, the Fulda, which now hardly covered its bed, occasionally rises to a great height, and does much damage to the country. As we passed along I remarked nothing but dirty, and particularly ugly people, both men and women, dwelling in most miserable habitations. It is curious how they build even their better sort of houses here. A frame-work of wood is placed upon a stone foundation, and then bricks, unbaked, but just cut out of clay, and quite soft, fill up the interstices: this is afterwards plastered over and whitewashed, but can give no protection against the cold. The cottages are built in the same way, except that, instead of these regularly shaped bricks, mud is thrown into a frame-work of twisted sticks, and then smoothed over. Upon the whole, the people appeared

to me to groan under poverty and its consequences. The state of Hanover, though much inferior to Prussia, differs widely from this: there the houses are good and solid, and the appearance of the people by no means squalid. In Hanover, I should say that a moral depression reigned throughout, — a want of confidence in the superior power, nay, a hatred of all classes towards it. Much as the viceroy was beloved, equally is the king detested by all classes of his subjects; and if the possibility existed of placing his brother on the throne upon his demise, there would hardly be a dissentient voice. What they will do with a blind king is questionable. The Hanoverians have always been a loyal and worthy people; and the insult offered to their feelings by their present ruler demands the sympathy of all well-thinking men, of whatever politics they may be. The town of Marburg, the seat of the first Protestant university in Germany, is beautifully situated upon slopes of a hill, which is occupied by houses even to its summit. The cathedral church with two Gothic spires is a pretty object. It seems to be even a finished performance. There is another spire also half way up the hill, and an old castle upon the pinnacle, which was laid in ruins by the French during the Westphalian *régime*. A good sized stream runs at the bottom of the town. Soon after quitting Marburg the sun began to decline; but not before we had a good view of four small hills, upon each of which were ruined towns, the remains of feudal habitations. In the north of Germany there are comparatively few of these relics.

Here again, upon the approach to the Rhine, they begin to increase. As we entered Giessen it was quite sombre, so that I could only observe some large white houses in the suburbs. We had an excellent cold supper, with half a bottle of wine, for the sum of one shilling. I slept well upon it, and by some means or other, I suppose by the diligence, found myself in the White Swan at Frankfort, at half-past four in the morning. I had just been five weeks *en route* from St. Petersburg, and, taking it as a whole, I should say that I had never passed my time more agreeably. The weather since I left Sweden had been invariably fine and warm; the country through which I passed lovely, and the more so by comparison with that which I had left. I found every convenience, every possible comfort, in travelling, — no imposition, no incivility; and but for a trifling accident which I met with in slipping down at Berlin, by which I sprained my ankle, I should say that the trip had been perfect in its kind.

CHAP. XI.

ROUTE FROM FRANKFORT TO HEIDELBERG. NECKAR DRIED UP. INUNDATION IN ST. PETERSBURG IN 1824. HEIDELBERG VAT. BADEN. RUSSIAN VISITORS. EXPLORE COUNTRY. CEMETERY. GAMBLING HALLS. ARRIVAL OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS. DISSIPATION OF BADEN. WILDBAD. CONTRAST IN ASPECT OF BADEN AND WILDBAD. CRIPPLE INVALIDS. NATURE OF SPRINGS. CURES EFFECTED. ARTIFICIAL MINERAL WATERS. DR. G——'S CELEBRITY. OPINIONS OF RESIDENT PHYSICIAN, DR. FALLATTI, ON THE EFFICACY OF WILDBAD WATERS. UNHEALTHY SITUATION OF WILDBAD. IMPROVEMENTS IN PROGRESS. MOUNTAIN SCENERY. RETURN DOWN RHINE TO MAINZ.

THE Eilwagen rolls along at a steady pace between Frankfort and Carlsruhe, affording time enough to see the country, which is much less interesting than those through which I had lately passed. The Taunus range of hills lies upon the right; and upon the left there are occasionally some insulated mounds, whose crests are adorned by some antique ruin. Heidelberg lies completely in a hollow. Its surrounding *côteaux* are richly clad with the vine, which is trained along walls of about six feet high, in order to reflect the sun upon the grape. As we passed over the long bridge across the Neckar the stream appeared exhausted, with hardly water enough to swim a goose, and not sufficient to float the flat-bottomed

punts which lay every where stranded on the river's bed.

What a contrast did the remembrance stones on the other side, and in several parts of the town, present to this circumstance! *Wasser Höhe*, 1824. The river had then risen more than twenty feet from its bed, and inundated the town. I was reminded of the terrible catastrophe which took place in Petersburg the same year, and which threatened the imperial city with total annihilation. As no means have been as yet adopted to prevent such a recurrence, the sword must ever hang over it; for nothing more is necessary than the wind to blow again long and steadily from the same point to drive the waters of the Neva back upon themselves, and inundate the lowlands, and the city which is built upon them. Every autumn do the inhabitants who occupy low situations tremble in their shoes, and, if not anxious for their lives, the little shopkeepers are in dread for their property; for when the wind blows high from the fatal quarter for a few hours even, their cellars or shops are filled with water.

Since the grand inundation in 1824, the government have taken the precaution of sounding the alarm as soon as the water rises above a certain mark on a scale, which is placed at the foot of the admiralty platform, when different signals are immediately made. When the elevation is three feet above the common water-mark, red flags are hoisted upon the admiralty steeple in the daytime, and lanterns at

night; and the event is announced by three cannon-shots. Upon a rise of four feet, red and white flags are hoisted by day, and red lamps by night. If it rises to six feet, a cannot-shot is fired each quarter of an hour; and if to seven feet, the salute from the admiralty is repeated from the fortress. When things come to this crisis, it serves as an invitation to the inhabitants of the cellars to quit their abodes; and boats are always ready for launching upon such occasions in different parts of the town. No inundations of consequence occurred during my residence in St. Petersburg; but many a gun have I heard fired, and my slumbers have been broken by the stamping and clattering of steeds passing rapidly under my windows. The loss of horses was prodigious at the fatal period aforementioned; so that as soon as the sound of the cannon-shot becomes rather frequent, the grooms clear their stables, and take all their steeds to an elevated part of the city which was not submerged in the great inundation. Had the town, indeed, commenced upon this spot, and extended in this direction, it would have been safe from these alarms. At present it is always in jeopardy; and as it is built upon piles, which were loosened by the percolation of the flood through the soil, so many a building was shaken to its foundations; and it is believed that another such dire event would be fatal to a great portion of the city. Various plans have been proposed to make the town water-proof; but either they have been conceived upon so great a scale as to be out of the power of accomplishment, or perhaps

the idea that "God does as he likes" is fatal to the attempt of such fortifications as human ingenuity can construct. It must have been a curious, and, "*tuâ sine parte pericli*," an interesting spectacle, this partial deluge; to see a great town rising from out the waters — no trace of dry land — "*omnia pontus;*" to hear the winds roar, and see the waves and surge breaking and foaming, not against a shingle beach, or upon a sandy shore, but, though confined in the narrow channels of the streets, against the sides of houses; to see the people half stalking, half swimming, to gain the steps of buildings not yet submerged; to see the house-tops covered by human beings in the agonies of despair, and anticipating the moment when the rising of the waters must drive them from their holds; to see a regiment of dragoons astride across the roofs of the stables in which their steeds had already perished; to see boats filled with all ages and both sexes dashed from one to the opposite side of a narrow street, and the "*rari in gurgite vasto*" unable longer to hold their heads above the water. Such must have been the scene which presented itself; and the loss of life is known to have been very great in those low situations where hundreds of wooden tenements were swept away, most of whose inhabitants must have found a watery grave. It was late in the season when the event occurred; and the frost having set in immediately afterwards, penetrated into the houses saturated with water, and was the cause of a destructive fever.

It was impossible to drain out the damp; hence colds, lung diseases, and rheumatic affections prevailed through the winter. Among the most curious sights which presented themselves upon the subsidence of the waters was the hulk of a large vessel stranded in the centre of the town, at the foot of the cathedral, and within the holy precincts of Notre Dâme de Kazan.

When the avalanche, descending from the mountain top, and sweeping away the tenements which were planted on its sides, has been dissolved by the heat of the summer's sun, and has swelled a neighbouring torrent, we see the beings who have escaped with life busily engaged in reconstructing their dwellings upon the same spot on which they before stood. That what has come to pass may happen again, will find credit with many; that it is not likely to do so, will find belief with more. So here, as soon as the land, which was but yesterday overflowed, became dry, it was again covered with human habitations. I trust that those who believe that it will not return, may not be deceived in their expectation.

What devastations these floods made at any time in Heidelberg, I am unable to say. It is not water, evidently, which threatens the famous old ruin, for that towers high above its reach. The baptism of wine it has undergone, and hardly survived it. It has been decaying by degrees, just as the liquor was drawn from its famous butt. Had the mass burst at once, what devastation would it not have made! What *Clarences* would have floated down the stream! Mr. Murray has given a ground plan of the ruins of

this celebrated castle, in his patent hand-book. It is useless to say any thing upon the subject. This said publication must be the terror of all future travellers; for, as a matter-of-fact book, it will set at nought all the poetic flights of the tourists, and none will dare to publish what is subject to be tested by this book of truth. It has luckily been born late in the day, at the close of the æra of poetry, at the commencement of the locomotive and the return of the iron age. It embraces so many subjects so provokingly; — history, geography, mathematics, laws, constitutions, nothing has escaped the grasp of this hand-book.

The country from Heidelberg to Carlsruhe is what the French style *magnifique*. What a treat to those who have seen nothing but the fir and the birch for so many years, to again feast the eyes on forests of so many different verdures! what comfort to roll along *chaussées* — to pull up at a house, however insignificant in appearance, with the certainty of finding clean beds and white linen, and, if not the best of fare, still cleanly dressed victuals, and the contents of the Heidelberg cask!

Whichever way you approach Baden-Baden, you must be struck with the beauty of its location. It is seated in a hollow, but upon a throne; for Dr. Granville is right when he styles it the queen of watering-places. As much as the female excels the male sex in all that is lovely and beautiful, so much does Baden-Baden exceed in richness of scenery the king Carlsbad. What my friend in Stockholm said of

Swedish scenery, "that each view was the prettiest, till it was outvied by the next," so in my tour I had found nothing equal to Baden-Baden, although many and great were the beauties which I had seen. I will call this the *ne plus ultra,* and I have yet to float down the Rhine.

As I entered the town, I encountered a *sortie* of Russians, male and female, on horseback. P——— immediately recognised me; and his first salutation consisted in "What brings you here?" "I have left Russia," I replied.

"For good and all?" "I hope so." "Why so?" "Because there is nothing in your country so pretty as this." "*Ma foi vous avez raison. Je suis étonné que vous y avez resté si longtemps.*"

The Russians are by no means deficient in patriotism; but they cannot shut their eyes to the physical deprivations to which their climate subjects them. I was pleased to find myself again among them in their exotic character, for a more polite and amiable people are no where to be met with; but to see them to advantage, you must see them from home.

I looked in vain for the *Hôtel de Saumon,* upon the strength of my colleague Dr. G.'s recommendation; but as

> "The Spanish fleet they did not see,
> Because 'twas not in sight,"

so I learnt that the *Saumon* was defunct, and I pulled up at the *Hôtel de l'Europe,* where I could only procure a crib for the night, with the promise of

a better room for the morrow. As I had read the preface to Mr. Murray's book, which all have not done, I determined to take his advice, and be as good-natured as possible, if it were only that so many of my countrymen are generally the reverse when they once break cover. As I did not find the ducats in my purse melt away faster than I had anticipated, although in the dog days, which were like salamanders, I determined to pay all my *snipes,* however long their bills might be, with a good grace, nor condescend to dispute about kreutzers. I have known some colleagues who locate themselves at *foreign wells* for the season complain of the impositions and exorbitant charges of the natives; yet when they have been called upon to act in their official capacities, they have demanded remuneration equally preposterous: this is not fair — *si Romæ es;* or, freely translated, if you are in Turkey you must do as Turkies do. I went good-humouredly to bed, therefore; but when I awoke in the morning and heard the rain pelt against my windows, and found myself in a small dark corner in which I could neither read nor write, I felt delighted that I had made a vow not to be out of humour.

I represented my situation so pathetically to the waiter as I stood before him in the most interesting attitude, with one hand in my breeches pocket fingering the loose silver, that the same man made me a low bow, and departed only to return a short time afterwards, and inform me that the Baron Thunderwontrunk had taken his departure, and his room

was at my service. How pleased I was that I had not looked cross at the man, and fumed and fretted, and sworn it was a shame, and that I would never put my foot into his hotel again, and that I would prevent all my friends from doing so; with all this I should never have got the baron's room. How much better to give a few kreutzers for it, and have no fear of the *café au lait* turning sour on the stomach. I was now pleased with every thing but the rain; nor was I displeased with that either, for it allowed me to be quiet for a season and post up my books.

When the day cleared up, I set out upon my rambles, and passing close by a cemetery entered the consecrated spot. The first monument which graced my eye was one erected to my friend and colleague who had preceded me in all my Russian campaigns. We had been very warm friends, and enjoyed much of the pleasures of life together, and with his memory were associated many ideas which recalled the past, and others which I could have wished had been, for my sake, eternally buried with him. There is more eulogium on his tomb than I approve of, however true or well deserved it may be. I would permit nothing more than *bene merenti* on all such occasions. A man's good qualities will ever live in the remembrance of those who were dear to him, or those to whom he was dear; and the public, who knows nothing of such matters, knows no more by being so informed. Rare are the cases in which we dare to inscribe upon the slab, "O rare Ben

Jonson!" I found, upon consulting the *fremden Blatt*, that his widow was sojourning on the spot, and I soon hastened to greet her. She did not recognise me, and could not do so. I was obliged to tell her my name. We had not met for seventeen years, and neither of us anticipated the present meeting. I found her but little changed. She presented her eldest daughter to me, whom I had nursed in my arms the last time I saw her. There was change enough here. This tells the tale of life. By this we judge of time and its effects, however imperceptibly we feel them ourselves. I had climbed one of the steepest hills to arrive at her residence, and the appearance of the clouds after rain and between showers is very curious in these hilly regions. They float in little patches like gossamers above and below the corner of the hills, resembling more their imitations on the stage than their reality in nature. After the very long drought, the rain was quite refreshing; and one might devote an hour with pleasure to the contemplation of these slight material bodies waving along, dissolving and reforming and assuming a thousand fantastic shapes.

These days of rain are the harvest of the gambling tables, which are beset on such occasions. The pigeons are confined to the dovecot, and plucked unmercifully; many have barely feathers enough to fly away. This is their moulting season, and shabby enough do many appear before they regain their plumes.

The scenes of novelty which these watering places

present offer an attraction which is of but short duration; and if the visitor has no object in view, if he be not an invalid or a gambler, satiety is soon his lot. After having explored the country, and seen what is beautiful in nature, he cannot reconcile himself to such artificial modes of living as every watering place enjoins. Confined within a narrow valley, he has his choice of promenading before the *Kur Saal*, or lounging about in it to witness some of the most disgusting scenes which can well be presented to a reflecting mind, in the way in which he sees a multitude of people of all ages and of both sexes continually engaged. Here he may find the octogenarian pass hours together in scraping up and throwing down his money. He may study the physiognomy of the professed gambler, who is nailed to his chair from morning to night, and who seems, as far as one may judge from countenance, indifferent to the result of his labours. He may contrast this with the anxiety of the novice sweating at every pore, and watching the result of his chance, as if his final doom depended upon one turn of the cards. If he be a cool calculator himself, he may observe that the possibility of gain does not exist with half of those who play, because they overrate the possibility of chances; when they are even in their favour, a gambler and a novice is not satisfied with the gain which the present chances give him, but plays with the idea of winning back what he may have lost before. Hence he does not quit till all is lost. The motley society in which

the mere spectator mixes, and the crowd and pressure round the tables, are of themselves sufficient to disgust every man of proper feeling; but the gambler lives in the atmosphere of the money which is floating before him. It is disgusting to see women sitting at these tables for hours together, and even children are admitted to these infernal tables.

Baden-Baden is full of motley company, and nothing *distingué* is seen among the *cercles*. The ball last evening was, however, gay and well attended; but a week of this, without more occupation, has been sufficient for me. The great world is now arriving as I am upon the wing. Carriages and four are rolling in daily, and the King of Wurtemberg is arrived. Dissipation must be styled the cure in Baden-Baden, for its waters are far inferior to many others in medical efficacy. The air is pure, and the country beautiful; but as so much has been written about German scenery within these last few years, I shall not risk the experiment of further description. It is pleasant to bear testimony to the accuracy of fellow-labourers, who have pointed out all that is worthy of observation better than we are able to do it ourselves.

It would be impossible to conceive a greater contrast than is offered to the eye of the stranger than in the physiognomy of Baden-Baden and Wildbad. As I entered the former in the afternoon my eyes were regaled with crowds of well-dressed fashionables frisking about the grass plat, and promenading up and down the alleys; whilst hundreds were seated

round little tables eating ices, drinking champagne, sipping coffee, or smoking cigars. Splendid music struck the ear; and the appearance of the place resembled more a scene at Epsom at the conclusion of a dead heat, than the resort of those whose impaired health required the aid of springs, which gush from rocks to restore its vigour. Dissipation, revelry, and mirth are stamped upon the face of Baden-Baden. As I entered the long, dull, narrow, and close valley of Wildbad, a different scene presented itself. It is true it was not the hour of the day when the fashionables display themselves; but I could soon observe that there was no inducement for them to do so. A few cripples met my view as I entered; and upon inquiring whether there were many strangers in the place, I was informed that it was quite full. I waited patiently, therefore, till the hour when I was told that the promenades commenced, and the music played in front of the *Kur Saal;* but when the hour came it increased the number by a few individuals only, and all of these bore upon their physiognomies the stamp of ill health, even if crutches and the lame gait of most of them had not too apparently proved it. Here were veterans supported by crutches, younger men hobbling along by aid of a stout stick, and crippled children dragged along by impatient nurses, who were trying to make them walk as fast as themselves. All announced that health was the "one thing needful" with those who frequented this abode. Upon going into what is styled the *Kur Saal,* I found three gentleman playing a rubber of dummy whist;

and these were the only individuals in the room. The music arrived; but it hardly increased the number of the guests, who certainly did not amount to more than a score. When I looked into the books of the inns, I found that, far from being full, the houses were almost empty, and that most of the strangers who had been there had tarried but a few days, and then quitted, no doubt much disappointed in their expectations. The fact is, the place has been very much puffed into notice by some late productions; but I question whether it will stand the test. There are many cases, no doubt, in which the baths must do a deal of good. The stream gushes from a granite rock, at the temperature of from 28° to 30° Reaum.; so that it neither requires artificial heat, nor its abstraction, to render it of the fit temperature. The rheumatic and the paralytic, therefore, find great relief from a continued use of these baths. As to the effects of their internal administration, it is not possible to suppose, from what chemical analysis offers, that they can be of any use. Still I find many of those who use the baths drinking the waters also. I heard two gentlemen who were comparing notes complaining of a very soporific influence produced by the treatment they were undergoing.

The situation of Wildbad is, I think, the most insalubrious of any which I have yet seen. The valley is long and narrow, inclosed between very high hills rising perpendicularly, and preventing a free circulation of air. There is something very oppressive

in the atmosphere, and the look of the common people is squalid and mealy. I should say that local affections only stood a chance of being benefited by a sojourn in these vales. We have seen that the quantity of extraneous matter in these waters is too small to produce any decided effect when taken internally; much less so, then, when they are applied to the surface of the skin: the whole efficacy, therefore, is to be sought for in the natural heat of these waters, which renders them at all times available. The question, therefore, is, whether some cause, with which, in our imperfect state of knowledge in all these matters, we are as yet unacquainted, does not operate, although we cannot trace the immediate agent. Dr. G—— has agitated this question, and I think very judiciously; and I am certainly disposed to agree with him, that there is some electric influence possessed by them upon the human body which art has not been able to imitate. It is too certain that no artificial means will ever produce the same effect that natural ones do; hence all the attempts at manufacturing mineral waters have almost failed, and would do so completely, but for the adjuncts used to bring them into vogue. Thus, invalids perform journeys to these artificial resorts,— they leave crowded cities, they quit their occupations, they get rid of a deal of *ennui*, they breathe fresh pure air, they see a change of faces, they forget much which harassed them at home,— they hear soft music, join in the dance, and they may drink Marian-Bad water manufactured at Moscow. Let the same people drink the waters imported in bottles, in the

midst of their toil and occupation, and what effect will they have? Hence going to the wells generally implies that there is some moral influence to be got rid of; and in France when a minister *va aux Eaux*, it is tantamount to his having resigned office.

There is something to be discovered in the efficacy of natural mineral waters, independent of their ponderable contents. We must search for these, therefore, among the imponderable bodies of which light, heat, and electricity offer us examples. The Homœopathists are right, perhaps, to whom, when it has been objected that gold is not soluble in water, reply that all things are soluble; and certainly the test of weight cannot be any more an *experimentum crucis*. If a quantity of mercury ever so nicely weighed be put into water, the latter will in a short time be covered by a metallic film, and will have a very strong metallic taste; yet the mercury will not have lost any of its sensible weight. Our machinery is much too rude for the laboratory of nature; and we must be contented with acknowledging effects, whilst we may be employed in searching for their sources.

The road from Baden-Baden to Wildbad is most rich in scenery; and none will regret a visit to this place by this route, to whom hill, dale, and streams afford satisfaction. The traveller should start early in the morning, for this kind of scenery is seen most to advantage either before or after the sun has attained his meridian. A pleasant, and not fatiguing day's journey, may be performed by leaving Baden at six

o'clock, reposing from eleven to three, and reaching Wilbad at eight in the evening. The *chaussée* is good, but some of the hills most precipitous; should the chain snap which fastens the wheel, there would be no salvation.

Wherever I go I hear the name of Dr. G——. He is the very water god of Germany. If I address an invalid in order to gain some information as to the results of his experience, I am told that he is under the care of Dr. G——, who has either seen him or corresponded with him. If I make any inquiry concerning the nature of the waters, I am immediately told that Dr. G—— ascribes all their influence to some electric property which they possess; in fact, he is the only authority of the least weight in these places. Every thing is referred to him, or to his publication, which is necessary to be known on these matters. Inquiry, however, has confirmed the opinion of the utility of these baths in local complaints. One lady who came here on crutches has thrown them away, and has been seen dancing in the ball-room. Several have gone away completely cured of lumbago, sciatica, and various rheumatic affections; and all who are still here assure me that they are daily improving under the use of the baths. Some drink the waters freely; but, upon questioning them as to their effects, they own that no sensible effect is produced but diaphoresis, diuresis, or diarrhœa. One lady, however, is taking them for cramps in the stomach, because Dr. G—— says they are good for the stomach. The balls, which are

given weekly, are but thinly attended; but how can it be otherwise when two thirds of the guests who are here would not be here if they could dance? Some hope to do so before they go away. Dr. Fallatti is the eminent physician, and he observes great caution in his mode of applying the remedy. He begins with the coolest waters, and allows of immersion but for a few minutes at the commencement, increasing the length of time daily, and proceeding to the warmer springs by degrees. He prescribes also the internal use of the waters, and insists upon it that however simple and pure they may apparently be, if they are taken by healthy people they will disagree very much with the system.

The government is doing all in its power to make this remedy available to the public; and a large splendid building is erecting which is to serve for baths, which will cost upwards of a million thalers. There is an institution also for the poor, who have every thing supplied gratis. A *Kur Saal* and handsome ball-room are already completed; but as no gambling is allowed, so the place, after Baden-Baden, wears a sorrowful aspect; and the more so as, wherever you turn your eyes, you see some lame figure before you. As the valley is confined between high hills, and very narrow, there are few fine views in the neighbourhood. The quantity of small wooden houses studded every where about, to keep the hay dry from the floods of spring and autumn, have a curious effect in the landscape. The stream, which is but small, is dammed up at short distances to turn innumerable

little mills which splash about all day. The trout are numerous, and of very good flavour. It appears to me that when boiled the skin is of a much bluer colour than that of the same fish in England or France. I have seldom met with a more intelligent, sensible, and unassuming man, than Dr. Fallatti. His views upon the nature of these waters seem to be most rational. To their internal effects he does not ascribe much influence; and with respect to their employment as baths, he allows of the good which they produce, but will not ascribe it to electricity, considering this word as a convenient mode of expressing what we do not understand. He allows that in some nervous complaints the baths produce a soothing effect; and as to their advantage over water heated by artificial means, he observes that they have this advantage, that the body is subjected to precisely the same temperature during the whole time of its immersion; whereas in common baths the temperature is soon reduced, and cannot be kept equable for any length of time. Hence these waters are only beneficial in cases where excitement and determination to the skin are indicated. He is much less enthusiastic than the generality of his countrymen in the efficacy of these remedial measures, and ascribes a great deal to accessories. He has been twice in England, and speaks the language fluently. To Dr. G—— alone is due the resurrection of this place to notice, and the speculations of individuals also are founded upon this corner-stone.

There were no means of accommodation formerly;

and when the English found that no comfort was to be procured, they soon decamped.

The accommodation is now as good here as elsewhere; but things are ten per cent. dearer than in larger places. After remaining for two days, I returned by the same route, and had for a companion a most agreeable Englishman, who had been at the baths of Kissingen, and was returning benefited by their use. There was something interesting in his physiognomy, and such as convalescence often gives to the countenance. He was of a Yorkshire family, had studied for orders at Cambridge, and in his studies become converted to the Roman Catholic religion. But he was moderate in his opinions, and one of his observations struck me as worthy of due consideration, — that our attempts to explain the supernatural were the stumbling-block of our faith; for how should we attempt to explain matters of this kind, when those of the most common nature remain perfectly inexplicable?

The morning threatened, and the clouds lowered on the mountains. It was a beautiful sight to see them floating about, and moving up and down by electric currents and dissolving into rain. There is something bewitching in this mountain scenery, something which produces a higher state of moral feeling than is to be found in the plains. To-day all conduced to make the scenery ravishing, for the showers were but momentary, and the sun burst out in all his splendour illuminating the valleys.

When arriving at the top of the long steep hill

upon which the old castle of Eberstein is situated, we halted for some time, and regaled our sight with this most beautiful landscape. My friend and myself parted with the impression that much pleasure is sacrificed by travellers who stand upon formal ceremony, and are afraid of breaking silence because they have not been introduced to each other. Here then were eight hours passed most agreeably by two individuals who may probably never see each other again, but who may often call to mind the accident which brought them together. He related to me rather an amusing anecdote of my colleague Dr. ——. He was sitting at table with him, and, the conversation happening to turn upon "Letters from the Baltic," by Miss Rigby, the learned doctor pulled the work to pieces, and my acquaintance defended it. "It is a parcel of lies," said the doctor; "I know how such works are got up." "True," replied my acquaintance, "no man knows better than yourself how books of travels are got up." The doctor was silenced. I found Baden upon my return even fuller than when I left it; no room was to be procured. Let not those who repair thither for health expect to find it during the season. Except to hypochondriacs, this bustling busy scene can offer no advantages.

I had seen all the lions of this part of the country, and procured all necessary information as to the nature of the springs, remaining upon the whole very sceptical upon the efficacy of the Ursprung, and rather so upon the superior powers of Wildbad; not, however, disappointed; for the beauty of the scenery,

the gaieties of the season, and the meeting with old acquaintances, had fully recompensed me for all my "pains, hardships, and dangers." These three words must now be expunged from all European books of travels; for there is no longer any merit in travelling, and a traveller has ceased to be a lion. Pains there are none, for motion is rendered so easy that the body is no longer jolted about: the roads are all smooth, and the coaches all cushioned. Hardships are reduced to the certainty of a good meal at any time of the day that you may require it; and danger is resolved into the possibility of getting to the end of your journey before you wish to do so by means of an explosion.

The omnibus leaves Baden at seven in the morning for the banks of the Rhine; whence the steamboat from Basle to Mainz touches for passengers. We embarked about ten o'clock in a large commodious boat, built entirely for live stock, and drawing very little water. The river is, upon the whole, very uninteresting in its course down to Mainz; the country is flat, the banks low, and no vegetation bordering thereon.

The stream is universally muddy; and I even longed for a sight of old Neva, for the sake of the contrast. Its crystal limpid water would have put the monarch of rivers to the blush. The river winds very tortuously; and, as its banks are studded with small towns at no great distances from each other, at all of which the boat touches, the *voyage* is tedious. The only two cities worthy of note from historical asso-

ciations are Speyers and Worms. The latter is perhaps, if not the most ancient, certainly one of the most celebrated, of the German cities. Here the German emperors assembled their councils and diets, but no remnants of their halls or palaces remain. The houses built to the Supreme Being, for the most part, survive the wreck of time the longest. Manheim is a modern town, and its parks and gardens are well laid out; but, upon the whole, the trip from Baden to Mainz is tedious and uninteresting. We arrived at the latter at nine in the evening.

CHAP. XII.

JOURNEY TO KISSINGEN. HANAU. WURZBURG. MINERAL WATERS OF KISSINGEN. DR. GRANVILLE. SALINE SPRINGS OF BOCKLET. INTERESTING PHENOMENA. MEDICAL APPLICATION OF GAS AND WATERS. POOL OF BETHESDA. FAITH. MORNING PROMENADES. BRUCKENAU. BEAUTIFUL SCENERY. NATURE OF SPRINGS. PHENOMENON OF PURE SPRING SURROUNDED BY MINERAL WATERS. KUR SAAL. CHAMPAGNE BATH. SCHLICHTERN. DISPUTE WITH INNKEEPER. GELLNHAUSEN. FRANKFORT.

It was with feelings of pleasure that I found myself upon the old road along which I had travelled in 1827, upon my route to Poland. As I entered the pretty little town of Hanau, I involuntarily took out my snuff-box. It was the first present which I had received from my noble patron, and he had purchased it here, where there is a celebrated manufactory of these trinkets. Again I recognised the old towers of Aschaffenburg rising stately to view; they had not crumbled by time. The Hyrcinian forests, or what remains of them, between this town and Wurzburg, looked green and lovely, as we wound up and down the hills, the scene lit up by a declining sun. We crossed again the old ferry. All reminded me of the trite observation of my former charge, when passing this way fifteen years ago, viz. "*La révolution n'a pas passé par ici.*" The contrast is very

striking, in external appearances, between Protestant and Catholic Germany. In the former an occasional cross may be seen by the road-side, but in the latter it is hardly possible to move a hundred paces without encountering a figure of Christ on the cross or in the arms of the Virgin. Bavaria is the hotbed of popery; but things have as much improved here as in other countries, within the last ten years. The popish Latin does not keep the people in the dark nowadays. It was night when we entered Wurzburg, whose palace has not been sufficiently admired by tourists. It is a beautiful building, and there are few to compare with it in Germany: a Versailles in miniature, built from episcopal funds. I remained two days in the town, and revisited the old monuments of art with increased delight.

I started early for Kissingen, passing over a very uninteresting country for six hours, meeting with nothing worthy of observation but a Catholic procession with banners and flags flying, and strings of men, women, and children, all singing the praises of the Virgin.

It was a proof that I was no longer in Protestant Germany. Kissingen is situated in a valley, through which flows the muddy Saale. The right bank is ornamented by wood and elevated ground; but the situation of the town is by no means picturesque. It has lately risen into notice, *te duce*, Granville. The Kur Saal and the springs have nothing to protect them from the burning sun except a few stunted

trees, and these, owing to the dryness of the season, were almost leafless. The houses are of stone, and reflect the heat; and nothing like comfort presented itself to the mind upon the first view of the place. It may be well supposed that those who come here come for drinking sake; they can have no other inducement — pleasure is out of the question here, and comfort has said farewell.

The effects of Kissingen waters have nevertheless proved most salutary in many cases, and perhaps few mineral waters have effected more real good than these have done in chronic and dyspeptic complaints. Who has not sipped of the ferruginous Ragozzi? Who has not quaffed tumbler after tumbler of the sparkling Max Brunnen, cutting the throat as it goes down with all the sharpness of Champagne?

"Æquè pauperibus prodest — locupletibus æquè."

Rising from table, badly enough furnished by my host of the Kur Saal, the gay world flock to the benches at the foot of the leafless trees in the place, to sip their coffee, and when so employed take from the waiters who make the circuit a glass of the sparkling Max Brunnen, which serves for *chasse café*.

The peasants sit round the bubbling waters, and after eating their frugal meal wash it down with a glass of Max. Kissingen is, in this sense, the *All-max* of Germany. Here all flock as round the doors of a tavern in other countries. One would drink to be dry with a Max Brunnen at hand. It requires

something for the bad feeding at the *tables d'hote*, which I think are the worst in Germany. The place was tolerably full, but many Russians had already beaten the retreat. The puffing is carried to a great extent here—not very creditable to those who are charged with the superintendence of these matters. Good wine needs no bush; and their waters have testimony enough in their favour. As you stroll along the alleys, flags are posted in your way, upon which are printed the number of guests who have visited Kissingen during the season; and you are daily informed by the same method of communication, the increase of visitors over the last season at the same period — "360 more than last year,"— and so on each day. This may be correct in one sense, and very incorrect in another; for, although the number of visitors may be actually greater, it does not follow that the number of patients is actually so, and, upon consulting the strangers' list, I found that all the names figured among the doctors' lists also; whereas not one half of them came there in search of health.

I mentioned this circumstance to Dr. Granville, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, and he agreed with me that such puffing was in bad taste. He was upon the wing again, after having tarried more than six weeks here, to superintend his own patients, and those whom his professional brethren in London had confided to him. He is very popular here, and upon his arrival the inhabitants presented him with a gold snuff-box lined with ducats. He told me that he

had dined with the King of Bavaria, who promised to put into force many of his suggestions for the improvement of the locality.

Could the Ragozzi spring be transported into the beautiful valleys near Wildbad, the advantages would be considerable. Did the waters gush out of almost any other spot of earth in the neighbourhood, it would be an advantage, if under the sloping wood which overhangs the road on the opposite side of the Saal, the great desideratum of shade would have been supplied. I still feel that there is too much puffing. The reputation of the place depends upon the virtues of its waters; and it can require no better. It will never be the resort of the idle or fashionable, unless great changes and improvements are made, so as to render the place more habitable. I cannot quote better authority than Dr. Granville, nor recommend a more useful book to the valetudinarian, for details upon all that is requisite to be known and practised by those who go to the springs of Germany. It would be a work of supererogation to fill these pages with repetitions of well-known facts. I avoid all topics strictly medical for the present, and proceed with my fishing-rod up the Saal, where I shall see some lovely country, and envy the fish who escape the scorching sun at the bottom of the stream. My fishing-rod only serves me for a walking-stick. The stroll through the wood to the Cascade is enchanting, and the salines of Kissingen offer peculiar interest in many respects. Immensely long buildings, which resemble the frames of houses before they are filled up after

the manner of building in this country, stretch along the water-side at a mile's distance from Kissingen. They are high in proportion to their length, and covered over with red tiles. The frame-work of the sides is stuffed with faggots of thorns, which appear as if incrusted with iron-ore. The saline water is raised from the well by means of large wheels, which are moved by the running stream, and it is carried to the top of these buildings and poured upon the faggots, through which it percolates, leaving its impurities upon the filter. The clear brine is then conducted into an adjoining reservoir and crystallised by artificial heat; and large quantities of salt are annually manufactured from these saline sources.

There is but one spring which yields this saline fluid; and, owing to the kindness of Dr. Balling, who accompanied me in my visit, I saw the different advantages to be derived, in a medical point of view, from the various phenomena which present themselves to notice.

The boiling, or rather bubbling well, resembles the Sprudel in Carlsbad, which may with more propriety deserve the title of boiling, for its water is at a very high temperature; whereas here the water is of the temperature of surrounding bodies. The area of the pit is not greater than that of the common wells in this country; but the water rises from beneath to the height of fifteen feet at irregular intervals, and descends again at its own pleasure to its bed. There is nothing regular in its periods of

ascent, unless it be regularly irregular. It cannot be classed amongst the intermittents of the facetious author of the "Fallacies of the Faculty." Previous to its movement a lugubrious sound issues from the well's mouth; soon after which a large volume of water is seen to ascend to a fixed level, where it remains for an uncertain period, and then gradually and calmly seeks its bed again. Whilst at its height, it is always in violent commotion, like the cauldron of the Witches — "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble." This is the moment for drawing it into a reservoir, from whence it is pumped up, as before mentioned, to be cleared of impurities. It is afterwards crystallised, and so terminates its saline history.

The spring is turned to account in other ways. When in full ebullition it gives off an immense volume of carbonic acid gas, made evident by holding a lighted taper over the surface, which is immediately extinguished.

Its pungent nature is manifested by holding the hat over the bubbling water, and then putting the nose into it, when the same effect is produced as by applying it to a bottle of liquid ammonia.

I tried this experiment, and was reminded of the peasant's admonition, when I held my head over the fermenting vat at Bordeaux; "*prenez garde de vous asphyxier, monsieur.*" It almost knocked me down, to the great amusement of my colleague, Dr. Balling.

This gas is, by ingenious apparatus, conveyed into chambers, and applied to the body as a vapour bath.

The body may be subjected wholly, or in part, to its influence, and it is soon productive of a genial glow over the surface, which terminates in perspiration, as I myself experienced.

The patient is made to sit in a common *cuve*, into which the air is introduced by leather tubes, which, being flexible, may be easily directed to any particular spot, or over the whole surface. It is a valuable remedy in many rheumatic affections, and if directed into the ears by means of delicate tubes, it proves efficacious in some cases of deafness. Passed before the eyes, it causes a slight pricking, as it does a tingling in the ears. It has been used beneficially in some female complaints, &c. The establishment is well directed, and the different machinery employed is ingenious in its kind.

The salt water is used for baths, heated artificially to all temperatures. The *douches* are very well arranged, and the salt water can be directed to any part of the body, from a great height. In the process of crystallisation by heat, quantities of chlorine and bromine are evolved, and the salt vapour is also applied to the body, so that nothing is lost in the process.

Vapour baths, similar to those in Russia, are thus easily contrived, and are found highly beneficial in many complaints. The patient is here exposed to a stream of saline vapour at any given temperature.

The gas contains no particle of salt; when collected from the surface of the bubbling water, its temperature is 15° of Rèaumur.

Upon viewing the troubling of the waters, I was reminded of the pool of Bethesda, and seemed to be able to explain the efficacy attributed to the waters in their troubled state to a more simple cause. It is probable that this pool had its flux and reflux, not that the curative effects of the waters were attributable to their being troubled, but that they were only available in this state: for their being troubled, or their rising to the surface, might be synonymous.

As the time and duration of their bubbling were uncertain, and as great efficacy was attached to them, they were naturally beset with visitors, and those who got nearest the brink took the first advantage of their appearance.

The poor paralytic was too feeble to make his way to the desired spot, and in vain implored for a helping hand to carry him thither; for some one always got there before him, so that when he did arrive the waters were no longer troubled, or had again retreated. But he begged for help from Him who had created the healing waters, and he was helped.

He who looks dispassionately at things, will, if he be sincere, acknowledge that to take away faith from the human mind, is taking the sun from the world. I am not speaking of that faith only upon which religious creeds are founded, but a certain faith or belief which is essential to our moral existence. To say that we have no faith in any thing, is to say that we have no existence; that we are

less endowed than the dog, who has a degree of faith in following our heels: the faithful animal rises above the faithless master. All our comfort and happiness in this life depend upon having faith in something. It is of no moment, that it may be often wrong placed, or that we may be occasionally deceived; this will not deprive us of placing faith hereafter in the same things as before. We live by faith; we remove mountains by it, because we overcome difficulties in the moral world, which would be as hard to remove as mountains in the physical: are we not supported in our attempts by faith alone?

If the heart could be the seat of our feelings and passions, I should say that faith occupied the snuggest corner of it. It is the reward of our good, and the punishment of our evil deeds, by anticipation. There are no good works without it. It is all-powerful to temporal salvation, for it comprehends belief and hope, without which what are we?

The woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment is the finest illustration that the world ever experienced of this feeling.

Here was a simple fact, elucidating that which all the commentaries of thousands of divines can only make obscure. She believed that if she touched the hem of his garment, she should be whole. Nothing more or less.

The poor paralytic was in the same position; but he was compelled to fly to the fountain head, because he could not arrive at the other well. No definition of faith can be more complete than that of "taking

God Almighty at his word." I am ignorant of the source from whence I have culled this; but the definition of faith by the heathen Ovid has often afforded me the highest gratification: —

> " In prece tutus eram cœlestia numina sensi
> Lætaque purpureâ luce refulsit humus.
> Non equidem vidi, valeant mendacia vatum,
> Te Dea nec fueras aspicienda viro.
> Sed quæ nesciebam quorumque errore tenebar,
> Cognita sunt nullo præcipiente mihi."

Thousands of invalids are cured by the faith alone which they have in mineral waters, and in those who prescribe them.

A Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, once said to me in his fiftieth year, that up to that time he had failed in his endeavours to accomplish two points: the first, to get up at six in the morning; the second, to restrain himself to one pint of wine per day. I have a fellow-feeling with him as regards the former, being always too much disposed to drowse away the mornings. I am always happy to find any cause which may compel me to rise early; and to-day it was soft music which invited me to leave my couch, and see the water-drinkers sip their morning draught. The parade was crowded with men, women, and children, who had no more the appearance of invalids than myself. The Pandur and the Ragozzi sparkled in the glass, which was replenished again and again according to the urgency of the case.

Not drinking them with any other view than the pleasure of so doing, I found that they did me much good, and increased my appetite; but I question

whether a degree of fever and restlessness in the evening was not caused by too free potations of the Max Brunnen. I was long in going to sleep, and when I did fall off, the music at six in the morning was not sufficient to wake me thoroughly, but rather invited me to a longer doze.

I tarried a week at Kissingen, and, strange to say, became enamoured of a place which excited nothing pleasurable when I first arrived there. The dinners were bad, but the society was agreeable, the weather splendid; and perhaps the idea that I was on the eve of departure, and about to make my *salaam* to the water divinities, increased the interest of a place which had promised nothing interesting at first sight. I had previously, as will be remembered, paid my respects to the springs in Austria, when first I travelled north, and I had now visited Wiesbaden, Schlangenbad, Schwalbach, Homburg, Baden-Baden, Wildbad, Kissingen. It remained for me to see Bruckenau to terminate my water tour, and then down the Rhine to Rotterdam.

Such was my prospectus, and a few hours took me to the Royal Baths at Bruckenau. This establishment is situated at some distance from the post town, which bears the same name, and is devoted entirely to the service of invalids. Strangers cannot claim admission, therefore, unless they apply for it as patients. This is easily arranged; and as the season was drawing to a close, and the place almost deserted, I found no difficulty in procuring a chamber upon applying to the superintendent. The prices of

lodgings and eatables are regulated by a tariff, according to the quantity and quality required; and every possible attention is paid to the convenience and comfort of the guests. I shall not describe the distribution of the different buildings, nor all the circumstances which are common to all watering places.

As to the nature of the waters, they may be stated in one word to contain iron, and to produce tonic effects upon the system. Patients who have gone through a course of waters at Kissingen come here for the *finish*, as the Carlsbad visitors resort to Egra. I refer to Dr. Granville's book for their analysis, and their effects on the system.

As to the vale in which they are situated, it is a perfect Eden, and the most beautiful thing upon a small scale which I had as yet seen. It cannot be viewed upon the same grand scale as Baden; but as to the vaunted scenery of Schlangenbad and Schwalbach, they are but bubbles compared to it. Sloping hills, covered by the most luxuriant vegetation, overhang it on both sides; and seated under a tree commanding one of its prettiest views as the sun is about to shed his orange rays upon the distant hills, you feel rivetted to the spot, and have no desire to go farther. All is around you that you can wish for, provided you have your cigar case with you, and you puff gently away till night steals insensibly upon you, and the red light of Phœbus has given place to his pale reflector, Cynthia. The woods in the neighbourhood are intersected by a hundred paths

in all directions, each terminating upon some point which affords a picturesque view of this enchanting scenery. Upon the highest ground of Volksberg is situated a large convent, which is not visible from the valley, nor till you have emerged from the wood which overhangs the latter. It is a fine building, proclaiming, in its style of architecture, rather than in any symptom of decay, that it was built in olden time. I met with some Russian friends in Bruckenau, and many German acquaintances, all of whom coincided with me in opinion, that nothing could equal the beauty of this snug retreat. So soothing was its influence upon animated nature that the wasps even did not exert their powers of sting. The tables were covered with them, round which we sipped our coffee after dinner. They were attracted by the sugar, and proved a great nuisance, but still, when flapped away with a green bough or pocket handkerchief, they did not show fight, but whizzed round and round, and returned to seek the crumbs. I had hoped for a little fishing in the Sinn, but I found that it was strictly forbidden by royal order. My countrymen had rendered this necessary by the exercise of self-prerogative. It would have been useless to have attempted it. Of trout there were plenty, but they were much too visible, for the waters were dried up, and upon approaching the brook they had a hard struggle to get off the bottom into a hole where they could swim. Three months without rain and no cloud in the sky reduces the angler to a harmless

personage. It is not a little curious that on the same spot where water bubbles up, impregnated strongly by foreign ingredients, a spring should burst forth, of such extreme purity that it has been compared to distilled water. It is quoted throughout Germany as the purest natural water which rises from the earth, and as such is in request for delicate chemical experiments. It has naturally no taste, but has the advantage of being cool, which was recommendation enough at present. I was reminded of the old Countess's eulogium of the spring water in her celebrated gardens in the Ukraine: "Ici, mon cher, l'eau même est une gourmandise." Surrounded by earth, which gives a pungent taste to its neighbours, how does this spring avoid being tainted? There is some room for conjecture; less, perhaps, than in the circumstance of two plants growing by the side of each other — the one the poison, the other the antidote. Van Helmont's willow grew twenty years in the same pot of earth, became a large tree, and the soil which nourished it had hardly lost weight. How many circumstances crowd upon one's mind and demand explanation when sitting alone in the silent vale of Bruckenau! How little, how paltry, how *mesquin* does the famous Kur Saal present itself to a mind occupied with the wonders of nature! Behold the lilies of the field how they grow, setting at nought the purple of Solomon and his gaudy temple.

The hobby of the King of Bavaria is architecture, and he is said to have designed the structure

in question, taking a few hints from his architects. "This is another of the great architectural works of which Bavaria may boast, and the idea and design of which were suggested by the King himself. It is the handsomest building of its kind I have seen in my general excursions to the spas of Germany; and its various decorations are equal to any of the most exquisite of the productions of the Bavarian artists. Over the great entrance interiorly is the king's tribune, splendidly fitted up with withdrawing rooms adjoining. From this place the royal family witness the gay throng below, which assemble here every night, as in the conversation bans in Baden. On particular nights the throng are allowed to add to the ordinary amusements of the evening that of dancing.

"*Vis-à-vis* the king's tribune is the orchestra, arranged in a gallery over the great supper room, which is placed at the farther end of the grand salle, opposite the principal entrance. On the left of the latter are several rooms fitted up in good style, devoted to gambling in every possible combination of mad chances. On the right a grand flight of stairs leads to the king's gallery. The pavement is beautifully tessellated, the *plafond* richly painted in fresco. From it depend fine gigantic lustres, which are said to give to the interior on gala nights the splendour of sunshine, lighting up every part of the building, which, for loftiness, daring proportion, and dimensions, is such as English people seldom witness in their public edifices. In fine, the

whole structure is grandiose, and a model of taste and beauty."*

All this is very true; but how little in harmony with all around. The eye which can feast itself upon beauteous soberness, such as this spot affords, turns from it, and not to it, "wondering how the devil it came there."

I had never taken a champagne bath, a treat which Bruckenau supplied. It was a luxury of the first order: the water was of the temperature of the atmosphere, but it was delicious to lie still and feel the bubbling, as the carbonic acid gas escaped all around. It required only a tumbler of the Max Brunnen to put the external and internal surfaces *en parfait rapport.*

In spite of the admonition of Dr. G., I cut across the country, and had as rough a jolt from Bruckenau to Schlichtern as I ever remember to have experienced, not excepting the corderoy in the Landes. I performed, indeed, the greater part of the journey on foot, much to the amazement of my vetturino, who was astonished to see me mount the hills, when I had hired a pair of horses to draw me up. He continued to assure me that there was no danger, as we were about to descend a perpendicular path; the wheel was well locked, but I trusted to my legs. I spoke with an old peasant, who stood in his little field with a sickle in his hand, preparing to reap his rye. The tears came into his eyes, as he pathetically

* Granville's Spas of Germany.

pointed to me the scanty crop, hardly sufficient to make one batch of bread. There were but few grains in the ears of corn, and the stalks were so far apart that he might have walked between them almost without touching. "Schlecht! schlecht!" and, pointing to the sky, "drey Monate ohne Regen," sighed deeply. Upon entering Schlichtern I found what I supposed to be a diligence, and, upon inquiring of the conductor what road he was going, was rejoiced to hear that Frankfort was his destination. As there was plenty of room I beckoned to my vetturino to bring my trunk, and was entering into preliminaries, when a little man with nasal twang put his head out of the open casement, and told me that I could not proceed by that conveyance.

"Why not? there is plenty of room the conductor tells me, and I am going to Frankfort."

"Das ist eins. Es is nicht erlaubt."

"Warum nicht!" I drew upon my German for the occasion.

In the mean time the conductor took up the cudgels in his and my defence, and the dispute ran high. I put in a word of aggravation now and then, and at length the little man foamed at the mouth. A policeman arrived in the midst of the fray, and I politely took off my hat. The little man gained the day. The post is a monopoly in Bavaria, and those who arrive with post horses must proceed with post horses or wait twenty-four hours in the place, when they may use their discretion, or travel by a government Eilwagen. The drag which I had seen at the inn

door happened to be a private concern, and could not take up chance passengers on the road. This being explained, I made my bow to the officer, thanked him for his civility, ordered a pair of post horses, and, saluting the little man in that style which caused the crowd assembled to laugh loudly, proceeded to Gellnhausen, where I put up for the night. This was the only event approaching to anything disagreeable that occurred during the whole of my three months' tour. It was a pleasant break in the monotony.

Gellnhausen bears strong marks of antiquity about it. The three spires of its church not only lean out of the perpendicular, but are twisted into a corkscrew shape, which gives it a most grotesque appearance, so as to leave a doubt in the mind whether design or accident lays claim to the eccentricity. It may be worthy of the times of Barbarossa, who once had a stronghold here; and the tower bearing his name is one of the lions of the place. I believe Goethe was one of the first who suggested, when examining the falling towers in Bologna, that they were originally so constructed in conformity with the whims * of their founders. It has been since proved that this is really the case, and it is now suggested that the celebrated tower of Pisa owes its declivity to the same source. A more miserable collection of buildings, or a more squalid set of inhabitants, are not to be seen throughout Germany, than this town pre-

* Goethe's Travels in Italy.

sents. Gaunt misery stares you in the face; the houses are out of repair, mud hovels, the old in tattered weeds, the children half naked, and dirt and filth in abundance. The peach and the mulberry ripen on the walls, and the grape is most luxuriant; but these are poor substitutes for the staff of life. A wine country is generally a poor country, as Dr. G. observes; but this truism is more applicable to Germany than the South of France, where the grape in solid and liquid form gives zest to the bread consumed with it.

I was standing before the post-house at five o'clock in the morning (for I always rise early when *en route*, and there is something interesting in seeing a large town awake by degrees out of its sleep), and was reading the Morning *Blatt*, just wet from the press, which informed me that England was ruined, and that the Chartists had upset the constitution (so that I felt inclined to return again to Bruckenau, till the political storm was over), when a smacking of whips put the town in commotion, and the post-house was beset by the idlers to do homage to two carriages and four which drove up to the station. In the van was a lovely female alone, reclining her head in the corner of the carriage; and, if one may judge from the play of countenance during sleep, she was dreaming pleasantly. In spite of the noise and bustle of changing horses, her slumbers were not disturbed. It was just at that period of the day when the body, tired out by sleeplessness, does at length get into a sound slumber; and so did the fair

Duchess sleep on amidst all the bustle and noise with which she was surrounded. She was enveloped in a loose silk dress, her head was quite bare, and her raven hair parted over her forehead. Her eyes were closed in sleep; but she was white as snow, and there was something noble and *distingué* in the *tout ensemble.* She was every inch a queen.

CHAP. XIII.

BIEBERICH. AGE OF POETRY ON THE WANE. THE RHINE FROM MAYENCE TO EHRENBREITSTEIN. MURRAY'S HANDBOOK. EMS. GERMAN TABLE D'HOTE. ADVANTAGES OF DINING WITH HOST. MILITARY MANŒUVRES. CEREMONY AT COMPLETION OF ALEXANDRIAN COLUMN IN ST. PETERSBURG. COLOGNE. ITS CATHEDRAL, ETC.

I WAS again at Frankfort, and, as soon as I had concluded my arrangements with Mr. Iugel, I set out on my journey home. The railroad transported me to Bieberich, and I passed the evening in strolling about the grounds of this very pretty seat. It was near the full of the moon, and I lingered long upon the banks of the stream, till her disk rose above the trees of an island, which here divides it into two branches. It was a lovely sight, the beam dancing upon and illuminating the water on each side of the land, which was thrown into darkness. I waited till she had mounted high above the trees, and all was light as day. How many things delight us when pointed out by others, of which we have been long conscious ourselves, but have not fully enjoyed the reality, from never having given utterance to the idea.

This inversion of the perspective laws, which the moonbeam streaming upon the glossy surface offers to our nightly view, is worth a moment's pause. We

do not follow the light to the tapering perspective point, but proceed from the narrow point to the broad expanded base. How much has Goethe added to the enjoyment of nature's beauties by many similar touches of his pen! The Rhine should be seen by moonlight: this light is quite sufficient to display his charms, without being sufficient to detract from them by too great illumination — his stream is bright and glassy then — noonday reveals his turbid waters. It is not the splash of the oar which disturbs the reverie of him who sits upon the bank at midnight; he hears not the gentle ripple of the skiff, which floats silently down the stream: it is not the song of the bargeman tugging up against it, but the inharmonious tinkling of the bell, and the discordant sound of the paddles, which dissipates his dream, and brings him down from the etherial to the iron sphere.

How much truth do I find, in the assertion of the Abbé Campodonico, that steam and poetry are incompatible, and that the age of poetry disappeared upon the return of the iron age. It is true that Byron ceased to write at this very point of time; and it is questionable that even had he lived, he would have produced any thing so worthy of himself, as his Eastern Tales. Poetry lay in the East: in that space which is within the imaginary, and external to the visible ray, just out of the Spectrum. Dante will thus live for ever, as observed the Abbé, because his scene of action is external to human reach, as long as we are in the flesh: but Ariosto

is threatened with oblivion, because every man can now command a hyppogrypho. The East is no longer that which the imagination so long pictured to itself. It is no more a land of promise: it has now a local habitation and a name. Sinbad's caves have been despoiled of their gems, and a thousand and one broadcloth coats have told us that the Thousand and One Nights are but one dream. Every half hour do these interruptions disturb the musings of him who would again revive the Elysian fields of poetry on the monarch of rivers' banks.

There is truth in Cecil's observation, that it is a pity that nothing remains for us to find out by our own exertions. We cannot amuse ourselves any longer with pleasing and harmless conjecture: no, there it is all down in the Handbook: you must know all about it, whether you will or not.

The day favoured us, as we paddled down the stream, from Bieberich to Ehrenbreitstein. The paddles were just what was superfluous; without their officious aid, we might have floated along, just at the pace to allow us to dwell on every interesting object, and make it our own; whereas, with that fifty horse power (I wish they had been all lame), the castles of Steinberg, Ihrenberg, Schönberg, Fürstenberg, and those ending in Felstein, Ach, and Esel, are harder to remember than the *propria quæ maribus* of the Eton grammar. Under these circumstances, however, Murray's Handbook is invaluable for those who are anxious to get the greatest quantity of matter into their heads in the shortest possible time,

which they may afterwards deal out *seriatim* to their gaping listeners. There are many things not worth remembering, and when error is so much more congenial than truth, why force the latter upon us without our leave? Are we no longer to believe in Blue Beard? No, this is not to be effaced; we must and do tremble, as we did in olden time, when we hear, Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see any one coming? (the *Anna Soror* of Virgil.) Why then are we to be told by Mr. Murray that Bishop Hatto was one of the wisest and best men of his time; when Dr. Southey has written an epic poem to assure us that he was eaten by rats for his cruelty, in his *mouse* tower, of which a square portion still glads our eye in that beautiful reach of the river between Ehrenfels and Bingen? This is the picturesque spot, *par excellence*, of the whole navigation. Here, if nature is grand, art is not little. The dilapidated buildings, still beautiful in their decay, do not interfere with, but add a lustre of *gloom* to, the scenery by which they are surrounded. Here the geologist may speculate upon his million of years, when the river was dammed up by the dyke, which runs across at this point, by which the navigation was interrupted, till the artillery of man perfected what nature's convulsions left incomplete, and blasted a channel through the submerged rocks. The fate of the dyke is as worthy of the muse as that of Bishop Hatto. It has its monument; could the old prelate revisit this spot, he could say, with more justice than he did of old,

"And the stream is strong and the water deep."

The circumstance of a man being placed to fire a pistol as you pass along does away completely with all the charms which an echo should inspire; and when you immediately hear some coxcomb attempt to explain to some old woman, with dog upon her lap, that barks in mockery of his explanation of the angle of reflection, you have no more pleasing reflections upon the matter. Echoes were a bit of the poetry of old, before science drove her from the field. We had one of these youngsters on board, who had learnt, like Gil Blas, *a raisonner beaucoup* rather than *a bien raisonner*. Nothing was too difficult for him: he could explain every thing. The castles were in ruins either by the hand of time, or by the hand of barbarians: the vine grew upon the barren rocks, because they had been transplanted there, that the grape might receive the reflected rays of the sun. Of the power of the sun's rays, of which there were seven, he could command the hottest, directing it by his lens upon his tinder and so lighting his pipe, in the same way that the Greek philosopher consumed a whole fleet of ships. If a fish jumped out of water, it might be in sport, or to catch the flies floating upon the stream. Now to do this, certain muscles must come into play; and the mechanical power of the lever gave him scope for his talent of explanation. To catch the fly, it was necessary to keep the tail down, and elevate the head, and so on, till he came to the spot where the pistol was fired, and he immediately launched out into the theory of echoes, when we hurried away to the opposite extremity of the boat

for fear that we should here his philosophy fifteen times re-echoed in our ears; for this spot boasts of a fifteen power echo.

I halted at Coblentz, that I might visit what was long the most frequented spa of Germany for female complaints, viz. Ems, which, in a direct line over the hills of Ehrenbreitstein, is no more than a Sabbath day's journey. The high road winds along the banks of the river; and it takes about six hours to reach it in this direction. The situation of Ems is very beautiful. It is deep in a valley, and surrounded by richly wooded hills on every side. The walks in the vicinity, and the different roads which lead to the Rhine, and to other interesting objects, which are at no great distance, invite to many pedestrian excursions, and to a deal of donkeying. The hills which immediately overhang the valley are accessible by tortuous paths, which ascend spirally to their tops; and each of the stations, in ascending the height, offers a different view of the subjacent scenery. Ems reminded me more of Matlock than any of the continental watering places had hitherto done. The season was on the wane, and the *Kur Saal*, which is a most splendid structure, was almost deserted. Those who farmed the public gambling tables complained bitterly; and the complaint was very general that *les Anglais ne jouent plus comme autrefois.*

Some Russians were still to be found lingering on the spot, which has ever been a favourite one with this people. The stranger *Blatt* announced, that there had been no falling off in visitors this season, not-

withstanding the pique which Dr. G—— had taen against Ems. The town is not in a healthy situation; the valley is too broad to be protected from the sun's rays by the hills which rise on either side, and still there is not space for a sufficient current of air to sweep through and cool it. There was a closeness in the atmosphere of Ems, more oppressive than I had found elsewhere. In all other respects the history of all similar places will do very well for this. The time is employed in killing time.

In spite of the injunctions of Sir Francis Head to avoid *tables d'hôte,* which furnish nothing but the sour and the greasy, I should say, from very ample experience, that if you do not dine when every body else dines, you will either go without your dinner, or partake of the crumbs of the public table. I have tried this in large and small towns, and always found that to dine with the host was by far the best chance, and to dine with him you must dine at the *table d'hôte,* or his table. You may order your dinner at a later period; and you will find to all your queries the waiter will answer, "Oh, ja." If you ask for boiled beef, you get the remains of the *bouilli* warmed up with a little green sauce. If you ask for roast beef — a red hot iron passed over the same dish converts it into such; a beef-steak is sliced off it; also a mutton-chop, a bone being always at hand to push into it; a triangular slice of the same wrapped up in a piece of white paper forms a veal cutlet *à la Maintenon;* and a little of it grated fine and mixed up with a sprig of parsley, covered over with a poached

egg is served up as egg and spinach. It is the *ne plus ultra* of metamorphic chemistry; and admirable as I find it when served up by Mr. Brande, in the kitchen of Albemarle-street, I always avoid scientific manipulation in travelling.

I seated myself down, therefore, to a very copious and well-cooked dinner at the Giant Hotel, in Coblentz, and was soon recognised by some Petersburg friends. The town was very full; for visitors were flocking into all the towns upon the Rhine to be present at the grand military manœuvres which were in preparation. I was much pressed to remain, and witness the Prussian military tactics; but I had seen so much playing at soldiers during my sojourn in St. Petersburg, that I was in no wise tempted to prolong my stay on that account. I had seen the inauguration of the great monolith, the Alexandrian column, and a hundred thousand men take the field — a complete army; and it was certainly one of the finest *coups d'œil* I ever witnessed. This monument is erected to the memory of the Emperor Alexander, and is formed of one entire shaft cut out of a block of granite. When the whole was completed, it was decided that a religious ceremony should be performed over it, and that this should be graced by the presence of a hundred thousand men. The great Isaac's plain was portioned out by flag-staffs, and around the base of the column a screen was placed to keep it from view. The house-tops were covered with spectators, and every window which looked upon the scene of action

was hired at an exorbitant price. The troops — horse, foot, and artillery — were stationed in the adjoining streets; and at a signal gun, each regiment took the field in the most perfect order. It was a curious sight for those placed high above the scene to see a street literally crammed with human beings pour forth its contents in slow motion, and become an empty space, to see again the latter gradually fill up till not an inch of ground could be discoverable unoccupied by animated beings. It was sublime to see the whole dense and erect mass suddenly bow the knee when some part of the religious ceremony invited to prayer. It was cheering to hear the huzzas when, after the burning of the incense and the pronouncing of the Amen, the screen was pulled away and displayed to the soldiers the commemoration of their victories over an invading foe, engraved in letters of brass on the pedestal. Many had fought at Borodino, some had marched to the gates of Paris, and all were under the influence of that enthusiasm which is so easily excited upon public occasions, when each is not only a spectator but an actor in the drama. The Emperor's face was radiant with joy, for the ceremony passed off without the slightest drawback; and when all was over and the troops began to defile, he turned to the Empress, and said, "*Moià*," I am satisfied.

It was, indeed, a glorious sight, and the weather favoured it beyond all expectation; for never was a more boisterous night than the eve of the ceremony. It poured torrents of rain, and the thunder and light-

ning were terrific. This threw a damp upon the feelings of the people, who are most superstitious in all such matters; and never did a bright morning sun pour more warmth into the heart, not even the sun of Austerlitz, than did that of the 30th of September. I met my old friend the grand dignitary, who had played a conspicuous part in the day's operations, and he asked me if I was pleased. I replied in the affirmative. "Ma foi," he continued, "j'avais peur; quelle nuit que —" I interrupted him by saying that the whole reminded me much of the circumstance which gave rise to Virgil's celebrated couplet — "lequel, mon cher?" —

> "Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane,
> Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet."

"Mon cher, repétez moi cela; mais tenez; écrivez moi cela, et envoyez le moi, dans mon hôtel avant diner; c'est très bien, mon cher, c'est très bien."

I make no doubt that it was served up at dessert as a good impromptu of his Excellency's.

Notwithstanding my determination not to be arrested in my route by the military manœuvres, I was detained by them, much against my will, and to my great discomfort; for hardly had we floated an hour down the Rhine on our route to Cologne, when we hauled up along shore and took in as many soldiers and horses as the boat could bear without being top-heavy. This operation detained us two hours in a drizzling rain, and when we did get under weigh again, we reeled with the incumbent weight like a

drunken man. It was no longer possible to see any thing upon a level with our heads, so dense was the mass upon deck. It was true we had a band on board, and the horn music lost none of its effect, as it reverberated from the rocks in the narrow passes of the river. The rain did not last long, and all was clear and bright as we espied the Drachenfels. You may look for the seven hills as you please; you may count them with the aid of your fingers, or not, as you like. This number seven is a remnant of old poetry gradually dissipating into air before stern matter-of-fact, and the seven hills are no more to be found here than those of the Holy City are to be seen there. It is a beautiful spot, and it is the last or the first as you mount or descend the Rhine. There is nothing worthy of note afterwards, except Cologne in the distance. A Frenchman on board said to me —"Depuis Cologne à Rotterdam, vous pouvez bien dormir." The guide-book tells us that there are more than seven hills; but the fact is that there are five which appear as insulated crests, and the others form a chain, which may be divided into many eminences.

Cologne is another instance of the resuscitation of a town from accidental circumstances. As Reval has been made the barrier to migration by the imperial autocrat, so has Cologne by the will of many become an important transit town; and both by the same chances, but in different ways, have been rescued from oblivion.

Of Roman origin, and boasting the honour of its

foundation to Agrippina Colonna, it has been subjected to many and strange vicissitudes. From affording a strong military position to the Romans, it passed into Christian hands, and the See of Cologne almost rivalled the See of Rome in the middle ages. Its mercantile importance was also most considerable. As a Hans town it was inferior to none, and its ancient hall still exists from which the laws of those merchants issued which regulated the commerce of Europe. It has suffered cruel reverses in its political, religious, and mercantile relations. It was roughly used by the Reformers. The cathedral, which was planned upon a scale of magnificence unparalleled in Gothic architecture, was arrested in its progress by the effects of religious feuds. Its secular importance declined with its spiritual. Its palaces were deserted, its churches forsaken, and its population rapidly declined. A miserable half-starved people stalked through its forlorn streets, and the treasures of the sanctuary became the prey of the invading foe. Often as the "sanctity which hedges a king" has been violated in modern times, still the shrine which contains the heads of the three Eastern potentates has been preserved untouched in the sanctuary of Cologne. This alone has been spared. The treasures of the churches were consumed in harmony with the assertion that "no one goeth to war at any time at his own cost."

Still there are hopes for Cologne, even at the eleventh hour. Her population is increasing, her trade reviving, her edifices repairing, and the fiat has

gone forth to complete the structure which, if any thing made with hands can deserve the title, shall be worthy of the Being to whom it is erected.

As soon as I landed on the dirty quay of the city, I desired the porter to conduct me to an hotel situated at the foot of that part of the structure which has long received the finishing touch of the architect, and I located myself under the very walls of the altar. I came not to visit the skulls of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar; nor to ascertain whether false stones had usurped the place of rubies and diadems of gold in the shrine upon which their royal sconces are deposited. It was not to see them alone, but it was a portion of that spirit which drew them from their distant abode to offer their homage to the Saviour, which also attracted me to the edifice which contained their shrine.

The entire length of the body of the church is 400 feet, its breadth 161, and the two towers of its front were to be 500 feet in height. Such are the proportions of the original plan; and although a tremendous gap exists between the east and west extremities, and the north and south are but in embryo, still enough has been accomplished to allow a moderately experienced eye to transmit such an impression to the brain as shall complete its structure.

"The choir is the only part finished, 180 feet high, and internally, from its size, height, and disposition of pillars, arches, chapels, and beautifully coloured windows, resembling a splendid vision. Externally its double range of stupendous flying buttresses and

intervening piers, bristling with a forest of purfled pinnacles, strike the beholder with awe and astonishment. If completed, this would have been at once the most regular and most stupendous Gothic monument existing." (*Murray's Handbook.*) And the fiat has been issued, that it shall be completed. Oh for the spirit of Columbus, which prompted him to discover a new world to rescue the holy sepulchre in the old! Oh for those sums daily squandered in the propagation of political and pseudo-religious cant! How much better might they not be employed, if devoted to this holy purpose, that the present generation might see placed in the centre of civilised Europe, and accessible to millions, a Gothic edifice unrivalled in the annals of architectural grandeur. Without some appeal, without more means than a small state can furnish, I see no hopes of the crowning of this mighty monument. The work may proceed for a time, a momentary enthusiasm may add some stones to the structure, but the machinery will require a widow's cruse to keep its wheels in motion. I have watched the blocks ascend by slow degrees, raised by the same crane which had remained unemployed for ages, resembling more a falling tower than a simple lever; and when I calculated by the progress of one single stone the time which must be consumed in adding as many as would make a visual impression, I seemed lost in eternity. Without funds which can amply supply such a demand as is requisite to give full vigour to the enterprise, there are but few hopes of its final accomplishment, for which I think an appeal to Christian Europe would not be made in vain.

Great preparations were making for the reception of the king, who was to lay the first stone of the secondary strata.

The primary rocks are now receiving the secondary depositions. I did not tarry long enough to witness the inauguration, for I do not think that the ceremonies usually instituted on such occasions, with their accompanying feasting and banqueting, are in harmony with the object. A Gothic window might be completed with the funds squandered in one day's dissipation. Had the ceremony been confined within the bounds of a religious rite, had incense been burnt upon the altar, and the blessing of the Most High been invoked by clergy and laity, it would have inspired a more holy feeling than what was suggested by the external preparations which I witnessed.

It was the moonbeam breaking on the arches of the unfinished wings (ruins by anticipation, for that can hardly be called a ruin which was never more complete than in its present state), which recalled some of Young's inspired thoughts. If

> "We take no note of time but from its loss,"—

here, seated on a stone at the foot of one of those stupendous towers on which the moon had not as yet risen high enough to shed her light, we might well deplore the loss of that time which would have been all-sufficient for the perfectment of that which now seems too much even for time to accomplish.

It was late at night when I sought my inn; and the drowsy porter confessed, by his grumbling tone

when he gave me my bed candle, that he wished gentlemen would come home at earlier hours, and satisfy themselves with seeing things by daylight. I almost wish that I had taken the sulks myself, and left the town at peep of day: I should have avoided the disenchantment of my midnight reverie by avoiding a visit to the interior of the choir, which was the greatest disappointment of the kind that I ever remember to have experienced. Gilding the rose and painting the lily are inadequate to express the sacrilegious daubing committed upon the once beauteous sculpture of these aisles. The whole of the inside of the choir painted stone colour; the rosettes and flowers of the pointed Gothic arches gilded upon a red ground; the ceiling painted blue, and stuck all over with gold-leaf stars to resemble the firmament; the statues in the niches of the aisle painted of all colours; the heads of the saints brown, their cheeks and tongues red, their garments party-coloured; the petticoat of the Virgin Mary spangled all over, and the infant in her arms like a red lobster. I turned to the old sacristan, and, without saying a word, he answered me, *Recht, mein herr, recht.* He had understood my meaning; — all this paint, too, contrasting with the splendid stained glass of some of the windows.

I am informed however that this style is not one of innovation, but of resuscitation, and was adopted at the period in which these buildings were erected: and some insist that it throws out the architecture. It may be so, but to me it is most unholy, and destroys all that effect which external things are said

to effect by their influence on internal impressions. I paid my homage to the kings, and six francs to the sacristan, and hurried out again to feast upon the external form in its natural state; but I was surprised to find that the little images in the projecting buttresses were also painted of a light yellow colour, or rather of the colour of Bath bricks. I almost said in my wrath, it will not be completed.

From the tower, on which swerves the crane, there is a fine view of the town, which is encircled within walls. It is a very dense mass of buildings. The country all around is bare and flat. The streets are narrow, and those by the water side very filthy. *Lucus a non lucendo,* that such sweet water should be fabricated here; it must have been instituted on the antidote system, or that of self-defence.

Cologne is resuscitating, and will again be an important town in Germany; and it will owe its regeneration neither to the sword, the pruning-hook, nor the crosier, but to the genius of James Watt, who first invented the steam-engine, whose variety, in the shape of locomotives, makes this city a *transit* for the north of Germany.

Notwithstanding the aforementioned vexations, I felt that I had performed a pilgrimage in having visited Cologne. I had long desired to see this celebrated cathedral, and I quitted the town satisfied that I had done so.

And now farewell to Germany, where I had found so much congenial to my feelings.

CHAP. XIV.

THE RHINE FROM COLOGNE TO ROTTERDAM. NIMEGUEN. CHANGE IN WEATHER. ROTTERDAM. STOMACHIC DROPS. DUTCH MERCHANTS. ITINERANT VICTUALLERS. TABLE D'HÔTE. TWO ANTAGONISTS. THE HAGUE. PAUL POTTER'S BULL. STAGNANT WATER. STEAM-BOAT. CONCLUSION.

"DIE schönen Tage in Aranjuez sind nun zu Ende." Three months of uninterrupted fine weather, and a Syrian sky, had hardly been troubled for a day since I quitted Stockholm; the heat had been scorching by day, and suffocating by night, making a sheet too warm a covering. Some little change had taken place when I quitted Coblentz, in the mild drizzling rain, which fell for a few hours. Some refreshing showers had made the sojourn in Cologne more supportable, but still the heat had not sensibly diminished. As I sat and cast a longing lingering look on the old Cathedral, the evening before my departure, I felt a chill for the first time, and pulled the quilt over me when I went to bed. It was a fine morning when I quitted the old Roman city; but there was a chill in the air, though the sun shone brightly, till we had passed Dusseldorf; but heavy squalls of wind, scuds, and rainbows ushered in the evening, and before we reached Nimeguen the rain was cold and constant.

If the Rhine had lost all that interest which it inspired when winding through the mountains, it appeared not to deserve the reprobation generally bestowed upon it in this part of its course. I should not say that I had lost nothing, had I slept all the way from Cologne to Rotterdam, with respect to scenery. There are no hills, no vineyards, no ruined castles, but some towns rise in view on both sides of its banks, which enliven the scene.

Emmerich and Cleves are of this order; and it is always curious to witness that indescribable mixture which is evident in the transition from one division of the earth to another, and which stamps the character of the people and their habitations. The red tiles, and a certain degree of cleanliness in the external physiognomy of the towns and hamlets, announced their Dutch relationship; and as we stopped at the different stations to take in and discharge cargo, the language of the peasants who offered their unripe fruit for sale was as crabbed as their merchandise, which had not been ripened by the reflected sun, which matures the grape on the banks of the Upper Rhine.

We hailed Nimeguen at ten o'clock, and it was my first introduction into Holland, of which the clacking of wooden shoes, and the skirtless gowns of the women, were *ecce signum* sufficient, without a host of other convincing proofs, which I would have been gladly spared.

The change in the weather had produced a change in my system; and, leaving the passengers in the

supper room, I retired to my dormitory, and asked for a cup of *bouillon.* A basin of sour pea-soup, as thick as hodgepodge, flavoured with mace, was served up under the name of *bouillon;* and the little which I ate of it did not contribute to make me pass the night very comfortably. This, charged at the full price of a supper, and a deficiency in those civilities and courtesies which I had experienced in my route, did not produce a very favourable first impression of the Ripp van Winkles. Every thing was overcharged: the porters made a demand for carrying the night bag; nor would they let loose their hold till that demand was satisfied, although such matters are generally left to the discretion of the traveller. It still rained hard at five o'clock, when the rap at the door informed me that it was time to rise. Alas! I had been rising all night. It blew and rained all the day; and my first introduction to Rotterdam was not a cordial one. I should, in strict justice, erase this last sentence; it was a cordial reception, in a literal sense, which I experienced, for, as I strolled along the High Street, I witnessed a number of placards in the apothecary and grocers' windows on which was inscribed "Stomachic Bitters." Just what I have so long required, I thought to myself, as I entered the shop. I asked for the cordial in French, German, English, and Latin, but could not make myself understood; so I resorted to signs, which were expressive enough: the bottle was handed me, and I recognised it to be a tincture of wormwood. I asked for a dose; but this was not understood. "*Ein dram*"

(I again tried German), "*Gut mein herr;*" and the man immediately retired to the back parlour, and came back with a wine glass in one hand and a bottle of gin in the other,—for this was his construction of the word *dram*, not a measure of sixty drops, as I had intended to express my wish.

Well, gin and bitters are of old repute, and may have been prescribed by Boerhaave under similar circumstances; so I poured my measure of the bitter into his measure of the dram, drank it without any wry faces, and soon felt more comfortable. I then proceeded to take a view of the town, but I could not find it. Immense lofty trees, large canals, masts of enormous merchantmen floating in the docks, huge draw-bridges, and stupendous cranes, shut out the town from view. No lofty steeples soar aloft to indicate the *terra firma* beneath. There was bustle enough below, and life and activity prevailed every where in the streets; and when the eye did single out a house, it rose to a respectable altitude, exhibiting a flat, smooth, and polished front. The distinctive feature of the place was business in its most comprehensive sense. Every one seemed employed about something, and that in right earnest. No idlers nor loiterers; men, women, and children were all labouring in their respective vocations. Pleasure seemed to have but few votaries, unless associated with gain. The *utile* must be blended with the *dulce*, to make the draught palatable, just like my gin and bitters. They are inseparable in a Dutchman's ideas. The French sacrifice all to pleasure; the Germans

avail themselves of as much of it as they can afford; hence in the suburbs of all German towns are to be found tea gardens, skittle grounds, and bands of music. The Dutch take it differently; in the centre of business is to be found the centre of enjoyment, at least in Rotterdam. Ripp Van Winkle turns out of his store in the High Street, to seek relaxation in a lane round the corner. Here he knows that a line of females are constantly occupied in pouring a certain mixture into small indentations on the surface of a large iron plate, which is heated beneath by a smart fire of wood, and, after being subjected for a definite period to caloric, it comes forth in shape of a little crumpit of the size of a dollar. It is curious to witness the manipulation of these little dainties. With what dexterity they are turned over in the pan, that both sides may be browned; how they are whipped out of their cells by the point of a fork, arranged symmetrically upon a plate, covered over with a slice of butter, sprinkled with sugar, and served up hot at the adjoining tea table. *Mein herr* cannot lose more time than is absolutely necessary: his tea is poured out into the saucer, he is blowing upon it, impatient for the crumpits; and, when both are despatched, he returns to his store sufficiently satisfied with his evening's diversion. It is not all who can sacrifice the time necessary for such a peregrination. It is possible to recreate upon the scenes of business, as I was persuaded to believe by seeing an itinerant victualler halt at the warehouse

door with an immense long barrow, pushed behind by himself, and dragged on before by an assistant. His shop was newly painted and gilded. It contained, " its various departments, large jars of pickles and salted fish, fresh hard-boiled eggs, bread and radishes; cherries steeped in brandy, gerkins, little lilleputian plates, with knives and forks laid across them; salt-sellers and pepper-boxes also graced the board. Extreme cleanliness was characteristic of the whole turn out; and he and his merchandise presented a striking contrast to his colleagues and their filthy boards in St. Petersburg. There was something tempting in the appearance of his victuals; one might have ventured *hardiment*, as the French postilion said to me, when I asked him if I could venture to dine at St. Menehould. He was a man of letters, was this Dutch victualler. I question if he were not a papist; for upon an arch stretched over the front of his stage was inscribed in golden letters, " *Secundum artem omnibus;*" and what is Latin for, as Mr. Cobbett declared, but to keep the people in the dark? It is true, that there was some of the vulgar tongue upon the reverse side of the proscenium, which was probably a translation of the Latin.

Since *la jeune* France has adopted the badge of the Israelites of old, the modern Jews have become ashamed of their beards, and universally shave, that they may not be confounded with Frenchmen. It is rare now to see a Jew with a beard, at least out of Poland, where the French are not allowed to go,

so that they are not ashamed of their gabardine by seeing it imitated so profanely. In Rotterdam it is impossible to say which is Jew and which is Gentile.

It was very refreshing to find it stated in the Hand-book, that all that is worthy of note in Rotterdam may be seen in half an hour. When a traveller has been seeing sights every day for three months, he is delighted to drop anchor in some port where there is really nothing to see. It is a holiday for him, and he has time to occupy himself with observing his own species, who may almost always afford him amusement. The *table d'hôte* of the Bath Hotel furnished me a double feast. The society was not numerous, but it was select. The snipes were good. English was the language spoken, in the style of a Dutch concert, where all sing their own tune; so each spoke English in his peculiar way. I happened to be seated by a very agreeable lady of a certain age, who had travelled enough not to retire suddenly within her shell when addressed by a stranger. She met me half way, and joined me in criticising the small talk of one of those boring Englishmen who like to perform the part of president, and lead the conversation at the top of the table, detailing very fully all that they have seen and done in their travels. The specimen in question was a little man who wore a brown wig, had spectacles on his nose, and a gold-headed cane between his legs. He had seen every thing under the sun, had been every where, and knew every body. He was

supported by an American and his wife on one side, and by an elderly maiden lady on the other, to whom he particularly addressed his conversation. Dress seemed to be his fixed idea. He described the court dress which he wore some forty years ago, and which he still kept by him as a curiosity. Ladies' dresses of old furnished him matter for criticism, and he expatiated upon powdered wigs and farthingales. Not very distant from the president was seated one of those plain-spoken, independent kind of Englishmen, who have a great aversion to any individual monopolising the conversation at a *table d'hôte*, where every thing is in common. Such conduct is, in their opinion, a crime of equal magnitude to that of monopolising a whole dish of green peas when they first come into season. This aggrieved guest, a fat, thick-set, homely-looking man, possessing a fair stock of mother-wit, had, by several signs of fidgetting and making wry faces, evinced his uneasiness. He looked hard towards the extremity of the table, and his look could not be misinterpreted. It said plainly, "You are a humbug — I don't believe you." He had kept within bounds for a longer time than he would otherwise have done, had he not been restrained by a neighbour, who, seeing his uneasiness, and knowing the cause of it, begged him to be quiet. When the little man stated, however, that the old laced bonnet was no longer worn by the Norman women, he gave tongue in a note of flat contradiction; told him he was talking nonsense; and that he had never been in Normandy, or he would not say any

such thing. He had seen a deal more of the women in Normandy than ever he had in all his famous travels; and protested that the cap was as prevalent as in former times. The president was silenced; and the fat man having vented his rage, and sworn himself easy, remained quite quiet in his seat; a smile of complacency seeming to say — I have fixed him.

Meeting him subsequently in the coffee-room, I asked him, rather maliciously, if he knew our President. He is no doubt a man of family, and has seen much of the world. "He is a —— humbug," he replied. "What does he mean by sitting at table with a cane between his legs? Had it not been for my friend, who kept nodging me, and begging me to leave him alone, I would have stopped his jaw long before. I hate such fellows. He prevented me from enjoying my dinner."

The style in which this scene was performed recompensed me for the want of sights and picture galleries in Rotterdam.

The deficiencies of the present day were supplied by the morrow, and Paul Potter's bull was recompence sufficient for journeying to and from the Hague, in the same day, and that a wet and dreary one. I was the more anxious to see this performance, as I had so often admired what is termed its *pendant* in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. It is certainly a marvellous production. There is not so much work in the picture as in the straddling cow in the farmyard; but then all there is of it is perfection. The eyes of the animal speak to you. I was fully repaid

for my trouble. Had the day been finer, I might have amused myself with making some excursions. There are some pretty walks, but the town altogether appeared to me inconceivably dull; and the smell from the stagnant dark green horse-pond looking water in some of the principal canals was insufferable. The whole of one street is a nuisance, and as the boats and barges are continually moving in, and stirring about, this abomination, I expected to see every inhabitant of the place shaking with ague, or bearing some outward and visible sign of the pernicious effects of malaria on his constitution. It would have made Dr. M'Culloch go mad, had he found, as I did upon inquiry, that the town was, generally speaking, healthy, and that fevers were by no means prevalent in the neighbourhood of this deadly infection. It is a manor for malaria, and yet no game upon it. Is it to be accounted for on homœopathic principles? for the continual washing and scouring of the floors and stairs, and the running water indoors, and round the door sill, which is a part of the domestic economy of the Dutch, counteract the effects of the stagnant water without. Indian rubber clogs are a *sine quâ non* in Holland, for in the highways and byways, in the streets and in the houses, the feet are always standing in water. As I returned to Rotterdam, I was amused by the sight of a number of little carts drawn by four dogs abreast, and going along at very tolerable speed. They were the return fish-carts, which carry the fish from the sea coast to the Hague. The poor dogs had gained nothing by

discharging the dead load; for the weight of living lumber, in the person of the driver, must have been more onerous than that of the defunct fish.

The animal anti-cruelty societies of Holland have not yet discovered that the feet of dogs were not intended to draw, this being the privilege of the horny hoof, and not of the fleshy foot. I could not say that the dogs looked unhappy; they appeared to be influenced by a noble kind of emulation, and endeavoured to keep up with the Diligence, which they accomplished very cleverly, and this was saying more for them than for the horses. The following day I embarked for London, and hearing something like a dispute or altercation towards the stern of the vessel, I found the two antagonists, viz. the *ci devant* president and the uncompromising auctioneer (for such was the profession of the little fat man) in hot dispute about the corn trade. Twenty hours afterwards, I was at breakfast in the West India Dock tavern.

And now, if any one has had patience to accompany me in my travels, I wish him farewell, and thank him for his company. I am now riding at anchor, and it is not my intention to put to sea again. Should I ever be tempted to slip my cable, I shall steer directly for the New World. I should say of my book, that it is a curious production, touching upon many things and dwelling upon none. It is highly electric; it approaches all surrounding bodies, which, as soon as they have touched it, fly off at a tangent, repelling each other. The first thing that struck me as I mounted one of the few coaches now remaining was,

that the bearing-up rein of the horses was dispensed with: — that this piece of unscientific cruelty had been abolished, thanks to the old man who blew his bubbles in Nassau.

Now a practical hint of importance in the art of harnessing coach horses was hardly to be anticipated from the perusal of a book which professes to treat of mineral waters. Those who may be disappointed in finding so great a lack of science in these pages may regret the time which they have devoted to their perusal; whereas some few may be inclined to say, *sotto voce*, "If any species of physician can be supportable, it is perhaps the travelling physician." I again repeat, that the fault is at the feet of my brother, a worthy pillar of the Church. I have accomplished the task which the author of "Dr. Syntax" urged me to perform more than twenty years ago, and if I derive no benefit from my book, as my secretary suggested, I shall not perish without benefit of clergy. Farewell.

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THE END.

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